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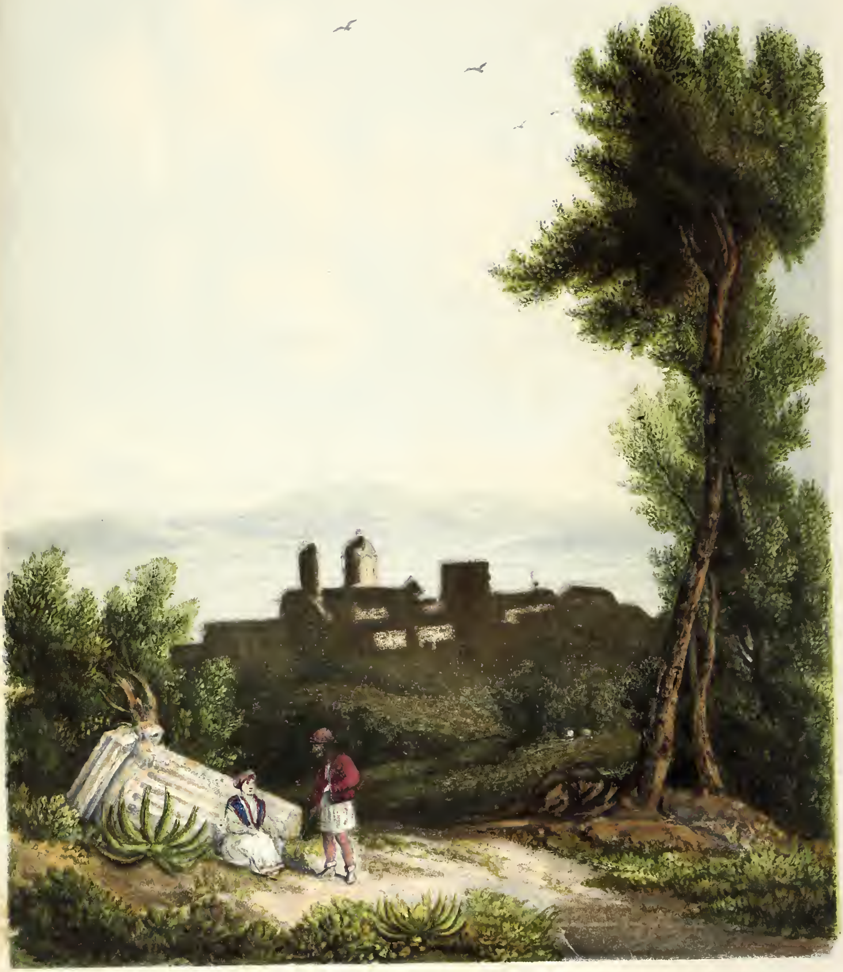

A Greek Monastery

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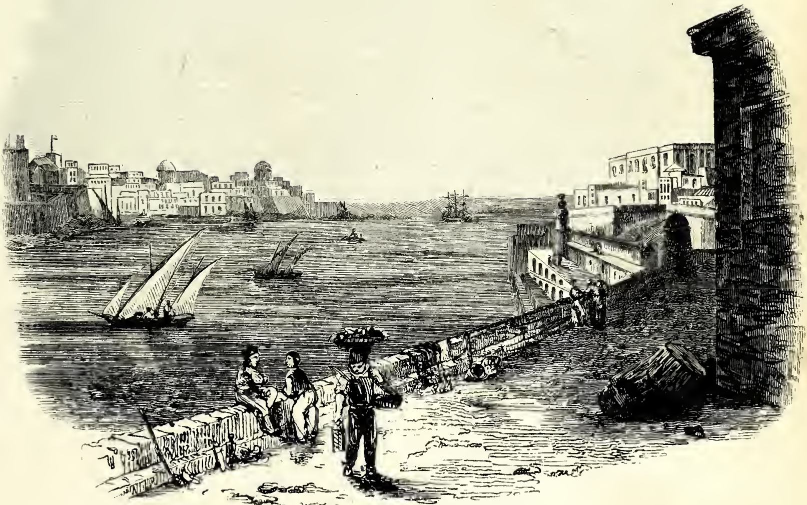
A NARRATIVE
OF
THE GREEK MISSION;
OR,
Sixteen Years in Malta and Greece:
INCLUDING
TOURS IN THE PELOPONNESUS, IN THE ÆGEAN AND IONIAN ISLES;

WITH REMARKS ON THE RELIGIOUS OPINIONS, MORAL STATE, SOCIAL HABITS,
POLITICS, LANGUAGE, HISTORY, AND LAZARETTOS OF
MALTA AND GREECE.

BY THE REV. S. S. WILSON,
MEMBER OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY OF ATHENS.



HARBOUR OF MALTA.

With Engravings by G. Baxter.

LONDON: JOHN SNOW, 35, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1839.

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PATERNOSTER ROW.

TO

Her Most Gracious Majesty,

ADELAIDE AMELIA,

QUEEN DOWAGER OF ENGLAND.

ILLUSTRIOUS LADY!

When the Ambassadors of the Queen of Madagascar had the high honour of an interview with your Majesty, you were pleased to express the truly christian desire,—that the natives of that populous African island might again welcome to its shores those devoted Missionaries, who, in an unpropitious hour, had been exiled from the scene of their philanthropic exertions.

To your Majesty, moreover, the very important island of Malta, whose past history and actual position occupy so considerable a portion of the present volume, seems destined, in the gracious providence of

God, to owe a sacred fabric, which, in such a locality, may truly be styled a missionary church.

By these exhibitions of generous concern for the ultimate triumph of Truth, your Majesty has won the plaudits and the prayers of thousands in the British empire.

Induced by such considerations, nor less by unfeigned admiration of high moral worth; I have ventured to dedicate to your Majesty the facts and details of this unpretending volume.

That your Majesty may long retain the honours, and exert the philanthrophic influence, of your exalted station; and that the holy gospel, now proclaimed afresh both in Malta and in Greece, may increasingly bless your royal House; is the sincere and fervent prayer of

Your Majesty's most humble,

And most obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE following pages contain a condensed and careful summary of information, gathered during a sojourn of sixteen years in the Mediterranean.

To previous travellers the author owes but few obligations. A tolerable knowledge of the languages of those for whom he has laboured, prepared him for a free and daily interchange of thought with them; the results and many of the details of which he has endeavoured to supply. Nor has this information been gathered in one locality, but by very extensive observation, by residence in the bosom of Greek families, and by familiar intercourse with the bold military leaders of the Greek revolution. In the rudest of times, the author has travelled with the civilians and soldiers of this land,—

> "Land of the Bard, the Warrior and the Sage."

Many a night has he slept with the half-savage

Rumeliots, and Spartans, and Peloponnesians, all bristling in arms. In such society, as well as in company with Chevalier Colegno, Count Gamba, Count Palma, and other public men, his tours have been made. At Athens, Corinth, Eleusis, Daphne, Tyrins, Megara, Nauplia, the plain of Argos, some islands of the Ægean, with numerous other towns and villages of the classic land, the subsequent sheets will show that the author has not been an unobservant spectator.

The accounts of Tours in the Ægean and Peloponnesus were drawn up for general readers. They present no dry statistics, but incident, narrative and detail.

The volume might have been adorned with the antiquities of Athens, of Corinth, of Eleusis, of Nemea, Tyrins, Argos and Mycenæ; yet this would have been but a repetition of what has been often described, and has therefore given place to details of a less familiar, and more generally interesting character.

Placed for so many years in closest juxta-position with the Papal Church, the reader will not be surprised to find, especially in the chapters on Malta, repeated reference to the tenets, rites and deleterious influence of that once apostolic communion.

While the Author has not confined his narrative to missionary details, his constant object has been to fix upon the recent sphere of his labours, the eye of enlightened philanthropy and christian benevolence. It is his anxious hope, that the following sheets may secure for Greece an increased amount of pious sympathy and holy exertion, among the churches of his native land.

The Anglican orthography of Greek terms we owe to the Romans, whose primitive tongue was Pelasgic Greek. This entire system the author has occasionally ventured to forget; for why perpetuate a baseless usage?—why for ever Latinise the language of Plato, or caricature the sounds of a living language?

Greece is now in her transit to greatness; and it is highly probable that, as a commercial people, England is destined to have with this nation such mercantile relations, as might, by a tenacity of adherence to the old system of orthography, be altogether crippled. And most sensibly is it regretted, that want of space forbids a chapter, to advocate the wisdom of adopting the actual pronunciation of living Greece, in *all* our celebrated schools of learning.

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Malta.—Name—Population—Climate—Produce—Cochineal Insect—Natives—Language—Property—Early History—St. Paul's Shipwreck 1

CHAPTER II.

Malta.—History Resumed—Successive Masters—Knights of St. John—Rarities and Principal Structures—Celebrated Natives—Education—Religion—Superstitions 16

CHAPTER III.

The Carnival at Malta.—Identity of the Papal Carnival, and the Pagan Dionysia or Bacchanalia 31

CHAPTER IV.

The Plague at Malta.—Ancient Plagues—Origin of Plague—The Plague Ships from Egypt—Plague gets on Shore—Public Measures—Anecdotes—Dead-Carts—Priests—Remedy for Plague—The Missionary Retires—Concluding Suggestion . . . 44

CHAPTER V.

Commencement of the Greek Mission at Malta.—Mr. Weisenger—Mr. Bloomfield—Notices of Sicily—Mr. Lowndes—Proceedings at Malta—Notice of a Convert—Mr. L.'s Departure for Zante . 62

CHAPTER VI.

The Author Arrives at Malta.—A Fearful Tempest—Survey of the Field—Papal Statistics—Austrian Influence on Missions—Greece Open to Missionaries—Her Claims 74

CHAPTER VII.

PAGE

Streets of Malta—Mosquitos—Mission Premises—Visit to Gozo Island —Equipage—St. Paul's Bay—Notices of Gozo—Visit the Convents and the Garrison—Language of Malta—Books—An Execution 90

CHAPTER VIII.

A Singular Event—The Mission Press—The Capuchin Monk—His valuable Letter—Colonel Tordo's Narrative—Notice of Dr. Butler—Recent Events 104

CHAPTER IX.

The Sotterraneo at San Pubblio—Gross Imposition—Sadic the Egyptian—Soldier Shot—Execution—Retrospect of Two Years in Malta — Death of Two Consuls—Embalming — Death of Mrs. Lowndes 124

CHAPTER X.

Statistics of the Church in Malta—Suggestions for a Reform—Commencement of the Reformed Church in the Island—Anecdotes—Italian Service and Books—Anecdotes—Shocking Addresses to the Virgin—The Relic Vender at Naples—Anecdotes . . 142

CHAPTER XI.

The Roman Consul—Shocking Scene—Books—Conversation—Anecdotes—Notice of Manuscripts—The Wicked Monk—Anecdote of a Marquis—Dreadful Storm of Thunder—Anecdotes—La Scuola Bethelina—Dr. Naudi—Concluding Remarks—Hints to Missionaries in Malta . , ... 164

CHAPTER XII.

A Glance at Greece.—Geography—Population—Productions—Climate—Ruins—Antiquity—Introduction of the Gospel—Mars'-Hill—Paul's Visit—Primitive Church—Altered Condition . . 187

CHAPTER XIII.

Grounds of the Greek Mission.—Melancholy state of Greece—The Press a Specific—Syllabus of Publications—Brief Review of them—Books distributed—Results 202

CHAPTER XIV.

The Ionian Isles.—Population—Vicissitudes—Want of Education—Dr. and Mrs. Kennedy begin—Greek Youths from Borough-road School—Cefalonia—Other Islands—Proceedings of Mr. Lowndes —Of Mr. Dickson—Mr. Lowndes Inspector-General of Schools Actual State of Education in these Islands. 215

CHAPTER XV.

PAGE

Island of Patmos.—Moral State—Efforts there—The Seven Churches of Asia.—Ephesus—Its History and Present State—Smyrna—Pergamos—Thyatira—Sardis—Philadelphia—Laodicea—Missionary Efforts in these Localities—Letters—Summary from 1826 to 1838 of Educational Labours in the Asiatic Churches, and in the Isles of the Aegean 229

CHAPTER XVI.

A Tour in the Aegean Sea.—First View of Greece—Melos—A Character—Population and Wants of Melos—Imaginary Danger at Spetsia—First Night ashore—Spetsia—Houses—Costume—Natives—Scenes in the Family of my Host 249

CHAPTER XVII.

Visit the Greek Fleet—Distribute the Scriptures amongst them—Brulottes—Their Construction and Management—Greek Fasts—Sign of the Cross—Misapplication of Scripture—Arrival of the Greek Loan—Its Importance—Sentiments of the People respecting it—Conversation on the State and Prospects of the Greek Language 267

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Humourist—The Bishop—Relics—The Anglers—Books sold—The Cretan Schoolmaster 278

CHAPTER XIX.

Kyria Bobolina—Colocotrones—Vicissitudes of Greece—Visit from Spartans—Greek Hospitality—Piracy—A Visit to the Bishop . 286

CHAPTER XX.

The Port—Greek Customs—Turkish Oppression—Conversations—Missionary Books sold—Sabbath Profanation—Adieu to Spetsia. 303

CHAPTER XXI.

Voyage from Spetsia—Names of Places—Hydra—Town—Ports—Natives—Admiral Miaoules—Count Palma —Monastic Effrontery—Domestic Amusements—Character of the Hydriots . . 316

CHAPTER XXII.

Women's Apartment—Female Occupations—Embroidery—Domestic Duties—Washing at the Fountains—Marriage—Sir Thomas Maitland—Court Martial—Protestant Conformity to Popish Ceremonial—Celibacy—Betrothing—Polygamy—The Dowry—Dowry Cap—Nuptial Presents—Nuptial Appellations—A Wedding in the Aegean 339

CHAPTER XXIII.

PAGE
The Chiefs have a Fracas about Spoils—Canaris—Niketas—A Visit —A Poet—Books sold in Hydra—Tomb of a Chieftain's Wife—A New Year's Call—Classic Usages in Modern Greece—Dreams —Omens—Fascination—Bad Faith—Imprecations . . . 367

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Drunken Bishop—Find an Englishwoman—Education—A Story —Carols—Feast of the Cross—Farewell to Hydra—Reflections. 388

CHAPTER XXV.

Proceed to Peloponnesus—Greek Martyr—Description of Peloponnesus—A Storm—Euroclydon—House at Marcopolo—Domestic Scenes—Drunken Monks—On the word Tares—Sermon —Robbery—Journey to Athens—Difficulties there—Visit the Bishop—Modern Athens—Athenian Lady—Mars'-Hill . . 410

CHAPTER XXVI.

Greek Lady's Costume—The Girdle—The Head-dress—The Vail—Their origin—Greek Lady's Toilet—Anecdote—Staining the Hair—Eyelids—Rouge—Ancient and Modern modes of Adornment—Confession—Anecdotes 437

CHAPTER XXVII.

Signs of the Times in Greece—Appeal on Education—Modern Greek Pronunciation—Departure from Athens—Evils of Papal Confessionals—Arrival at Eleusis—Remarks on Mysteries—Megara —Xerxes—Arrive at Corinth—The Stadium—Paul's Allusions to the Olympic Contests—Origin and vicissitudes of Corinth—Aghios Georgios—Nemean Ruins—Cave of the N. Lion—Nauplia —Scenes and Proceedings—Mylos—Scene at Aghioryetiko . 450

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Arrival at Tripolitsa—Description of the Locality—Tegea and Mantinea—Eligible as a Missionary Station—A Rencounter—Demitsana—Its School—Erymanthos—Achaia—Albanian Language and Testament—School System in Greece—Letter—Shot through my Gown—Cross the River Alpheus—Pyrgos—Robbers —Scene at Katacolo—Anecdote—Reach Zakynthos—Lord Byron —Return to Malta. 474

CHAPTER XXIX.

Leave Malta for Corfu—A Storm—Vows of Levant Seamen—Corfu —University—Baron Theotokys—Professors—Psalithas—Ali Pasha 497

CHAPTER XXX.

PAGE

Result of Missionary Labour—Notice of Thessalonica—Shocking Proceedings — St. Spiridion — Processions — Festivals — Their Antiquity—Domestic Scenes—The Greek Craniologist—Anecdote—Greek Lectures. 509

CHAPTER XXXI.

Leave Corfu for Cefalonia—Make a Tour of the Island—Mrs. Kennedy's Notes—State of Education and Literature—Attachment to Established Usages—Productions and Exports—The Mole—The Shops—Employment—Figurative Style of Speech—Horror of Death—Difficulty of obtaining a Capital Conviction—Quarantine Laws—Affecting instance of their Violation—State of the Offender—His Rescue—Flight and Death—General Napier's praiseworthy Conduct—Degradation of Females—Indifference to Female Children—Visits to the Lying-in Chamber—Contrast between Ancient and Modern Greece—Lixuri—St. Euphemia—Fort St. George—Ruins of Cranii and Palaio-choro—Miasmatic Theories—The Pontine Marshes 518

CHAPTER XXXII.

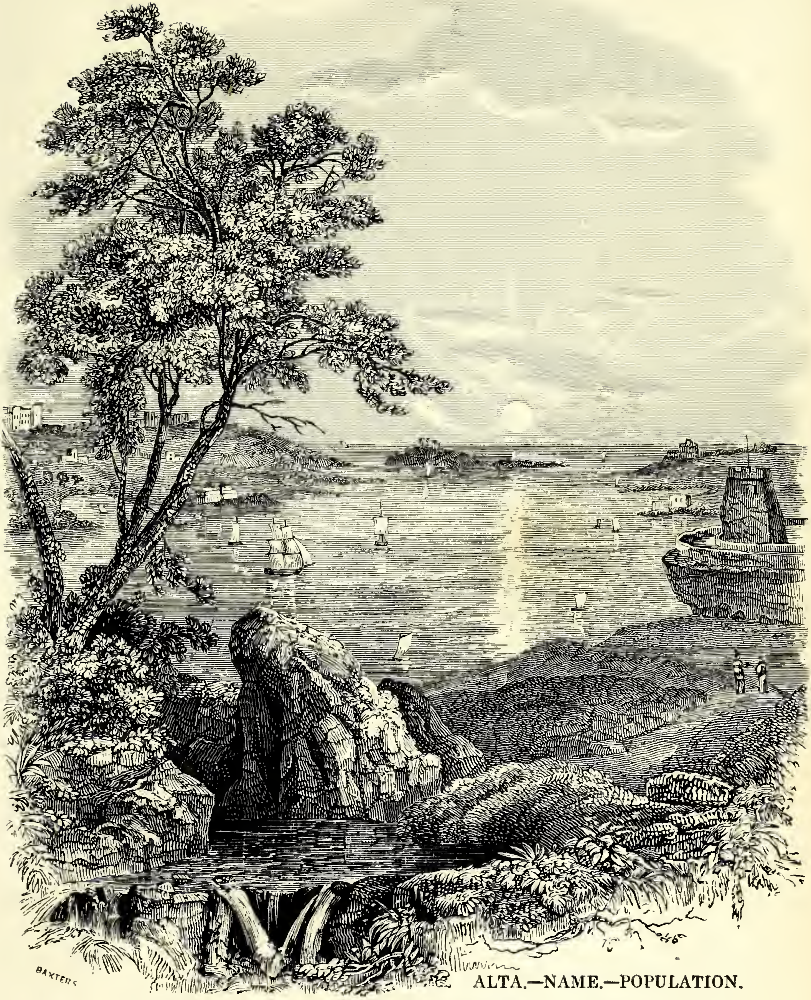
Obtain a fresh Supply of Books—Declaration of the Patriarch—Letter to the London Missionary Society—Letter to a Friend at Malta — Results of this Tour — Actual State of the Ionian Islands 534

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Marriage Rites of Greece.— Their Classic Antiquity — Domestic Arrangements—Mode of Sitting—Chamber Lamps—Tutelar Saints—Fatal Event—The Olympian Lady—The Language—A Hint on Unknown Tongues—Customs in Sickness—At Funerals —Just View of Death 553

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Albania.—Its Interesting Character—Derivation of the Name—Boundaries—Its Christian Church—Open to Missionaries—Origin of its Inhabitants—Language—Religious State—Albanian Testament.—Proposal for a Missionary Colony at Eubœa—Its Situation—Ancient Importance—Present Resources—Capacity of Population—Difficulties—Plan—The Greek Church less hostile than the Papal—Corroboration of the Plan—Conclusion . . 578



ALTA.—NAME.—POPULATION.—CLIMATE.—PRODUCE.—COCHINEAL INSECT.—NATIVES.—LANGUAGE—PROPERTY.—EARLY HISTORY.—ST. PAUL'S SHIPWRECK.

THE rocky and precipitous isle of Malta is remarkable as the probable scene of St. Paul's shipwreck, and rendered notable by its having been, for nearly four centuries, occupied by the soldier-monks of St. John of Jerusalem. It was anciently styled Melita; a name traceable to its excellent honey, one of the products for which it is yet famous.

This name the island bore at the era of Paul's shipwreck,* but it was subsequently metamorphosed, probably by the Saracenic Arabs, into its present name, Malta. According to some, this sea-girt rock was so called in honour of the nymph Melita, daughter of Doris and Nereus; while others derive the name from *melit*, to escape, supposing it to have been thus designated by the Phœnicians, on the ground that when those adventurous ancients extended their traffic to the ocean, this island formed a most eligible *shelter* from the perils of the turbulent Levant.† Others consider that the name, Melita, is derived from Mylith, which, among the Syrians, and probably the Phœnicians, was the name given to Juno.

By Ptolemy, Malta was considered an African island, but by Pliny a part of Europe. It lies between the two continents of Africa and Europe; sixty miles from Cape Passero in Sicily, and about two hundred from Calipia, the most proximate point of Africa. Its location is 33° 40″ E. longitude, and 35° 26″ north of the equator.

The medium width of Malta is about eighteen miles; and, since three diameters complete the circle, its circumference must be fifty-four. For its size Malta is, perhaps, the most populous country in

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* See Acts xxviii. 1—11.

† Diod. Siculus, Lib. v., and Bochart, vol. i. p. 499, 500.

Europe or the world, containing about 85,000 souls. Notabile, *alias* Limdina, where stands a neat church, dedicated to St. Paul, was its ancient capital; its present is Valletta. Of the latter city, in which I resided many years, the foundations were laid in 1566, by John de Vallette, Grand Master of the Order of St. John, and therefore prince and head of the island. Its population is about 25,000. The city is remarkably clean. The streets, like those of ancient Babylon, intersect each other at right angles.

From April to October, the climate of Malta is extremely hot, exhibiting a medium temperature of eighty degrees, and this during about eighteen hours of the natural day. From June to September the common people often sleep all night in the streets. I have had occasionally to pick my way carefully round a man, his wife, and half a dozen poor urchins, lest I should stumble over them in the dark, and disturb the slumbers of an entire family. On these occasions they draw a mattrass to the door of their house, but the children generally enjoy the luxury of the stones. In the day time, from twelve to two, the facchini, or lazzaroni of Malta—barefooted, with sleeves rolled up, long red or blue woollen caps, made in Barbary*, light shirts, waistcoats and trousers, generally working as porters—take a comfortable siesta in the open street. They usually lay themselves down after dining, perhaps on bread, oil, and luscious grapes, draw the long dangling end of their cap over the face, as a protection from both sun and musquetos, and thus enjoy their repose as calmly as though on a couch of down. In passing the streets of Valletta early in the morning, I have often seen children asleep on the step of some large house, quite alone; and, occasionally too, I have seen a man or a woman enjoying their slumbers on the roof of their house, or snugly laid up in their balcony.

The island of Malta is literally an immense magnesian limestone rock. Its produce, upon soil said to have been imported from Sicily, is chiefly cotton, oranges, lemons, honey, wheat, clover, canes, figs, pomegranates, and various leguminous plants. To England is now occasionally brought the celebrated blood orange of Malta. In speaking subsequently of the produce of Greece, I shall fully state the singular mode of procuring this rare and much sought fruit. The staple of Malta is cotton, which is gathered from a shrub not unlike our potatoe, either in bulk, height, or colour. The ball of cotton is at first enclosed in the calyx, whose leaves are green. At this time it bears some resemblance to the capsule of the English poppy, after the fall of the corolla. On bursting, the elegant ball of cotton, thus enlarged from its vegetable incarceration, swells out to the size of a nectarine or golden pippin. When fully ripe and dry, this seed-vessel of the cotton shrub, for such in effect it is, is gathered into small baskets; the cotton is then separated, by women and girls, from the seeds it envelopes; and these, which are of a rich oily nature, about the size of large peas, and of a dark brown or black hue, are given to the goats.

Subsequently to my arrival in Malta, the natives devoted much attention to the cultivation of the silk worm, and of the mulberry tree. Eventually, perhaps, their silk may come even to rival the cotton as a staple produce of the island, but it is not likely ever to equal that of Greece.

In a climate so hot as that of Malta, the various species and varieties of the cacti luxuriate. This is a singular class, and some of the species found in Malta are highly curious. In the splendid garden of the Governor at Sant Antonio, there is one consisting entirely of stems, massive and rugged; while others, especially the cactus Indianus or Indian fig, present nothing but leaves. This plant is a perennial, and is rather a tree than a shrub. It reaches an elevation of eight or ten feet, spreading out its giant leaves like the barbed flook of a sheet anchor. In effect, the tree is nothing *but* leaves, leaf growing out of leaf; at least the stem is to the leaves as the stalks to the pumpkin, and is hardly an object to catch the eye at all. To one that gazes for the first time on this plant when in fruit, it presents a most singular appearance; for the figs, styled in Malta prickly pears, literally spring from the leaf, and range themselves in single file round its edge. The corolla or bloom is generally of a rich crimson. The fruit is about the bulk of a duck-egg, coarse and granulated. It is eaten in great abundance in Malta, and sells at about a farthing per *rotolo*, which is equivalent, I believe, to two pounds troy-weight. I often gave it to my children as an economical breakfast, with bread and tea; and occasionally had it myself. The facchini or porters of the island almost live on it in the very hot months, when it is very abundant. The fig is covered with a thick, spiny, or rather hairy skin. This is cut off, and then it is really amusing to see the natives gulp fig after fig at the corners of the streets, as fast as the venders can peel and hand them to the hungry purchasers. Had Hogarth gone to Malta, we had had one scene more from his graphic pencil. When peeled, the pure fruit is as large as a common egg. It looks inviting to the eye from the varied and beautiful hues it presents, some being of an agreeable fawn, and others of an elegant purple, crimson, or yellow. The skins are used in Malta for dyeing, and, of late years, the leaves have been applied as food for the small insect called, by the Italians, *cocco*, which, when dead, is the cochineal, used for dyeing crimson or scarlet. It is but lately that the natives have cultivated this valuable insect, and though some have pursued it with a very commendable spirit, the result is yet a problem.

The *cocco* of Italy is the coccus in natural history, a genus of the order of hemiptera. The insect is not, in general, larger than a bug: its snout is pectoral, the abdomen bristled behind. The female is wingless, but the male has a pair of upright wings. Of this insect there are many species, perhaps forty or fifty, but of all these the most important is the *coccus cacti*, or cochineal, so celebrated for the rich and elegant colour it yields when properly prepared for dyeing. It is a native of South America, and its natural food is the cactus opuntia. As a dye, I believe the female only is used. To such a size does the body of these insects grow, in proportion to the legs, antennæ, and proboscis, that on a hasty glance the animal looks as much like a small seed as an insect; and, except by a keen eye, or the aid of a glass, the parts I have named are not easily observed. On reaching its full growth, the female fixes itself to the surface of the cactus leaf, and envelopes itself in a gossamer sheet of cotton, or something like it, which it spins in a double filament. No sooner has it deposited its eggs, than it becomes almost a mere husk and dies. The utmost care must, therefore, be taken to kill it before it lays, to prevent the young from escaping; for in them, it seems, is deposited the colouring matter for which the insect is cultivated

In the house of Don Luigi, of Zeitun in Malta, I witnessed a part of the process of preparation. When the insects are brushed, or carefully picked off, it is usual to deprive them of life by applying the fumes of heated vinegar. They are then dried in the sun, and in this state are fit for the market and for use. If this insect can be cultivated in Malta, I think it would amply indemnify all fatigue; for it has been said that Spain is more enriched by the profit of cochineal, than by all her mines of gold. From this insect comes the beautiful dye styled carmine; and the rouge used by ladies is, in fact, the mangled limbs of this little animal, mixed with a proportion of hair-powder. The crimson, properly so called, is derived from that species of this useful insect, which feeds on the *cactus ilicis;* and this plant abounds both in Greece and the Aigean sea.

The 100,000 souls inhabiting Malta and its sister island Gozo, the supposed isle of Calypso, and anciently named, it is said, Ogygia, consist of a mingled race of Phœnicians, Saracens, Italians, and other nations, who, with some virtues, exhibit the usual vices and follies of fallen human nature. Papal superstition and ghostly tyranny give their peculiar hue to the character of this people. Under the rule of the Knights of Jerusalem, they became brave to a high degree; and often made the barbarian foe tremble and fly, or brought him to battle and to defeat. The higher ranks are polite, the lower ingenious and kind, but dishonest and vindictive; yet all are pacific, respectful, and laborious. The lower orders, both male and female, go shoeless. Formerly the men wore long caps, manufactured in Africa, but within the last seven years many have straw hats. Intelligent piety, such as the gospel inculcates, will render these islanders good, active in goodness, and happy; but popery is at present the dominant faith. Owing to their ancestry, their complexion is much darker than that of the Hungarian, yet fairer than that of the Barbary tribes.

The language of Malta is a corrupt dialect of the Arabic, with numerous adjections from the Italian. I have traced in this language many Hebrew terms, but this can excite no surprise, as Arabic and Hebrew are sister dialects. Since the island became an integral part of the British empire, the language of the courts has very properly been made that of England; but as yet few of the natives are very well versed in it.* Italian, as the key to all the Levant, is the commercial language of Malta; and in this all respectable natives are well versed. There is now a great and commendable desire to obtain the English; and this is fast spreading in the island:—the more the better;—better for the temporal interests of that ingenious portion of her majesty's loyal subjects, and infinitely better for their faith.

The nobless of Malta are an amiable class. Their titles are derived from the feudal ages and the crusades. Some of these titles are odd enough to justify a good-natured smile. Among these I may single out that of one of my landlords, "L'illustrissimo Signore, il Signor Barone Testaferrata," the most illustrious Signor, the Signor Baron *Ironhead.* To the previous honours of this island, the local government has added a new order of knighthood,—that of St. Michael and St. George.

For the liberty and happiness of the Maltese, the property of the island is too unequally distributed. One-third is said to be in the hands of government, another in that of the all-grasping priesthood, the rest in those of the nobless and plebeians. The convents and monasteries are mournfully numerous, while monastic and sacerdotal habits meet the eye on all hands. On every account, in fact, the ecclesiastics are far too numerous a body, for either the spiritual or temporal weal of the island. The dissonant and almost incessant twang of discordant bells,—bells, I mean, not in scale, and this is the case with all in Malta,—forms one of the chief annoyances of the island, especially on church festivals, whose number and pomp tend greatly to impoverish the laity, to dignify the priesthood, and to remind one of those ancient pagan festivals, which christianity calls upon its professors solemnly to renounce.

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* "What for you rompy my pig with your bayonet?" said a poor Maltese one day to an Irish soldier. "Because, honey, you shant drive him this way."—"What for I no drive him so?"—"Arrah, man, an' don't ye see the proclamation on the wall there?"—"Yes, I see de paper, John, but my pig nix stendi de English." Rompy is a corruption of the Italian, rompere, to break or bruise. Nix is for not, and stendi is for understand.

It appears, from the Iliad, that the earliest inhabitants of this celebrated rock were a people called Phæacians, a race altogether distinct from the ancient and far more enterprising Phœnicians. The former are fabulously regarded as giants, and a ruin still exists in the isle of Gozo bearing the name of the Giant's Tower. It is a circular, massive structure, and seemed to me to have anciently served as a Druid's temple. It is located on an eminence, about five minutes' walk from the Grotto of Calypso, a cave of frightful aspect and of difficult descent, among the most rugged and barren cliffs that ever formed the abode of soft-footed feminine deities. To have resided here, Calypso must have been blessed with feet as hard as those of her sisters of the Maltese peasantry, who with amusing ease and *sang froid* tread the most forbidding craggs of their rude and rocky domain.

In 1519, *before* the incarnation, the Phœnicians took Malta from its previous masters, and held it 448 years. This great commercial people, the English of the east, were expelled by the Greeks; these, by the warlike inhabitants of Carthage; and the latter, in their turn, yielded to the Romans in the first Punic war, when Attilus Regulus sacked the island, and Cornelius took possession. After this, Malta was successively lost and won by these fierce belligerents, in many a bloody contest; but at length, after a splendid victory by Lutatius in the year 242, B. C., the Romans completely established their dominion at the commencement of the second Punic war.

It was during the Roman occupation of Malta, and in the reign of Tiberius, that the holy apostle Paul was cast upon these rocky shores, and the creek off which he was stranded retains to this day the name of *La Baia di San Paolo*, the Bay of St. Paul. The first time I visited it was in 1820, when I killed a serpent near the very spot where that blessed man shook one from his hand. By that apostle a church was planted on this interesting rock of "the great sea;" and a building stands at Floriana, not five minutes' walk from the house I occupied, which still bears the name of San Publio, in honour of the "chief man of the island," converted to the faith while Paul remained there.* Even since that signal shipwreck, it seems, the profession of christianity has retained its hold in the island; but, alas! the gospel introduced by St. Paul has too long been supplanted by "another gospel;" as that originally brought to Britain, probably by the very same apostle, was early obscured by those emissaries of Rome, Augustin and his companions. The cunning fox of the Tybur, with fatal astuteness, burrowed his way into the simple, unsuspecting vineyard of Malta, and the withering hand of the Latin priesthood touched and blasted this once pure church of Christ, replacing its original truth by a system of semi-paganism, baptized with a christian name.

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* See Acts xxviii.

I have brought with me from Malta a view of St. Paul's bay, which the reader finds annexed;* to give as complete an idea as may be of the locality of the shipwreck, showing the mouth of the bay or creek of St. Paul, with the vessel half under water. This is a drawing of the place where two seas meet, named in the inspired narrative.†

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* See page 1.

† The phrase of St. Luke is, *τόπος διϑάλασσος*, which I prefer to render, a place washed on each side by the sea. I think no other writer has ever used the word; but on consulting an excellent Lexicon in ancient and modern Greek, by Varinus, Bishop of Noukeria, printed at Venice in 1801, I find some similar compounds, which may throw light on that used by the sacred historian. Bacchus is styled Dithyrambus, because educated in *ἄντρῳ διϑυρἄμβῳ*, a grotto of Nyssa, having a double door, or two doors. Varinus explains the adjective in the latter sense; I own my preference for the former,—double-doored; and thus would I render or understand the term used by St. Luke; a double-seaed place, by sea meaning a *part* of the sea, of the *same* sea; as when mariners say, "we have a heavy sea astern, but a smooth sea a-head." By all this is simply meant, that by the phrase, "where two seas meet," the reader of the Acts is not to understand that there was, at the point where Paul's vessel struck, a confluence of the waters of two *different* seas, but merely that the *same* sea washed that point in opposite directions; and if he so understand the phrase, I apprehend it may justly be preferred to the version I have suggested.

The point at which the vessel struck is styled by Bochart an isthmus; but as that term describes a tongue of land projecting rather far into the sea, it seems hardly the correct word. The etching will show that it is merely a jutting rocky point, and the small island in front, behind which is the τόπος διϑάλασσος of St. Luke, is not perhaps more than two hundred paces from the point in question. I have frequently sailed in this highly interesting locality, and am familiar with its outline.

It has long been a debated point with the learned, whether the island visited by St. Paul was Malta or the island of Mileda, in the Adriatic. Bryant revived the question, and supported the claims put forth in favour of the latter, the chief of which seems to be the statement of Luke, that the vessel was "driven up and down in Adria," in which sea it is obvious she finally struck.* Into this controversy I cannot persuade myself to enter at any length; but I will just specify a few reasons to favour the identity of Malta with Luke's Melita, and hastily dismiss the subject.

1. Bryant's great difficulty is at once removed by Strabo. Wetstein cites this ancient geographer, to show that even in *his* time,—viz. in the reign of Augustus Cæsar, and therefore prior to the voyage of Paul, the name Adria was not limited to what is now styled the gulf of Adria, or the Adriatic, but extended at least as far as the Ionian gulf, as it certainly was afterwards to the Sicilian sea, and even to

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* Acts xxvii. 27—29.

the south of Peloponnesus.* A ship, therefore, in the locality of Malta is in the sea of Adria.

2. I observe that, at the time of the apostle's shipwreck, it was the cold and rainy season of the island.† In Malta " the former rain" begins generally in the end of September, " the latter," about January, which is also the cold season of the island. Now, the natives of Malta say that Paul's visit occurred in January, and every 29th of that month there is a pompous "festa" in the island, in celebration of the apostle's shipwreck.

3. In the words of Bishop Pearce: "In Paul's voyage to Italy from Melita, on board the Alexandrian ship, which had wintered there; he and his companions landed at Syracuse, and from thence went to Rhegium: but if Melita had been the Illyrian isle of that name, the proper course of the ship would have been to Rhegium *before* it reached Syracuse: whereas, in a voyage from the present Malta to Italy, it was necessary to reach Syracuse in Sicily, before the ship could arrive at Rhegium in Italy."

4. Though in the traditionary fictions of a superstitious people scarcely any confidence can be placed; since the same interest that so systematically induces the inmates of rival monasteries and rival churches, in all papal countries, to hatch up a false miracle, or concoct a false relic, to attract devotees and oblations, leads cities and islands, contending for the same honour, to feign if they cannot find proof; yet

[*] Bp. Pearce and Wetstein on Acts xxvii. 27.

[†] Acts xxviii. 1, 2.

even this very dubious species of evidence,—a church of St. Publius, a grotto of St. Paul, a fane to his honour, a festa on his shipwreck,—may just for a moment claim the notice of the traveller.

5. Paul found in Melita an Alexandrian vessel that, being on her way to Italy, had stopped and wintered at this island. Two things have often occurred to me in Malta; first, that vessels from Alexandria are constantly touching at that island in the present age, of which I have probably seen hundreds; and secondly, that no vessel bound for the voyage made by Paul from Malta could ever think of touching at Mileda in the Adriatic gulf.

CHAPTER II.

MALTA.—HISTORY RESUMED.—SUCCESSIVE MASTERS.—KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.—RARITIES AND PRINCIPAL STRUCTURES.—CELEBRATED NATIVES.—EDUCATION.—RELIGION.—SUPERSTITIONS.

Too small to defend its existence as an independent government, Malta has in all ages, or nearly all, formed a portion of some one of the mighty empires of the world. We have already seen it successively under the Phæacians, Greeks, and Romans, and that during the dominion of the last it bowed, like so many other portions of the Roman empire, to the sway of heaven-born truth.

On the dissolution of this gigantic empire, Malta fell under the sword of the Vandals. In the year of our Lord 164, the Goths succeeded that short-lived power, and these, seventy-four years afterwards, were expelled by Belisarius, who united Malta to the eastern empire. This regime was of long continuance ;—it was not till 870 that it was shaken off. In that year, in consequence of misrule on the part of her governors, the natives rose against their oppressors, and surrendered the island to the Saracenic Arabs. To this people, who held the island about 200 years, the present Maltese owe their language and their sombre complexion. After the lapse of the period just named, Malta shared the fate of England, and, singular to observe, nearly at the same time; for, while William, Duke of Normandy, took possession of Britain in 1060, it was in 1070 that Count Roger, the Norman, united Malta to the crown of Sicily.

Under the Normando-Sicilians, Malta remained about seventy years; and then, in consequence of the marriage of Constantia, heiress of Sicily, with the Emperor, Henry VI. of Germany, this plaything of princes, this far-famed rock, passed over, in 1226, to the imperial masters of the western empire. Its next ruler was a Frenchman, Charles d'Anjou, brother of Lewis of France; for, after the Germans had swayed the changeful destinies of Malta for seventy-two years, Charles held the crown of Sicily and sovereignty of Malta. By Peter of Arragon this island was, after two years, wrested from the feeble grasp of the house of Anjou; and Peter was succeeded by King Alphonso, from whom this insular domain was redeemed by the natives, who reimbursed the sum of 30,000 florins, for which it had, it seems, been mortgaged to the house of Arragon.

On this occasion the island secured certain privileges, granted by Alphonso, who pledged his royal word that Malta should not again suffer a separation from the crown of Sicily. By Charles V. however, this pledge was soon forgotten; for on obtaining possession of Malta and Sicily in 1516, he conceded this celebrated rock to the Order of Knights of

St. John, who had just been driven from Rhodes, their previous domain and asylum, by the irresistible prowess of Soliman the Magnificent. This event, so pregnant with results, occurred in 1522 or 1523.

Historians generally represent this act as that of Charles exclusively, but a native who presented me with an elegant small work in Italian, from which I am citing, seemed altogether indignant at the idea of his country's being in the exclusive gift of any one, and he roundly asserts that this concession was made with the previous consent of the Maltese, and of all the christian princes in whose kingdoms the Order had possessions, securing to themselves the rights and immunities acquired by payment of the 30,000 florins aforesaid.

By the celebrated Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, also styled Knights of Rhodes, the destinies of Malta were swayed until the eventful 1798, when the French fleet, under command of Napoleon, appeared before the island. Ferdinand Hompesh was then Grand Master of the Order, and of course sovereign of the island. Not possessing sufficient nerve to oppose the victorious arms of France, this feeble ruler surrendered an island and a rampart that might probably have defied even Napoleon himself. Short was the reign of France in Malta! Better, in some respects, had it been longer; for that great people are not in the habit of currying favour by pretending to venerate the most deleterious superstitions, by cashiering brave officers, whose conscientious scruples forbid their uniting in idolatrous rites, or by compelling a whole suite of staff officers to change their steel for a taper, their martial step for that of a monkish procession, to brandish a flambeau instead of a sword, to wear, I had almost said, the gown of the effiminate Sardanapalus, instead of the more fitting accoutrements of a soldier. The successors of the French do all this except the last, both in Malta and the Ionian isles—the successors of the French are the English. In the year 1800 Malta passed under the powerful sceptre of Great Britain; for in that year the native inclination and "the voice of Europe," confirmed to our country the possession of this celebrated rock. The island has been since 1813 an integral part of the British empire; and a gracious providence thus affords to protestants of England, of Germany, and of America, a golden opportunity for conferring upon a benighted people the light of eternal truth, fresh from the mind of God.*

The Knights of Malta are gone: I saw the last, a venerable man: he, too, is gone—not so their history. For upwards of 360 years was the island held by these quixotical soldiers of the crucifix; nor, had they not become so fearfully emasculated by luxury and by excess in various ways, would either Napoleon or Nelson have dislodged them from that unique and amazing stronghold.

Their history is singular. Splendid as this order became, celebrated almost equally for opulence, prowess and vice, they were originally but a convent of humble and ignorant monks. These Knights first appear as monastics in 1043 at Jerusalem, in a convent established that year by a few Italian merchants. Their business was simply to entertain and protect by their presence the vagrant pilgrims who visited the holy city. Hence their original name Hospitulars; and because their convent was dedicated to John the Baptist, they also took the name of Monks of St. John.

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* Consult Ciantar's "Malta Illustrata," 2 vols. folio.

These enterprising monastics soon drew the eye and the wealth of superstition from all parts of the christian world. The subsequent conquest of Jerusalem by Godfrey de Boulogne, who wrested it from the Moslems, proved of vast moment to this monastic settlement; for from thence the crowd of devotees increased, and with them the opulence and fame of the monks. And now began the high race of ambition. Raymond, rector of the convent, being of an active and martial spirit, devised the plan of transforming his monks into Knights—Knights commanders, and Knights servitors—the former to rank as officers, the latter as soldiers. This high-minded plan was realised. Raymond marshalled them into bands, invented banners, and led his new made belligerents against the Turks, as "Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem."

Thus elevated to equestrian dignity, they fought with great courage and varied fortunes against the Moslems, the sworn foes of the christian name; but inferiority of numbers entailed upon them frequent defeat; and they were at length compelled to relinquish all their possessions in the holy city to the invincible Saladin. After a long series of toils and misfortunes, they were finally expelled from Jerusalem in 1292, having maintained their standing, as monks or Knights, for the period of 244 years.

Driven from the holy land, the Grand Master and brethren fled to Cyprus, and recurring to their former martial habits, they attacked Rhodes and took that island with seven others. This was in 1308, and now the Order took the style of Knights of Rhodes. Here they flourished for about 220 years, and rarely has bravery or passive courage equalled theirs To the Turks their very name was terrific. Happy had they fought in a better cause, than that of personal or papal aggrandisement.

At length Sultan Soliman having determined, at all events, to dislodge this formidable foe of the crescent, assembled an armament of 300,000 men, invaded the island of Rhodes, and, after six months' incessant fatigues and appalling loss of human life, on both sides, this fiery son of Ishmael succeeded in driving the Knights from their second asylum.

At this most critical era, the Emperor Charles V. proved a friend to the vagrant Knights. As a third asylum, he gave them—the Maltese aver with their consent as a party to the arrangement—the sovereignty of Malta. To this island the fugitives removed in 1523, and held it till the memorable 1798, when it was ceded by Hompesh to the victorious arms of Napoleon. On obtaining this possession, they took the style of Knights of the Order of Malta.

Bravery such as they now displayed against the Turks has rarely been exhibited; but the luxury and vices that gradually crept in, undermined both their courage and their fame, and rendered them an easy prey to a power then in the zenith of its glory. This capture, however, was but the transit of the island: in two short years it passed from the hands of France, and remains to this day a portion of the British empire.

In noticing the objects of chief interest in Malta, I place in the foreground the Inquisitor's Palace; an execrated relic of ghostly oppression, and of worse than Vandal or Neronian ferocity. It now holds a magnificent armoury, and the inquisition itself no longer exists to disgrace the name, or to tarnish the honour of Malta. From a very remote age, the temples of Juno, Proserpine, and other pagan deities, were much celebrated; but few remains of these are now to be met with. In the seventeenth century was dug up, out of a small hill named Mitarfa, an inscription that had belonged to the temple of Proserpine; and in 1538 were found many vestiges of a fane to Hercules, which once stood near the port of Marsascirocco, built by the Phœnicians at an early age. Quintinus speaks of this temple, and says its circumference embraced a circle of not less than three miles. Pausanias mentions the erection of a costly palace in Malta, and Eschiles names a theatre of elegant and expensive materials; but of these nothing, I believe, now survives. To the curious in these matters I would advise a visit to the public library of Malta, where they will find some interesting antiquities, and a very polite native librarian. The principal hospital is chiefly notable for having been, in the palmy days of the Order, served by the Knights in silver plate.

The public library was founded in 1760, by Bailly de Tancin, who generously presented it with 7700 volumes. It now contains 50,000, among which are some valuable works, but many of them are the merest trash of an unscientific age.

The chief lion of Malta is its celebrated fortifications. Let the reader attentively examine the birds-eye view of Valletta, with its harbour and suburbs, given in this volume, and he will probably own that these massive forts and embrasured curtains are a lasting monument to the magnanimity and resources of the Knights. The aqueduct I regard as remarkable only because, like those of Greece and of Rome, it exhibits ignorance of one of the simplest principles of hydraulics—that water always rises to the level of its source.

The next object of interest in Malta is the church of St. John, in Valletta, a large and sightless structure externally, but enriched within by some most costly marble monuments and altars. This is properly the government church; but from a wish not to pain the natives, it has hitherto been left in their hands; and, to the lasting disgrace of our country, the governor, his suite, his staff, and most of the elite of the English, absolutely worship in a kitchen of the Knights, neatly fitted up for the purposes of divine service. The only protestant place of worship is one belonging to the Methodists. The Maltese churches are numerous and costly, though not elegant. The houses are large freestone erections, spacious and airy; but the only purely architectural erection is the Naval Hospital, near the mouth of the Grand Harbour, built within the last ten years. It was erected by the ingenious islanders, after English designs and under English surveilance.

At Città Vecchia or Notabile, near the Bay of St. Paul, is a neat church dedicated to that apostle. *There* also are the celebrated catacombs, that appear to have anciently served as subterraneous abodes or cemeteries, or both; but their use is problematical. If the reader can persuade himself that St. Paul had leisure to spend three months in a cave *in formâ monachi*, he may here inspect the grotto itself, which is under the church just named. The attendant gives to the visitor a small portion of the soft rock of this grot or cave, which is a talisman against all evils. What a pity the natives should have diseases and die!

If the government of Malta is a century behind the parent isle, in the encouragement of free inquiry; if it is too military, and yet too prone to cringe to monastic assumption; let it have, at all events, the praise that is due. The Naval Hospital, the chastest piece of architecture on the island, I have already named; add to this a valuable institution, the House of Industry, established by the most noble the Marquis of Hastings, to furnish employment and food to a numerous class of persons, comprising the indigent, the aged, and friendless youth. Nor must we omit to add that a Lancastrian School, containing about 400 boys and 200 girls, is supported, chiefly at least, by the munificence of government. This school has stood now about twenty years, and if the Maltese wish to keep pace with the European march of intellect, if they would neither be priest-ridden nor prince-ridden, let them continue to place their youth in that useful lyceum.

The chief ornament of Valletta is, unquestionably, the Governor's Palace. This splendid erection was built for the Grand Masters about 250 years ago, and within its immense quadrangle there is a magnificent armoury, containing a stand of 10,000 musquets, together with the armour of the Knights, and some interesting trophies. Altogether, this splendid collection is, perhaps, the greatest treat of Malta lionizers, as the arms used by the warriors of the middle ages, arranged with high taste, render it peculiarly interesting.

In the view I have given of Malta is a distinct draft of the celebrated Lazzaretto, a most commodious though expensive residence *pro tempore* for travellers from plague countries, during the period of their quarantine. Having myself been twice pent up in this place, I am somewhat versed both in its annoyances and comforts, and must say its internal management, on the whole, reflects high honour on the local authorities. The hotels of the nine languages of knights are generally noble structures, but that of Spain seems the best and the largest. In this I resided three years, having been kindly accommodated by government with field-officers' quarters in that splendid erection, in which also I held public service thrice a week. The Hotel formerly pertaining to the " English language," or English Knights of Malta, who, I suppose, sank into oblivion in the reign of Henry VIII. It is now cut up into shops for hucksters and others, and a part of it forms an appendage to the arsenal. The rest of these once busy scenes of authority and luxury and vice, now serve as officers' quarters to the garrison of Valletta.

Malta may be noted as the reputed birthland of some illustrious persons. The famous Hannibal is claimed as one of these. A Maltese family named Barchina assert themselves to be his posterity. This brave warrior died in Bithynia, but it seems from a discovery made in 1761 at Ta Binjisa, that his remains were removed to that place for interment in the tomb of his ancestors. These islanders also claim as compatriots Lucius Cajus, a Roman equestrian and a very erudite ancient; Meander, the celebrated orator who pleaded before the senate of Delos under the archon Aristemus, and who won the crown of eloquence at Athens; Aulus Licinius, the friend of Pompey, and whom Cicero styles the Aristotle of Malta; Diodorus the philosopher, ranked by Cicero as his own intimate acquaintance;* Theodosius, author of the Life of the emperor Theophilus; Jacob who conquered the island of Salamis, and was made duke of Candia by the king of Cyprus; with others in later times. But, though one can cheerfully forgive the nationality that lays claim to a share of the celebrity of a Carthaginian, a Greek, or a Roman, because born in Malta, yet there is truth in a proverb I have often heard in that island, "*l'uomo non è un cavallo anche nato in una stalla;*" a man is not a horse though born in a stable. It is, in fact, on this slender evidence that such names are attached to Malta; though it is certain the island has given birth to some illustrious men.*

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* See his Oration against Verres.

Till of late years, all generous education has been utterly neglected; nor, before the arrival of missionaries, was the language reduced to a written standard. In this useful labour the church missionary society has confessedly led the van. By the aid of a clever native named Vassali, something has been done in lexicography, and from the church missionary press has issued a grammar of the native tongue, while by a spirited Maltese, whose name I regret to have forgotten, another has been composed and published that does its author the highest honour. To aid the natives in the acquisition of English, I published a few works, among which is, "Elementi Inglesi," a grammar in Italian and English.

The religion of Malta is the papal, in its most deleterious forms and influences. I suppose it must have been during the occupation of this island by the Normans and Arragonese, that the fatal errors of the papacy supplanted the purer truth originally introduced by the great apostle of the gentiles. The present faith of this people produces its legitimate fruits;—superstition, falsehood, irregularity, cimmerian ignorance in the mass; and scepticism among the elite of the island. On the other hand the natives, when religion is not in question, are affable, pacific, ingenuous, and thousands among this estimable race exhibit a most honourable mind, and a resolution not to lag far behind the inquisitive spirit of the age, an age that is clamourous for the reason of things. Let the Maltese but cherish this noble disposition, so justly lauded by an inspired penman,[*] and Malta will eventually become a highly influential country.

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* See Ciantar's Malta Illustrata, and Michallef's Catechismo Storico.

Meantime it is lamentable to observe how greatly these islanders incline to the various forms of what inspiration has so justly named θελοθρησκεία or will-worship. Their images meet the eye in every street, and abound in every temple, are carried about in every procession, and are the *lares et penates* of every house. In their afflictions, the natives systematically fly to the ideal aid of some favourite saint. Each convent has its fictions, its pretended relics and its sleepless finesse, to attract devotees from rival convents; and, at the audacity of sacerdotal expedients to keep up the credit of a falling saint or cry down a rival, the heart sometimes sickens, for the victims of these frauds are numerous, and the fear of God is not before their deceived and deceiving guides. Parturient females often make vows to some saint; and I have seen their children, in fulfilment of such vows, dressed in the habits of a monk or nun of the saint's order. Such as suffer from toothache apply for relief to St. Apollonia. In short, each saint in the papacy, like his pagan original, has an assigned dominion and duty, and sometimes a locality. Beneath the images or idols—so God calls them—at the corners of the streets, are inscriptions promising indulgences to such as violate the very first commandment by worshiping a graven image and deifying a creature. Every Monday boxes, covered with frightful representations of purgatorial scenes, are carried round the city, and the bearer with a hand-bell calls aloud for "money for souls in purgatory." Religious processions are numerous and pompous, and these gaudy and barbaric scenes perpetually make the island a sort of puppet show. On some of these occasions one observes a number of penitents in the procession, both male and female, dragging at each heel a tremendous length and weight of iron chain, so ponderous as to compel them to rest at every twenty or thirty paces, while the ignorant multitude stand gazing at the ideal sanctity of the deed and of the devotee. In time of thunder the bells are constantly rung as a charm against peril. In lent, the people are canonically forbid the sale or use of milk; and yet, in the exquisite casuistry of blissful ignorance, the milch goats perambulate the city as at other seasons, but the venders cry "*something white.*" This something white the casuists allow the people to purchase, but for a world they must not purchase milk! In some processions I have often seen little children dressed out in wings and wire glories round their head to personate angels and cherubs. Plenary indulgences are affixed to the doors of their churches, and within the same buildings are publicly sold sacred talismans to string round the neck and charm off evil. Every year there is literally "a feast of asses." These animals, as also mules and horses, all bedizened in ribbons and floral wreaths, are made to pass before a priest, who edifies the devout brutes with holy water and his blessing. All this I have often seen. "*Credat Apelles!*"

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[*] See Acts xvii. 10—12.

Such is Malta; now placed by divine providence, since the peace of Amiens, under British influence. Behold a generous population of 100,000 souls, including the small sister isle of Gozo, the plaything of ghostly chicanery, the dupes of unholy finesse, the prey of imposture and superstition, far off from truth and righteousness and God. He who duly venerates the divine precept, "Ye shall not depart from my statutes," will devoutly wish to the natives of Malta, a speedy return to the *fides paulina*, to the apostolic faith of their honoured progenitors;—that faith originally planted among them by St. Paul, that faith still recorded in the epistles of the holy man, that faith, in fine, so mournfully obscured by the mist from the banks of the Tybur, the moral gloom, which has for twenty generations brooded over this seagirt rock, hatching a fearful progeny of error, of sin and of ruin.

CHAPTER III.

THE CARNIVAL AT MALTA.—IDENTITY OF THE PAPAL CARNIVAL, AND THE PAGAN DIONYSIA OR BACCHANALIA.

Religion in Malta exhibits most of those painful affinities with Paganism, so elaborately displayed in Dr. Middleton's celebrated "Letter from Rome." Candour itself must surely, after a proper study of the papal creed and ritual, weepingly pronounce the faith of the Tybur to be paganism in a visor. Such is that of Malta, and the perusal of such details as appear in the present chapter, amply justify that *missionary*, who labours to introduce among the deluded Maltese the ineffable blessings of a purer christianity.

The carnival, a sort of religious wake, is observed in most of the principal towns and cities that yet submit to the guidance of the Roman see. But at Venice, Naples, Rome, Bologna, Palermo and Malta, it is celebrated with more than ordinary splendour. I am not certain the term carnival can be better accounted for, than by an etymology suggested to me by the late Sardinian consul at Malta, my excellent friend and a member of my congregation till his happy death, which took place in 1820 or 1821.

That gentleman derived carnival from the vulgar Latin, or Latino-Italian, "*carne vale*," adieu to animal food. It is certain that the last day of carnival precedes the first day of quaresima or lent, during which such people as obey the priesthood, eat no animal food in Malta. So strictly, indeed, is this usage observed, that a vulgar proverb of the Maltese says, "he who eats flesh on the *first* day of lent, will die on the *last*." The term of quaresima is forty days, or rather forty-six. It is therefore, perhaps, not at all surprizing so significant a term should have been sanctioned by conventional usage to designate the carnival; for the hour it closes, the devotees of the papal pale may say to all animal food, as Virgil to the smiling scenes of Italy;—

> "Vale! vale! longum vale!
> Adieu! adieu! a long adieu!"

Yet, it is a characteristic feature in superstition, that the "fasts" so styled are but a change from one species of food to another equally rich. With my native servants in Malta, most devout creatures, I had many a contest during these seasons of stern self denial; for they not only emptied my lamps to enrich their dinners, but took up a most trying amount of my time, in contriving and concocting and dishing their savoury proxies for animal food. Would that men saw that moderation is the best fast; that a christian fasts daily; that christianity *permits* but never enjoins this usage. The practice, performed as it is under the frown of sacerdotal wrath, is sufficiently bad in itself; but a still greater evil is the melancholy fact, that, forgetting the atonement of the cross, people fast, not to *prevent* sin, but to *expiate* it.

Since one object of this chapter is to trace the papal carnival to the pagan Dionysia, the reader shall first be presented with a description of the former festivity from the author of "Italy," and then compare it with these ancient Bacchanalia. Perhaps the candid may allow me some little claim to form an opinion; for while preparing this exposè, the noise and turmoil of the Malta carnival were actually stunning my senses, and furnishing ample materials to lighten the *onus probandi*, the burden of proof. I prefer giving Lady Morgan's lively description of the carnival, for several reasons, and only stay to assure the reader that in Malta, this singular festa is altogether the same as in Italy and elsewhere.

"To the ceremonies and festivities of Christmas succeeds the Carnival, that season of enjoyment over which conscience holds no jurisdiction, and care no sway. Then the church caters for the frailties of her children, and gives a license for errors, destined to confirm her power, and to pay the peace-offering of contrition into her treasury. It is not by saints that any church, made up of a powerful hierarchy, and founded in worldly interests, has risen; but by sinners; and myriads have erred and suffered, that priests might continue to absolve and to rule.

"Love is no sin in Italy.* Neither the law, the religion, nor the customs of the land restrain its impulses, nor limit its range: and if love is not the sole business of the carnival, it at least places a large capital in the venture. The rest is all idle amusement, and puerile pleasures.

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* I do most sincerely regret that authors *will* apply so sacred a term as *love* in the sense of illicit pursuits.—Author.

"For several days before the beginning of these festivities 'the city of death' exhibits the agitation, bustle, and hurry of the living. The shops are converted into wardrobes; whole streets are lined with masks and dominos, the robes of sultans and jackets of pantaloons; canopies are suspended; balconies and windows festooned with hangings and tapestry; scaffolds are erected for the accommodation of those who have not the interest to obtain admission to the houses and palaces along the whole line of the *Corso*; while double rows of chains are placed along the causeway, and hired by the still less opulent candidates for festivity.

"On the first day, few of the regular forces are assembled, but all Rome is already a masquerade rehersal. Old women are patching harlequin's jackets before their doors. Young ones assume the innocent, waxen-faced mask, white trousers, and shirt hanging loosely over every thing, with its sleeves tied with coloured ribbons, the common disguise of all those who can afford no other. Children are every where seen making or tying on their paper masks, and girding their wooden swords. At the sound of the cannon the shops are closed, palaces deserted, and the Corso's long and narrow defile teems with nearly the whole of the Roman population.

"The scene then exhibited is truly singular. The whole length of the street from the Porta del Popolo to the foot of the Capitol, a distance of considerably more than a mile, is patroled by troops of cavalry; the windows and balconies are crowded from the first to the sixth story, by spectators and actors. Here and there the *monk's* crown and *cardinal's* red skull cap are seen peeping among heads not more fantastic than their own. The chairs and scaffolding along the streets are filled to crushing with maskers and country folk in their *gala* dresses, by far the most grotesque that the carnival produces.

" The centre of the Corso is occupied by the carriages of princes, potentates, the ambassadors of all nations, and the municipality of Rome; and two lines of carriages, moving in opposite directions on each side, are filled by English peers, Irish commoners, Polish counts, Spanish grandees, German barons, Scotch lairds, and French marquises. In an open carriage sits, bolt upright, *la Signora Padrona*, or mistress of the family, nearly the whole of her beautiful bust exposed, or only covered by rows of coral, pearl, or false gems: her white satin robe and gaudy head-dress left to the pitiless pelting of the storm, showered indiscriminately from all the houses and by the pedestrians, on the occupants of carriages, in the form of sugar-plums, but in substance of plaister of Paris or lime. Opposite to her sits her *caro sposo*. He, good man, is dressed as a grand Sultan, or Muscovite czar, his hands meekly folded, his eyes blinded with lime, and his face unmasked, to show that it is to him belongs the gay set-out, the handsome wife, the golden turban, and the crimson caftan. The cavaliere pagante or the favourite *abate* occupies the place next the lady, snugly hidden under the popular dress of Pierrot or Pagliaccio; while all the little signorini or children of the family, male and female, habited as harlequins and columbines, kings and queens, are stuffed in without mercy. On Shrove Tuesday the carnival terminates by a most singular illumination. Not only all the houses are illuminated, but all persons, on foot or in carriages, hold lighted tapers, and sit or stand in the cold or wet, their fingers dripping with wax and tallow, according to the ability of the illuminator.

"Every step is now turned home, or to the *trattoria*, where a supper concludes the epoch of sin and enjoyment. Bile and dyspepsia follow, the probationary stages to penitence and penance, and to all the gloom and privations of that long black lent, in which the sinner expiates, by fasting and flagellation, the pleasures snatched, and the faults committed, during the gay, thoughtless interval of the carnival.

"After the first two days, even the spirits of foreigners flag; and after the first sensations subside, the barbarous character of the institution appears in its true symptoms of puerility, forced mirth, and real dulness. Nothing in the range of pleasurable pursuit can be more wearying to the mind, more solemnly dull, than the last days of the carnival, when the exhaustion of animal spirits damps the very little stock of wit which the occasion sets afloat; when amusement is reduced to flinging lime in the morning, and in the evening hearing complaints of inflamed eyes, of spoiled dresses, ennui, disappointed expectation, and congratulations on the approaching termination of the week."*

I have felt the more surprised that in Malta, as well as in other parts, the priesthood occasionally figure in the carnival, though disguised, since on every account it is an objectionable festivity, not to add that the first day of its celebration is always that which the christian scriptures style the Lord's, which the primitive believers held so sacred, and which all true protestants improve to holy purposes. But in Malta little sacredness is attached to the Sabbath, in comparison with the generality of the days made holy on mere sacerdotal authority :—a most painful state of things, but in the Mediterranean universal, even including Greece herself.

Among other appendages to the carnival of Malta, which render it additionally objectionable, is the masked ball, which is attended each night by all of both sexes, who can spare the small entrance fee demanded. What, under the sway of a creed not sufficiently favourable to the high sanctions of morality, must be, and are, the transactions of these orgies, it would scarcely become me to describe.

During a carnival Malta presents one feature, the grotesque absurdity of which would provoke a laugh, if it did not rather call for tears. In the midst of the celebration, the bell of San Giovanni occasionally tolls, to announce, I believe, the closing of a mass. It is a vulgar notion in Malta, that if a person can kneel down before the mass is actually ended, he derives the same advantage as those who have joined in all its parts; an opinion that few of my readers will question. Hence, the moment this peal is heard, I have often seen the maskers and the spectators of the carnival rush in a crowd from the Corso, and kneel most reverently, in the grotesque habiliments of the moment, at the steps of the church; and there, till the bell ceased, might be seen a harlequin by the side of a mute, a shepherdess elbowing a columbine, a sooty-faced lazzarone huddling by the red coat of one, who for a few hours was assuming the dignity, without the pay, of a British officer. The moment the bell ceases, these most devout assistants at the mass spring from their knees, and rejoin the *melè* of the Corso.

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* Italy by Lady Morgan, vol. iii. p 87, et sequent.

To aid the reader in forming his opinion of the identity of this festival and the Bacchanalia of Greece and Rome, I will add some other notices of the characters which usually figure at the carnivals of Malta. To describe all I have seen, for my house stood in the Corso, would require a volume.

Children generally personate imps in a nameless dress, a long tapering cap, reaching at least a yard above their head, and striking the ground or each other with inflated bladders at the end of a string. Young fellows are extremely fond of figuring as demons fresh from the infernal shades. Their dress covers all the person, from the crown of the head to the ancles, and is composed of thrums, generally black and red, to imitate smoke and flames, while from the mouth protrudes a long dangling tongue of red cloth. In this disgusting form they wildly run along the Corso, generally in couples, but sometimes five or six in company, making the most horrid sepulchral yells, to affright the other masks and annoy the spectators. Poor girls generally assume, on these occasions, a neat, gay, pastoral costume. This consists of white trousers, short petticoats, a dashing apron, smaller than the philibeg of a highlander, with a pretty, smirking mask, and a large bouquet carried in their hand. I once saw Mr. ——, the United States consul, in full figure as an American chief, mounted, and attended by a henchman. That the consular dignity should thus, and from a republic too, sink itself to a level with the mob of masks at a carnival! For some infraction of the *leges non scriptæ* of this modern bacchanalia, Mr. —— was ordered aside by a common serjeant, just under my window; and I fancied that I could discern the fire of democratic indignation glow even through his black mask, as he descended from his charger in the midst of the crowd.

It is not uncommon for the masks to assume the character of a wild bull, attended and governed by herdsmen dressed in strings of bones. Others again put on the heads of mules or horses, a sort of reverse minotaurs. Sometimes two men combine to walk as an elephant or a camel, the upper frame work representing the body and head, while their own legs serve for those of the animal. Drunken bacchanals are seen on all hands, decorated with wreaths of grass instead of the vine. Not unfrequently you will observe an old crate, or a sugar cantar from the Brazils, mounted on the relics of a calesh of the last century. This is the equipage of an English milordo or a Gallic marquis. It is generally filled with half a dozen dirty fellows, with sooty faces and hands, bellowing in the highest style of aristocratic importance. The Maltese are extremely fond of dressing as females, whom they often personate in a manner so unbecoming, that the police end the business by handing them over to the prison of the castellania, to study for a night manners more comporting with the modesty of the sex. I have even seen, on the last day of carnival,—and this is almost invariably a part of this singular revel, in which Lady Morgan gives even princes the high honour of joining,—a striking resemblance to the obsequies of Adonis. This is a representation of the death of carnival. One man personates the dead, and, as such, is carried about the streets on a bier, his face besmeared with flour, followed by crowds of dirty attendents, who occasionally set up a funeral wail.

It not unfrequently happens on these occasions, that circumstances occur which are irresistably ludicrous. I will name one. The year before I left Malta, two seamen came on shore from one of the men-of-war lying at anchor in the harbour. It was the carnival, and instigated partly by the surrounding scenes and partly by inebriation, they resolved to join the *melè*. Entering a shop where dresses were let on hire, they each singled out the habiliments of a lawyer. Out came the tars in a black, shabby, seedy dress and long robes, a volume of parchment for a brief, and each with an eye-glass as large as the rings of Saturn ; leaving their own clothes and some money as a pledge. Having perambulated the streets for some hours, as evening closed in, they deemed it high time to return on board ; and began to search for the shop where they had left their jackets and trousers. But their memory failed them, and their enquiries were in vain ; and they were therefore compelled to board their frigate in these grotesque habiliments. The reader may imagine the surprise and merriment of the officers and crew, at receiving and discovering their ominous visitors.

I shall now conclude this chapter by tracing the resemblance between the carnival and the pagan Dionysia or Bacchanalia ; which will shew how little papal lands have been benefited by their religion, and evince beyond controversy how much Malta requires the light of biblical christianity.

1. The incessant vociferations are alike characteristic of both. In the former, both sexes ran about the streets, the hills and the country, nodding their heads, dancing in the most fantastic postures, and filling the air with hideous yells, crying out, " evohe, Bacche! Io! Io!" Thus Euripides,—

> " Away ye Bacchanals!
> Away ye Bacchanals!
> With the softness of gold-flowing Pactolus,
> Chant the feats of Bacchus,
> To the sound of deep-toned drums.
> Health to the princely god of wine!"

Numerous females appeared, their heads decked with wreaths of flowers.

"Follow me, she cries,
Follow me armed with the green thyrsus.
Thou art a bull: lo thy horns!
Heigho! do ye hear our voices?
Shrill sounds issue from the fanes of Pan."[*]

2. Their dances or gesticulations are the accompaniments of the carnival, a sort of military chorus.

"Let us dance the Bacchanalia,
With laughing faces."—*Ibid.*

That this is the practice at Rome I am not assured, but at Malta I have often seen it. The dance is a contest for a young maiden. It would be disingenuous to conceal the origin of this dance, as explained by the Maltese. At the epoch, they say, of the occupation of the island by the Greeks, some fair one was chosen by rivals. The question was settled at the point of the lance. The damsel stood by during the fearful contest, and the conqueror bore her off to the camp.

3. The time of celebration is the same, viz. in February, and at the same hour of the day. At least the most celebrated orgies in honour of Bacchus were always celebrated at mid-day in the month of February, as is the modern carnival.

4. It is most obvious that in the habits and personifications, these festivities are closely identified. The author of Anacharsis states that the Bacchanals clothed themselves in fawn skins, mitres, and other uncouth dresses; that they had flutes and pipes; that they carried *thyrsi*, and crowned themselves with

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[*] Ὦ ἴτε Βάκχε, etc. etc. Eurip. Bacch.

garlands; that some imitated drunken Pan and the satyrs.* It is well known that scenes remarkably similar are constantly witnessed in the carnival.

5. Masks, it is needless to say, are characteristic of both.

6. In both, insane characters are represented, and the skins of beasts worn. The origin is easily traceable. It is said that Alcithoë, a Theban lady, derided the priestesses of Bacchus, and was turned into a bat. Pentheus, the son of Echion, for the same offence, was torn in pieces by his own mother and sisters, who in their madness took him for a wild boar.

7. Horns were used then as now. Bacchus was styled Tauriformis and Bugenes, of bull-race or form. It is very striking that, in Malta, carnival invariably opens with the blowing of horns, while "men of the baser sort" may be seen with horns dangling round their necks.

8. The ancient Dionysia closed with races. At Malta I think this is not the case, but the reader has seen by the extract given from Lady Morgan, that at Rome the same usage still holds.

Finally. The interchange of dresses by the two sexes is remarkable. This very indecorous phasis of all idolatry, and of most false religious theories, is extremely ancient, and divinely prohibited.† City of Romulus!

> "*Quam felix esses,—ne Baccha sacra videres!*"
> How happy hadst thou never seen these rites!‡

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* Anarcharsis; vol. 2. pp. 37, 38.

† Deut. xxii. 5.

‡ Ovid. Met. lib. iii. v. 517, 8.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PLAGUE AT MALTA.—ANCIENT PLAGUES.—ORIGIN OF PLAGUES.—THE PLAGUE SHIPS FROM EGYPT.—PLAGUE GETS ON SHORE.—PUBLIC MEASURES.—ANECDOTES.—DEAD-CARTS.—PRIESTS.—REMEDY FOR PLAGUE.—THE MISSIONARY RETIRES.—CONCLUDING SUGGESTION.

Of all human calamities, entailed by the fall on man, the plague is, on every account, the most appalling. It blights both the root and the branches of our social affections; it brutalizes the softest natures; it paralyzes all public measures, impedes every commercial enterprize, every effort of the artizan and the cultivator; and, severing the most endeared relations, and the most sacred ties; inflicts on our race the frown of God in one of its most fearful exhibitions.

Though many, perhaps all parts of Europe, have groaned beneath this calamity, its proper locality seems to be the east. *There*, from time immemorial, this "vial of wrath" has been poured out on man, this "noisome pestilence hath walked at noon day." Few terms occur so frequently in the inspired records as this; yet the word rendered plague, in Hebrew *deber*, is applied alike to all epidemical and contageous maladies. By the penman of the books of Kings, "pestilence and locust" are named together; and every reader of oriental history may recall to mind, how much the east has since been the victim of both those calamities.* Nor can a careful student of the sacred volume fail to be struck and admonished by the fact, that God has, in very numerous instances, expressly commissioned a direful plague, that the impenitent "inhabitants might die" of the scourge, or rather, that the penitent might *live.*

In the year 250 of the christian era, a frightful plague fell upon the entire Roman empire, and for fifteen years spread death on every side. It began in Ethiopia, but extended even to Britain. In 542, another originated in Egypt, and extended its pestilent ravages over almost the whole world, the Roman world at least. This is noticed by Gibbon.† In the year 558 it revived and continued not less than fifty years. There was another of these awful visitations in Asia during the year 1006, which lasted three entire years. Italy has not escaped: in the eventful year 1350, that land suffered so fearfully from this cause, that, it is said, "scarce ten of a thousand survived." It is perhaps not easy to call up before the mind events like these, without recurring to a prophetic record. "I looked, and behold a pale horse; and the name of him that sat on him was Death; and Hades followed with him: and power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth."‡

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* 1 Kings, viii. 37.

† Decline and Fall; ch. 43, p. 751; note.

‡ Rev. vi 8.

" Æthiopia and Egypt," says the learned author of the Decline and Fall*, " have been stigmatized in every age, as the original source and seminary of the plague. In a damp, hot, stagnating air, this African fever is generated from the putrefaction of animal substances, and especially from the swarms of locusts, not less destructive to mankind in their death than in their lives. The fatal disease, which depopulated the earth in the time of Justinian and his successors, first appeared in the neighbourhood of Pelusium, between the Serbonian bog and the eastern channel of the Nile. From thence traceing, as it were, a double path, it spread to the east, over Syria, Persia, and the Indies, and penetrated to the west, along the coast of Africa, and over the continent of Europe." In a note, Gibbon has the following remark, in reference to the appalling plague of Athens: " Thucydides affirms, that the infection could only be *once* taken; but Evagrius, who had family experience of the plague, observes, that some persons who had escaped, sank under the second attack; and this repetition is confirmed by Fabius Paulinus, p. 588." " I observe," adds Gibbon, " that on this head physicians are divided." It may not be irrelevant to add here the fact, that I had a servant at Malta in 1821, who took the plague no less than *three* times.

The reader has seen to what origin Gibbon traces this fearful malady, " the putrefaction of animal substances;" but I find that Boyle and other men of deep research attribute it to the poisonous exhalations from minerals, as orpiment, sandarac, white arsenic and similar substances, which, lying near the surface, give out their effluvia every summer. Thus, they say, in Egypt, where these exhalations are suddenly checked by the rise of the Nile; but in other places these minerals lie deeper in the earth, and therefore cannot emit their noxious effluvia, unless the localities be shaken by an earthquake.

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* Gibbon, ch. 43; p. 750. Edit. Lond. 1830.

In a small Italian work now before me, by a Maltese of very respectable talents, named Michallef, not less than three plagues are said to have visited Malta; but il Signor Conte Ciantar* names four. The first of these occurred under the grandmaster Hugues de Loubens de Verdala, in 1592, about the time when that fiery corsair, Biserta, sailed from the Barbary coast, and, making a descent on the sister isle of Gozo, five miles only from Malta, sacked Rabbato the chief town. It might be thought that this African freebooter brought the plague with him; but it is easily traced to another source. In that year, four gallies pertaining to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, touched at the port of Malta for pilots versed in the Levant seas. Proceeding towards Alexandria, this squadron made prize of a ship, and a galley laden with rice and flax, which but a few days previously had sailed out of the port of that Egyptian city, bound for Constantinople, and having on board a hundred and fifty Turks. These prizes the victors brought back with them to Malta, and with them the plague which was raging in Alexandria at the moment these Othomans left it.

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* Malta Illustrata. Pronounce Chantar. A fifth, since Ciantar's death, comes down to the era of our mission. This the reader will find noticed in its turn.

Malta was again visited by this distressful malady during the grandmastership of Anthony de Paula, in 1623, The disease first appeared in the house of Paolo Emilio Ramado, a guardian or health officer; but happily was soon subdued after a loss, Michallef says, of forty persons, but a gentleman I knew in Malta, author of a work on the plague of 1813, says " forty-five.* In 1633, this disease once more appeared. The occupant of a house over Marina gate, contracted the malady by boarding one of the Levant ships, lying at anchor close by. From him it travelled to a sister, residing at Zeitun, about four miles out of Valletta, and finally attacked the whole family. But this visit, too, was short, and the victims only twenty-one.

The next visit was truly appalling—it carried off, in the short space of seven months, no less than 11,300 victims! This was in 1660, under the celebrated grandmaster Nicholas Cotoner, who erected fort Ricasoli on the left of the entrance to the grand harbour of Valletta, and constructed that prodigious fortification now called " the Cottoneras," and used, I believe, as a store for powder. The disease began in the house of Matteo Bonici, a shopkeeper. His child dying, neighbours came in to condole with him, and soon conveyed the insidious disorder to the bosom of their own families. The grandmaster had the infected transported to the Lazzaretto, with such of their effects as were deemed susceptible of conveying the pest. It was on this occasion we find the infancy of an institution, now so complete,—the Lazzaretto of the present day, on a small isle in one of the harbours; for there Nicholas Cotoner had some apartments erected for the hapless persons who had been attacked; but, after the disease had spread, the whole of the suspected were embarked on vessels anchored in the Marsamuscetto harbour, the one in which all suspected ships at this day ride out their quarantine, save those of her majesty, which are permitted, generally, to ride off Coradino in the grand harbour. Not to enlarge on this heart rending visitation, I only repeat, that all the arts of an anxious government failed to arrest the appalling scourge, until, in men, women and children, it had swept to a hasty tomb, a common receptacle, 11,300 natives!

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* The History of the Plague &c. by J. D. Tully Esq., Surgeon to the Forces, &c. &c. Longman, 1821.

But the visitation I shall more fully describe, is that, which depopulated the island of Malta, after the London Missionary Society had selected it, *pro tempore* at least, as a missionary station. It was during this awful calamity, that one of my predecessors, the Rev. Bezaleel Bloomfield, left this world of sorrow for a better. This fearful pestilence paid its visit to Malta in 1813.

Fenced about as the island had been, by its even then superior quarantine regulations, a fatal security in the public mind had perhaps occasioned some laxity in the administration of the sanitary department. At this eventful period the plague was absolutely raging in all corners of the Levant, and numerous heads of families in Malta felt the most painful apprehensions for the safety of those who were dear to them as their own lives.

At length, on the fatal 28th of March, 1813, the San Nicola, a mercantile craft from Alexandria in Egypt, bearing the British flag, furled her pest-laden sails in the waters of Malta. This event forthwith excited the most trembling anxieties, both of the natives and the authorities. Not that the mere fact of a plague ship's arrival is in itself so fearful an event, for during my stay in Malta we had the plague repeatedly in the Lazaretto, and on the very day I quitted the island I sailed close astern of a vessel with the plague on board, which had commenced its ravages among the devoted crew. But at the period I have named, the quarantine arrangements were far less secure than in the present day.

During the voyage of the San Nicola from Egypt, two of her crew had sickened and died; and on board the Nancy, which reached Malta on the same day, two men had exhibited violent symptoms on the voyage, and were still infected. The Bella Maria, from the same place, also arrived, having lost one man of plague even prior to quitting Egypt. To all these vessels the British consul at Alexandria had supplied foul bills of health.

Not many days after the arrival of the San Nicola, her captain fell ill of the disease. The day following, a poor seaman who attended him, exhibited similar symptoms; and on the 7th of April both these victims expired, after all the usual fever, bile, tumours and delirium of this appalling calamity.

After the Government had sent back the pest ship to Egypt, under her majesty's brig, the Badger, as an escort, the public mind appears to have been somewhat tranquilized; and yet, with fatal insidiousness, this almost resistless epidemic was meantime working its way into all parts of Valletta, the capital of Malta, in consequence, as I often heard the natives say, of some leathers having been furtively conveyed from the San Nicola to the abode of a native calzolaio, or shoemaker, named Salvator Borge.

The first assault of the plague on shore seems to have been on the unsuspecting daughter of the calzolaio, who resided in the street named Strada San Paolo, or St. Paul's-street, where my predecessor, and afterwards myself, resided for several years. This hapless girl first felt the attack on the 16th of April: the symptoms were of a violent character, and in a few days death closed her sufferings. It is singular that little suspicion seems to have been generally felt as to the real cause of this girl's decease; since over her body the usual rites of the papal church were duly performed, and the funeral was conducted in the usual manner. All who die in Malta must be interred the next day, to avoid that peril which, in a climate so extremely hot, would inevitably result from delay; and I have been informed by the physicians, that every corpse is opened prior to interment, to ascertain the probable cause of death.

Not many hours after the death of the shoemaker's daughter, his wife began to complain of pain in the groins, and, in fact, soon presented all the other appalling symptoms of plague: sickness, vomiting, violent pains in the head, vertigo, sallowness, and restlessness. It was her symptoms that first opened the eyes of the medical advisers, as to the fearful fact that the plague was actually on shore. After her death, an examination of the body gave melancholy corroboration to previous apprehensions. She died on the day of attack, and the presence of livid spots over the body, tumours in the groins, the axillæ, and under the hams, furnished but too unequivocal proofs of the cause.

"This event," to cite the language of Dr. Tully, "had scarcely occurred, when the shoemaker himself was taken ill; upon the knowledge of which, and the general suspicion of the nature of the disease, most of the inhabitants were thrown into the utmost consternation; alarm spread itself everywhere, and flight was not only meditated, but in numerous instances carried into effect. The streets and roads were crowded with carts, conveying the baggage of families hurrying to the interior; whilst the seafaring people were betaking themselves to their ships. Those accustomed to similar scenes in the Levant, as well as the English generally, and the most prudent part of the natives, shut themselves up within their respective residences."*

The local government forthwith issued a proclamation, ordering all places of public resort, the courts, the theatre, and the schools to be closed, and placed under a strict medical surveillance. Fear, in all endemics, seems, by some mysterious law of our nature, to foster the seeds of death; and now the plague began to appear on all hands; it fled with the fugitives, and staid with the more daring. I believe it was in Thornton's Turkey that I met with a fact, which may not be here out of place.

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* History of the Plague, &c., by J. T. Tully, Esq., p. 40, 41.

An English lady at Constantinople, during one of the plague visits to that city, became alarmingly indisposed. By another British lady, her friend, the invalid was carefully nursed till death released her. After her interment the lady returned to her friends, not at all suspecting that she had been nursing a patient infected with plague. Some time subsequently she made a call at the house of a friend. "What a melancholy thing," remarked the visited lady, "that our friend, Mrs. N., should have died of plague!" "Plague!" was the reply of the astounded visitor;—"plague! it was not plague she died of." "Indeed it was; were you not apprised of the fact?" The lady went home in great agitation; and in a few days sickened and died of the plague. To fear, surely to fear alone, must one attribute her singular death. A strong, fearless nerve seems, generally, to bid defiance to this most insidious of diseases.

At length the plague prevailed so extensively, that government deemed it expedient to make some uncommon regulations. Under penalty of death, every head of a family was enjoined to make to a board of health, then established, a veracious report of the slightest symptoms of plague, and of all suspicious ailments in their respective households. If any person under attack of plague, above a specified age, knowingly concealed the fact, such concealment was made a capital offence.

A lady in Malta one day shewed me a door, close by Fort St. Elmo, perforated with bullets, and gave me the following explanation:—"During the plague, certain carts perambulated the city every day, distributing bread to the several houses. The inmates let down from their upper windows a bucket, and into this the loaves were placed and drawn up, to avoid all contact with individuals who were at large. Near this door was a man, erect in a bread cart, and in the act of distribution; when he was observed to move his shoulders convulsively, an indication, well understood, that plague was upon him. By a sentinel, or some other official near, the poor fellow was ordered to stand still, when he was immediately shot dead on the spot, and this door was perforated by the balls."

The natives were now dying in terrific numbers. One district of Valletta, which was frequently visited afterwards by my late wife to get at the poor, was almost completely depopulated. This is a low portion of the city, styled the Manderaggio. It is probable that the pent atmosphere of this place, which is very extensive, confined, and populous, fearfully favoured the infection; and I have often asked myself why the authorities, by whom the most commendable regard is ever paid to the general health, have not long ago opened the Manderaggio to the admission of a larger amount of air, and swept off some of the houses to improve the rest. No city of the Levant can at all compete with Valletta for space and cleanliness; but this portion of it is, to all intents and purposes, a purlieu among peristyles, a Cretan labyrinth with the pest for its minotaur.

The dead-carts perambulated the city daily, to receive the humbled remnants of mortality from each afflicted house, and these, "unknelled, uncoffined" were all cast into a common grave. Over the bodies was strewed a quantity of lime, to accelerate their decomposition. At all times the Maltese inter without coffins, and in general cast into the grave a small portion of lime. The difference during the pest was a *common* grave and a *freer* use of lime.

The dead-carts were served by what are styled "forzati," that is, persons condemned for various crimes to wear a chain and sweep the city daily. On condition that these unfortunates would run all the hazards of daily contact with the dead and infected, they were promised liberty when the plague should cease. These men were dressed in long, loose, canvas frocks, a sort of rude tunic, thoroughly saturated with oil; and to cast the body into and from the carts, made use of pitchforks. I have often heard that some of these lazzaroni subsequently left Malta for Barbary and Egypt with thousands of dollars, gold and silver vessels, trinkets and precious stones, amassed by them during their frightful service, in houses which had been completely untenanted by the pest, or in the rooms of others where death had so far removed, observers as to favour nefarious arts. It has even been surmised that an assassin's hand occasionally despatched the remaining member of a family, perhaps defenceless by disease, in order to cover the deeds of the ruthless marauders.

Both in houses and in the streets the priests had their hands full of work, and generally, I have heard, risked their life to attend to the dying. To administer the host, "l'ostia," as they style the wafer, mistakenly given as the passport of death and the talisman of the soul, the priesthood made use of a long pair of tongs, somewhat resembling those of an English smith. I have seen, in the studio of a Maltese artist, Pietro Paolo Caruana, a protegè of his Excellency the late Sir Thomas Maitland, by whose energetic and severe, yet salutary arrangements as governor of the island, this appalling pestilence was arrested, a heartrending picture, in oil, of the plague I am describing, in which he represents, among other characterists of this visitation, a priest handing to a dying female in the street, with the above-named instrument, this last specific of the Roman pale. The length of the instrument, by precluding the need of contact, was a sort of safeguard to the priest. Caruana's painting I should, were my opinion of any worth, pronounce a superior production, though by no means *un capo d'opera.*

I have spoken of oil as a *preventative* of infection, and since I wish to render these pages of practical utility to such as may visit plague countries, the reader will allow me to add the following anecdote from "Political Reflections relative to Egypt," published about the year 1811.*

"My opposite neighbour being at his window, looked afflicted. I asked him what ailed him. A young man in the same building, he said, was struck with plague. 'Anoint him with *oil*,' said I. He neglected it. The third day I saw him again. He was crying. 'What is the matter with you? is your relation dead?' 'No, but he's dying.' 'Anoint him with oil,' I said to him again. 'What do you risk?' Oil is heating,' he replied. Heating or cooling,' I said, 'would you have the man die? try it.' He did so. The next day the man was free from pain, with a large tumour in the groin and a good appetite, but perfectly easy. I ordered him to moisten the tumor with oil frequently. In eight days it came to a suppuration, and soon after the man was walking in the streets. Many followed his example, and were cured."

Our brother missionary, the late Bezaleel Bloomfield, fled from Valletta to a cazal or village, in the interior;—I think it was Bircharchara, a very populous place, and crammed by an increase of two or three thousand fugitives from Valletta. It was now the heat of May, when the thermometer of Malta usually ranges between 80 and 90 degrees for some ten of the twenty-four hours. This led the natives to hope that the excessive heat might mitigate the horrors of the scene. Certain it is, that a transition either from cold to heat, or the reverse, will superinduce a check to plague; but the hopes of the Maltese were grievously disappointed—the malady fearfully advanced, and hundreds were speedily swept into eternity. On all hands were heard lamentation and weeping, "Rachel mourning for her children, and refusing to be comforted." Most heartrending it was, to see the brother frantic by the death couch of a beloved sister; the parent wringing her hands over the livid corps of a dear infant, whose smiles had just been exchanged for the sallow placidity of death; the neighbour half phrenzied, half appalled, too see his next door friend cast yet warm, and oh, how changed! into the rumbling dead-cart; to see many a young maiden and many a youth exhibiting the anguish that said, "lover and friend hast thou put away from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness;" while from the doors and windows of house after house might be heard the most sickening wails, as a yet living, yet sensative, but infected, or at all events suspected inmate of the family prepared to obey the fearful order of the attending physician—"Come down to the Lazaretto; you are ill of the plague."

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* I cite from the Universal Mag. for 1811, p. 408.

One English medical man has been occasionally named to me in Malta, who either during or soon after the pest quitted that island for the Ionian Isles. "Well for him," they have said, "that he left us; and should he ever return it will be his last visit. Many of our friends did that gentleman order down to the Lazaretto, who were at the time as free from plague as himself; but they could not long hope to remain so, for almost all that went to the Lazzaretto returned no more to their homes." Yet, I hope their charge of needless severity against that gentleman might be proved groundless. To err is human, and anxiety for the general safety might palliate seeming severity. Yet, that it was most desirable not to multiply needlessly the hapless inmates of the Lazaretto, which flanks Fort Manuele, is most obvious, both from the mournful statements made to me by my servant, who was then a plague patient there, and from the following citation from Dr. Tully.

" Unhappily, towards the latter end of June, the hospital of the Lazaretto was incapable of admitting more inmates; consequently all those subsequently attacked, so long as there was space left at Fort Manuele, were received at that establishment, which, in a very short time, changed its general aspect, and became the focus of disease. Here, the sick of both sexes, and of all ages, together with the suspected, were hourly crowding; and the scenes of terror, disease, and mortality, can better be imagined than described. Increasing mortality and the dread of want produced the most distressing feelings amongst every class of inhabitants, heightened by the hourly passing of the dead cart, driving with all the rapidity that its encumbered state would permit. These scenes were not confined to any particular part of the town or its suburbs, but alike extended to every street, lane, and alley; the transfer of the sick, the dying, the dead, and the suspected, being an hourly occurrence, and an object of constant contemplation. Alarm every where prevailed. Self preservation was the only acknowledged law, and all alike dreaded their fellow creatures."*

To these fearful scenes, so exact a parallel to those painted by Thucidides, in his account of that appalling plague, which happened during the second year of the Peloponnesian war, before Christ 430, the words of that celebrated historian are too fitly adapted; "εἴτε γὰρ μὴ ϑέλοιεν," &c., "for if fear withheld them from approaching each other, they perished through neglect; so that many habitations were emptied for want of assistance; and if they approached, they were infected and destroyed."†

> "Dependents, friends, relations, love himself,
> Savaged by woe, forgot the tender tie,
> The sweet endearments of the feeling heart."
>
> *Thompson.*

As this chapter is designed to convey practical information, such as may be of use to travellers exposed to this virulent disease; I cannot close without a word on the long-agitated question: "is the plague caught by contagion, or by infection?—by touching infected objects, or by means of the atmosphere?" If my humble opinion were of any worth, I should record it thus:—plague is caught both by contact, and by inhaling infected atmosphere; yet, for one case of infection by the air, we have a thousand by contact. Hence the utility of Lazarettos, which are all formed on the principle that plague is contagious and *not* infectious. If the *theory* be somewhat fallacious, as I own my fears that it is, at all events the practice is unquestionably a wonderful ægis of protection to that amphitheatre of nations surrounding the Mediterranean. Five times I have been confined in different Lazarettos, and can attest, as thousands on thousands can, that it has rarely if ever occurred, that plague has been taken in these admirable institutions, if the guardians have kept the healthy and the sick from coming into immediate contact. Let the traveller avoid all contact with infected persons and things, and it is a thousand to one that he pass uninfected through the ranks of a hundred dead and dying. In support of the theory, with which I have taken the liberty of partially harmonizing the antagonist views of contagionists and infectionists, it were easy to adduce both reasons and facts; but as this chapter is already sufficiently long, I here put a summary close to the topic and the chapter together, reserving Mr. Bloomfield's death to a more proper place.

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* History of the Plague, by J. D. Tully, Esq., &c. &c. &c., p. 54.

† Thucid. Bell. Pelopon. An. II. A. C. 430.

CHAPTER V.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE GREEK MISSION AT MALTA.—MR. WEISENGER. —MR. BLOOMFIELD.—NOTICES OF SICILY.—MR. LOWNDES.—PROCEEDINGS AT MALTA.—NOTICE OF A CONVERT.—MR. L.'S DEPARTURE FOR ZANTE.

SUCH is Malta; such are its climate, soil, language, customs, manners, religion, and such its inhabitants. To Greece also I shall solicit the reader's notice,—

> "That clime of the forgotten brave,
> Whose land, from plain to mountain cave,
> Was freedom's home or glory's grave."[*]

Ardently wishing to diffuse among the humbled descendants of Aristides the holy light of divine revelation, and thus to effect a happy revival of pure religion in a land once trod by apostolic feet, the Directors of the London Missionary Society[†] sent to Malta, in the year 1809, a young German missionary of the name of Weisenger. At this island he stayed to acquire a knowledge of modern Greek and Italian. Yet, while he considered Malta but as the stepping-stone to Greece, he laboured to render his talents locally useful. But for some unexplained reason, Mr. Weisenger early left his very arduous post of service, and was succeeded, in 1812, by the Rev. Bezaleel Bloomfield, under the same patronage. The London Missionary Society was the first, but happily not the exclusive occupant of this interesting rock, as a sphere of missionary exertion.

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[*] The Giaour, l. 103.

[†] Established in 1795.

While diligently engaged in the study of Italian and the beautiful language of living Greece, Mr. Bloomfield put into local circulation an Italian version of Dr. Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," the New Testament, and other books, which were generally well received by the then comparatively unsophisticated natives of Malta. As a secondary object, he preached in English to the troops and civilians, and occasionally sent books to the neighbouring island of Sicily, only sixty miles distant, whose inhabitants speak a corrupt Italian. To Tunis and other adjacent places, Mr. B. transmitted such holy books as were at his command; and, ere he died, he had the pleasure to learn that, as the result of the gift of two Greek Testaments to a convert in Peloponnesus, the joyful monks rang the bells, and performed to his memory some unusual religious formalities. To a missionary it is a cheering circumstance, that the Greek church is most friendly to the inspired oracles. This was, I believe, the first intimation to the west of the high value set by that people on the word of God. The unhappy emissaries of Italy have done all in their power, perhaps, to eradicate this sentiment; but the tens of thousands of copies since then sold and given in numerous parts of Greece and Turkey, form a splendid evidence of the fact, that a fallen church cannot realise all the evil she may wish.

Having named Sicily in connection with Mr. Bloomfield's labours at Malta, I hope to be allowed to make a passing allusion to a spot so well adapted to missionary enterprise.

This splendid island was visited by the apostle Paul, who landed at Syracuse, the birth-place of Archemides, so nobly defended by his mathematical devices against the forces of the Roman consul Marcellus.* At what period Sicily received the light of christianity, does not appear; but as early as the ninth century, the scourge of the monastic system was inflicted upon it, and the loss of the island was occasioned, says Gibbon,† by an act of superstitious rigour. An amorous youth stole a nun from her cloister, and was sentenced to suffer the amputation of his tongue. Euphemius appealed to the Saracens, and Sicily fell into the hands of those fiery Mohammedans. The deacon Theodocius has wept her fall in a piece, that one may read as the epitaph of his country. The spoils were enormous: the plate of the cathedral alone weighed five thousand pounds of silver. The religion and language of the Greeks were now eradicated, and fifteen thousand boys were circumcised and clad on the same day with the son of the Fatimite Caliph. For upwards of two centuries, the emperors of Constantinople and the princes of Beneventum contended, in all the horrors of war, for the mastery over Sicily and Magna Grecia; but the brave and active Normans, who vanquished our own country about the middle of the eleventh century, gained possession of the island, and from that time, Sicily and the lower Italy became known to history by the name of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, as at this day. I suppose it was thus that this fine island fell under the dominion of the papacy.*

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* Acts xxviii. 12.

† Decline and Fall, p. 985.

Considering the size and resources of Sicily, her population cannot be under a million. To foreigners they are particularly polite, and the English name is there highly respected. Were a missionary stationed in Sicily, he would find an ample field; but her government is, like all papal powers, extremely bigotted. On the Lord's day, as I was assured by an English merchant from my own town, Manchester, the theatres, dogana, and post-offices are as busy as on all common days, and in this splendid island little is seen of christian truth and of christian morals.

Female education in Sicily is scarcely an object at all. " Intellectual acquirements, indeed, are considered quite superfluous, where the only end of a woman's being is to dispose of herself in marriage."† Both sexes dress ill, especially in the estimation of an Englishman, who sees the old cast off fashions of his country revived here in the highest circles. Here, as in Malta, the mass are kept in good humour by endless religious pomp and vanities, and with these the eye is fed, while the mind is left a waste. Ecclesiastical forgeries, the pious frauds so often adopted by the papal hierarchy, are rife in Sicily as in Malta and Naples; while the ψευδῆ ϑαύματα, or false miracles predicted by St. Paul, brand the clergy with deepest disgrace. Shall these unhappy men for ever turn the children's bread into a stone? I trust the reply of British philanthropy is—"God forbid!"

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* See Mill's History of Mohammedanism, p. 129, and the authorities cited by that elegant writer.

† Travels in Sicily, Greece and Albania, by the Rev. T. S. Hughes.

The educated of Sicily speak as pure Italian as in Malta, but by the mass of the natives is spoken a *patois*, resembling that of Venice and Naples—a corrupt Italian. It is with me a question, whether the holy scriptures should not appear in this dialect, which is at once pretty and copious. Authors of the island compose and publish in it.

In the year 1813, it pleased the Lord of the harvest to translate to the church above our pious and devoted missionary, Mr. Bloomfield. He had made considerable progress in the required languages, and had amassed some small amount of those materials, from which my laborious colleague, the Rev. I. Lowndes, composed his respectable Lexicon of the Modern Greek and English languages, a work which in some measure redeems the literary reputation of our country, so far eclipsed, in this walk of philology, by the more adventurous spirits of France and of Germany. Mr. B. was looking forward to the Ionian Islands as his ulterior destination, hoping there to promulgate the gospel of Christ; when a pulmonary complaint put a summary period to his valuable life and labours, on the 6th of July, 1813. He escaped the dreadful pestilence which was at that period fast depopulating Malta, and which swept into an untimely grave upwards of eleven thousand of the natives, and fled to the interior; but there death met him in another of its million forms. He expired with great tranquillity, and with truly christian composure; exclaiming as he sank into the arms of death—" None but Christ!" To me this exclamation always seems so much the more a consecrated one, from the fact that so many of our most afflicted martyrs, in the unhappy times of Henry and of Mary, left the world for glory with this sacred ejaculation upon their lips.

The God of missions will carry on his work, and make the mantle of Elijah to fall on some pious Elisha. The same eye that incessantly watches the reposing ashes of Bloomfield, whose tomb stands near the church of St. Pubblio, not above ten minutes' walk from the spot where I wrote these simple annals, singled out and piloted over the world of waters, in 1816, the Rev. Isaac Lowndes, with his wife and infant daughter, to succeed our departed and sainted predecessor. In three years my esteemed friend, Mrs. L., was called to her rest, and her mortal remains slumber in the island of Zante, the ancient Ζάκυνϑος, Zakynthos, with this simple epitaph in Greek, " To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." The spirit of Christ was, I believe, her animating principle; the love of Christ her constraining motive; the example of Christ her constant model; the word of Christ her only rule; the death of Christ her strong confidence; the presence of Christ the chief joy of her life; and the glory of Christ her steady aim. To such characters death is indeed gain.

The spirit of Mrs. Lowndes joined that of dear Bloomfield in the eventful 1821. Her dying repose was disturbed by the appalling vibrations of an earthquake. To this fearful phenomenon Zante is extremely subject. I have myself, in two months' residence there, felt not less than eight or nine. But that of 1821 was unusually awful. The room in which Mrs. L. lay dying was split by its violence, and the sudden, appalling shock accelerated the march of death.

On the 5th of October, 1816, Mr. Lowndes sailed from Spithead for Malta, and reached that island on the 6th of November.

On arriving in Malta Mr. Lowndes had an interview with the governor, his excellency the late Sir Thomas Maitland. "Well," said this able and singular man, "so you are going to the Greeks, eh?" "Yes, sir." "You'll find them a set of devils." "Would your excellency favour me with a government-house during my stay in Malta,—one fit for residence, yet large enough for divine service?" "You shall have one." This is almost all I recollect of this interview, at which of course I was not present. Sir Thomas' kind promise was forthwith fulfilled. In the celebrated and splendid Auberge de Castile, once the abode of the proud Spanish knights, but now serving as quarters for British officers, standing at the upper end of Strada San Paolo, or St. Paul's-street, in the city of Valletta, Mr. L. was kindly permitted to reside, and in that noble building he held divine service twice a week, and myself thrice, for about six years. This was extreme generosity in his excellency, nor can we fairly complain of any treatment from subsequent governors of Malta, save the restriction they mistakenly accounted it their duty to lay upon some of our plans for usefulness. And here I would respectfully say to the present governor of that important portion of her majesty's empire, that in Malta there is no dominant church; that neither in the articles of cession, agreed to when Lord Nelson took the island from Napoleon, nor in any subsequent document, was there any engagement requiring a restriction on missionary effort; all that was pledged at the cession of the island being "protection." This both Sir Thomas and the Marquis of Hastings, a subsequent governor, seem to have well understood; for I think all their proceedings were most commendably impartial. I cannot but think our late most amiable governor, Sir Frederick Cavendish Ponsonby, greatly mistook his duty to the natives, when his excellency forbade Mr. Brownell, the Wesleyan missionary, from open-air preaching. This, conducted in a calm, conciliatory spirit, might prove highly useful in Malta.

In 1817 was formed in Malta, as the result of a visit by Henry Drummond, Esq., the banker, a small Bible Society. The central position of Malta in relation to Africa on the south, Italy on the north, and Syria on the east, was justly considered by that gentleman a reason for selecting the island as a Bible depot. In conjunction, therefore, with the late Dr. Naudi, a native gentleman of many good qualities, with the Rev. W. Jowett of the Church Missionary Society, and with my predecessor, this society was happily formed; and was actively working up to the period when I left. For several years I was one of its secretaries. Thousands of holy books it has sent to Barbary, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, and other places; and will, I hope, send thousands more. Small indeed have always been the contributions of the locality, nor have the natives much favoured its objects. It has almost from its birth been but a humble almoner to the British and Foreign Bible Society, from whom, I think, we have received all the books, except a supply of septuagint Bibles from the Armenian convent of San Lazzaro, on a small island near Venice.

During the three years' stay of Mr. Lowndes in Malta, where, like myself, he was chiefly employed for Greece, or with an ultimate view to the classic soil, I do not find that much impression was made on the natives. Indeed that was not our field; but Greece and the Ionian Isles. Besides English preaching, Mr. L. had a small tract society, and put into circulation a pretty large number of tracts in Greek, Italian, French, and English.

But although Mr. L.'s labours among the natives appeared not to be productive of much good, there was a young Englishman, of the name of Coombes, whom

I have already mentioned in the chapter on plague, in whose case we were deeply interested. In 1817 this young man called on Mr. L., requesting a Bible. Nine of his youthful years he had spent in the West Indies; but having a sister in Malta, who had resided on that rock for fifteen years, he felt a desire to visit her, and reached Malta on board one of the fleet commanded by Lord Nelson. Soon after his arrival he took the plague, and was conveyed, like other patients, to that fearful abode at Fort Manuele, which subsequently became the very focus of infection. Here, he informed me, he remained among the dying and the dead for some time. "We used," said he, "to bury each day such of us as were found dead, each expecting his own fate. The bread suppliers threw among us daily a certain number of loaves, for which we scrambled like so many dogs. But all feared to approach us."

While under infection, and expecting death, the native priesthood very naturally laboured to convert him to the papacy. For this who can blame them? I only blame those heartless chaplains of the army and of the navy, whose negligence is so fully put to shame, and whose deportment is so far excelled, even by the priests of the papal pale. In the spirit of charity, and yet of faithfulness, I would suggest to the bishop of London, and the archbishop of Canterbury, that if greater attention be not paid to the character of our chaplains, not only may they fear lest upon *them* should fall the curse of lost souls, but must calculate upon it as a matter of course that the papal missionaries in our several dependencies, especially now that the local governments are even admitting those eagle-eyed churchmen to rank as stipendiaries, will proselyte the neglected wanderers in the fleets and armies of our country. They will perish, "but their blood will I require at the watchman's hands."

The sister of poor Coombes, who had herself embraced the faith of the island, introduced to her apparently doomed brother, a native priest, by whom he was baptized into the papal church. His health, however, was eventually restored, and after a perusal of the divine record, which he in vain examined to confirm himself in popish principles, he began to perceive their fallacy, and obtained farther light by conversation with my predecessor. Coombes informed his confessor that he had a Bible, who strictly charged him not to read it. Determined at all events to persevere, the result was, very naturally, a renunciation of that creed which cannot endure its light. Whether truly converted to God may be a problem; but with great meekness he bore some bitter persecution from his sister, his wife, a native, his quondam confessor, and others. By his sister especially was this poor man harassed and goaded severely enough to test his principles. She, with a valiant love of her new creed, struck him in the face, and *burned his Bible!* Long after Mr. L. had left Malta, Coombes remained firm in the profession; but subsequently seems to have relapsed: at all events I was not called in to visit him in his dying hours; but that might be accounted for on a principle less honourable to his friends.

While engaged in the languages, Mr. Lowndes translated into Greek "Five Minutes' Consideration," with some other small things, and began the compilation of the Anglo-Greek Lexicon already named.

In February or March of 1819, my estimable colleague quitted Malta for the Ionian Isles, and located himself in Zante, where he remained about three years; but finally settled in Corfu, the ancient Corcyra, and now the capital of the septinsular republic, or Ionian Isles.

CHAPTER VI.

THE AUTHOR ARRIVES AT MALTA.—A FEARFUL TEMPEST.—SURVEY OF THE FIELD.—PAPAL STATISTICS.—AUSTRIAN INFLUENCE ON MISSIONS.—GREECE OPEN TO MISSIONARIES.—HER CLAIMS.

THE juxta-position of Malta with many surrounding nations, is a very sufficient reason for its retention as a missionary station, exclusive of its own necessities; and I hope the episcopal brethren and the Methodists, now labouring on that rock, will never relinquish the field. The island is encircled by an amphitheatre of nations, where the beast and the false prophet wanton at ease. To the north lie Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica; to the east are Greece, Turkey, Syria, and the nations beyond; while on the south and south-west lies the bleak strand of Barbary. These lands loudly solicit the efforts of the christian philanthropist; and all of them lie within a few hundred miles of Malta. Nor must we blink the very mournful fact, that this island forms one of the most efficient strongholds of the Papacy. Brown of Haddington, in his admirable Dictionary of the Bible, states his opinion that the Roman church, beaten away from other shores, will seek its last refuge in Sicily and Malta. Perhaps this view of the prophets is not unfounded in truth, nor shall we, it may be hoped, prove recreant and "disobedient to the heavenly vision," that seems to demand an effort corresponding with the necessities and facilities of this highly interesting rock of "the Great Sea." "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

It was early on the Sabbath morning in January, 1819, that my late wife and myself first set our feet on the strand of Malta, with an ulterior view to Greece.

Our voyage to Malta, like that of St. Paul, was fearfully stormy and perilous. We set sail from Gravesend, in Kent, on the 2d of December, 1818, and after a tedious passage of near seven weeks, entered the fine harbour of Valletta on the sunny morning of January 17th, 1819. Seldom has a mariner cast anchor with a higher gratification; and that an unusual amount of satisfaction might well be felt, perhaps the reader may acknowledge after a perusal of what follows.

Among the dangerous shallows of Margate Roads we passed four cheerless days and nights, in most violent weather, ere we could round the Foreland and get into the Downs. After weighing anchor in the Downs, we flew down the British Channel right before a violent gale. Across the Bay of Biscay we had a most expeditious, yet any thing but a pleasant sail. The heavens were black; the sea fiercely foamed; the stormy petrel performed its solitary, ominous excursions. No halcyon bird touched the crested billows. With a strong wind a-stern we ploughed this mighty Bay, at the rate of near two hundred miles a-day. Thrice the violence of the wind shattered our gibboom, nor did we carry more sail than was requisite to steer our reeling craft, a merchant brig of 184 tons burden. One night, when about the middle of the Bay, the captain called me up to look at the foaming deep. It was grand, but too appalling for enjoyment. He said with much nonchalance — " What a splendid scene ! " and seemed to enjoy it; but captains, poor fellows, have a variety of ways to put trembling landsmen at ease, and often " feign a bliss they do not feel." I know he was not easy. " All I fear," said he, " is, lest some of these mountains that roll after us and curl over just a-stern, should burst too near upon us and break our quarter;—that, I own, might send us to the bottom."

After passing Cape Finisterre, we had calms or contrary winds for about twenty days; so that from Gibraltar to the island of Sicily we probably did not make more than one knot an hour, or twenty-four miles a-day.

At length arose a tremendous breeze, about two in the afternoon of the 16th of January. As night set in we distinctly saw the lurid flashes of sheet lightning, which indicate the coming tempest. In fact, sheet lightning, as we term it, is but forked lightning at a distance. Thick darkness now covered us, and the tempest howled in all the horrors of a gale, but happily from the right direction. It might then be said, in the nervous style of the Psalmist, "we reeled to and fro, and staggered like a drunken man." That dismal night! But the channel of Malta, which we had now entered, is proverbially a disagreeable, boisterous, choppy sea. For about twelve hours we buffeted the waves, most of the time lying to, fearing lest, in the pitchy darkness that enshrouded us, we might either pass to lee of our port, or plunge upon the coast. The captain and all on deck had lashed themselves to different parts of the vessel,—all except one poor fellow, a brave, but, as it proved, hapless being. About four or five in the morning came the acme of our anguish, and the crisis of our fate.

This was the rush of a tremendous mountain wave athwart our reeling vessel, which for some minutes seemed to have consigned us all to a grave in the ocean. The fact is, our ship had broached to, a fate we had been fearing from the moment we ceased to run before the gale. Mrs. Wilson was in her berth, and I was seated on the cabin floor. Had a broadside from some first-rate been poured into our hull, the thunder would not, probably, have exceeded that of this mountain-billow plunging against our ship. Just before it struck us, we heard a dismal yell on deck;—just heard it—when down came torrents of water into the cabin. It is impossible to describe the terrible excitement of that moment.

This rush of water, the stillness on deck which succeeded it, and the easy, death-like reel of the ship, led us at first to the conclusion that we had actually sunk, and were fast descending to the bottom. But recovering from this fearful shock, the mate rushed to the cabin stair, and I followed. It was gone! We could not ascend! The water was pouring down, the vessel filling! At this moment I heard a plaintive voice; " Oh! don't leave me! Oh! don't leave me!" It was my dear wife. I groped my way to her berth; took her hand, and led her to the stair. The mate had replaced it, and we ascended together. What a scene! though we only stood upon the stair; to get on deck had been instant death. This one wave had swept away our larboard and starboard gunwales, the galley, and the companion. It had unshipped the wheel, and broken through the cabin skylight. Behind me lay the captain among the wreck of the wheel and companion, groaning and apparently unconscious, but secured by lashings. The two men who were lashed at the wheel had recovered themselves. The waves had washed off their hats and shoes; and they, like us below, concluded at first we had gone down, as the sea was so long in traversing our deck.

By command of the mate Mrs. Wilson and I descended into the cabin, drenched and cold and standing in water. The wreck was cleared, and over the cabin way and skylight was nailed for security a piece of sail-cloth. The men were mustered, when the cry was, " where is Nino?" Alas! Nino had been washed away. We never saw him more. During the night, the captain had desired him to lash like the rest. Young and courageous, he would only hold on by the capstan, and a watery grave was the result. I think it was the previous day I had gently reproved poor Nino for profane language. When at sea in stormy weather—and I shall yet describe a night, perhaps, still more perilous, off Greece,—I often sang for comfort that elegant stanza,—

> "Jesus, lover of my soul!
> Let me to thy bosom fly,
> While the billows near me roll,
> While the tempest still is high.
> Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
> Till the storm of life is past;
> Safe into the haven guide,
> Oh! receive my soul at last."

At length came daylight. The reader must not be told *all* our delight;—he cannot sympathise, and it would seem extravagance. In short, two men were again lashed to the helm—the wheel was gone;—our vessel was put before the wind, for now we saw we had no land in sight, and hoped we might not, during the night, have fallen to lee of our port. A man was sent aloft to look for land, as we knew we could not be far from Malta. About half past six, we heard the delightful cry,—"land a-head! land a-head!" Could it be true? Was it not too precious an announcement to be true? We put about for what we hoped might prove our port. Our glass had gone overboard with the companion; so had our compass. The latter loss was soon made up, but, left to unaided vision, and in January too, it was some time before we really enjoyed the certainty that land was visible. Painful interval! painful even in this distant reminiscence. At length, thanks to the paternal care of Him "who holds the winds and the waves in the hollow of his hands," we entered the port of Valletta at nine o'clock A.M., "and so it came to pass," to use the language of Luke when describing the wreck of St. Paul on this same island, "we all," save poor Nino, "came safe to land."* At one o'clock Mr. Lowndes came on board, and when we saw him, "we thanked God and took courage."

Now fairly on the field of labour, I began to survey the locality, the natives, and the surrounding nations. Brother L. sailed for Greece about a month after my arrival at Malta. I had now entered upon a most interesting sphere; and naturally the lands around me called forth my reflections. What changes! The Italians, once foremost in the career of maritime discovery, and by whom was first found out the property of the magnet, now without a single colony. Those who once covered the coasts of the Levant with settlements, now without a single factory. Venice, once the proud queen of the Adriatic, and mistress of the Ionian Isles, had resigned her commerce to Trieste, and her colonies to Austria and Britain. Genoa, the last of the Italian republics, had fallen beneath the hated yoke of Sardinia. Leghorn, a mere village at the opening of the fifteenth century, was now the emporium of Tuscany, and yet her commerce in the hands of Jews and aliens. Pisa reduced to a grass-grown village, and the Medici without successors. Rome, once every thing, now truckling, with the affectation of power, to the princes she once set up or put down by a sheet of paper from the Vatican; her missionaries, her resources, her influence, all in the yellow leaf. Turkey, that once carried her crescent to the gates of Belgrade, a crippled power, living on the jealousies of England, France and Russia. And Greece, after three centuries of the most galling bondage to the detested sway of the Moslems, just about to burst her tomb and breathe again. Of Malta I have already given notices more in detail.

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* Acts, xxvii. 44.

The following statistics, which when at Malta I secured for publication, show the strength of that pale against which, while in the island, I was bound to direct some of my labours. It is from the Foreign Review, No. XXI. Article, Modern Rome.

In 1809, the number and revenues of the clergy of the province (afterwards department) of Rome were as follows:—

	Number.	Total income, francs.
Bishops	20	299,900
Abbots of Subiaco and S. Salvatore Maggiore, with jurisdictions independent of bishops	2	40,000
Canons and beneficati, or stipendiaries of Cathedrals, at Rome	407	525,000
Ditto in the province	1,400	1,575,000
Parrochi, or rectors; nearly one half belonging to religious orders or chapters	665	290,000
Curates, and other auxiliary priests	1,575	No regular provision.

Boarders in 23 seminaries, intended for the church	629	132,000
Monks and friars at Rome; more than one-third of the Mendicant order	1,463	930,000
Ditto in the province. (Most of the provincial monasteries are very poor)	1,733	550,000
Nuns in 26 monasteries at Rome	1,131	350,000
Ditto in 73 houses in the province	1,526	300,000
In all,	10,551,	4,991,900

or about 2 to 100 of the whole population of the province.

It must be observed, however, that many, especially of the regular clergy, were not natives of the country. Before the first French invasion, the clergy of the province of Rome were possessed of lands and houses, valued at 78 millions of francs; and, in the whole Papal States, at 214 millions, besides government securities, bearing an annual interest of 800,000 francs.

Last year, 1831, the clergy in the city of Rome consisted of the following number:—

Secular priests, including rectors, curates, canons, &c.	1432
Monks and friars	1904
Nuns	1375
Total	4711

To afford missionaries and protestant churches some insight into the power and weakness of our common antagonist, I subjoin, on the same respectable authority, an exposè of the actual government of the ecclesiastical states.

The papal government is, perhaps, the most complicated in modern times. The Pope unites in his person three different offices:—1st. That of Supreme Pontiff, or head of the Roman Church and hierarchy; 2nd. That of Bishop of Rome; 3rd. That of temporal Sovereign of the Roman or papal States. Few writers have taken the trouble of distinguishing between these different attributes ; and thus the machinery of the papal government has often been misunderstood. The Consistory or council of the Cardinals, assists him both in his spiritual and temporal capacities ; but the immediate administration of the one is confined to different persons from that of the other, although the agents of one power often come in contact with those of another, so that the line is somewhat difficult to trace.

The ministers of the pope, in his spiritual capacity, are—1st. The Cardinal Great Penitentiary, who decides on cases of conscience, with the assistance of several prelates ; 2nd. The Cardinal Sommista, who presides at the tribunal of the Apostolic Chancery, and whose business it is to give his opinion on matters of doctrine or discipline, to affix the seals to and expedite the bulls of the pope ; 3rd. The Cardinal Pro-Datario, who, with a numerous department of subordinate officers, decides all affairs concerning livings and other temporalities of the clergy ; also those concerning dispensations, or licenses for marriages between relatives, &c. This office has lost much of its importance since the papal states have suppressed or secularized most of the church temporalities. In former times, the sums paid to the Datario, by foreign countries, for briefs, bulls, dispensations, licenses, &c., amounted to more than two millions of scudi per annum, nearly half a million sterling; 4th. The Cardinal Segretario de' Brevi has the charge of the correspondence of the pope concerning ecclesiastical matters ; he expedites the briefs *ad principes*, to foreign sovereigns, &c., 5th and lastly, The pope's Etaditor (Uditor Santissimo), a prelate, who is the examiner, reviser, and reporter, on all matters of importance which are laid before him ; he examines the claims of the various candidates for bishoprics, and is the intimate adviser of the pope, whose full confidence he is supposed to enjoy.

The authority of the pope, as bishop of Rome, is exercised by the Cardinal Vicar. The two principal ministers of the pope, as temporal sovereign of the Roman states, are the Cardinal Secretary of State and the Cardinal Camerlingo. The former unites in his person the departments of foreign affairs and of the home department: he is the prime minister and representative of his sovereign, both with foreign courts and towards his own subjects. He is appointed by the reigning sovereign, and leaves office when the latter dies. The camerlingo is the finance minister, and is appointed for life.

When I landed at Malta in 1819, this singular system of the once omnipotent pope was only kept in existence by the protection of Austria. It is so still. Time was when the assumption of such a pretension would have been the signal for an unholy struggle between the fierce Ghibellines of Lombardy and the Guelfs of Tuscany and Rome; but in those days the cause of the church was deemed that of the people. Those days are now gone. The people are divided. At that time the pope was a match for the emperor. That time is passed for ever. I found the papal power dwindled into an Italian Signory, comprising little more than 2,500,000 subjects, with a revenue of about £1,200,000, an army of 6,000 superstitious troops, and the pope exposed to daily disquiets from men of turbulent spirits; for the eyes of Italy had been opened by the French, and the descendants of those senators, who in 388 renounced the pagan religion as the voice of Satan, had learned to frown upon the creed, the rule and the monastics of the nineteenth century.*

Yet, missionaries to the Mediterranean have a powerful because a wily antagonist, not troubled with scruples, and " wiser in his generation than the children of light." With politics we have little to do, yet we cannot close our eyes to the fact that Austria is a great foe to missionaries from England. The emperor is to Rome every thing but her head. Of the 20,000,000 in the Italian states, one fourth are under Austrian government. The King of Sardinia lives by the courtesy of Austria, whose sway directly or indirectly, is paramount in almost the entire of Italy. And this power is papal, and rich, and bigotted. Is it not by her wealth that these splendid temples for the mass are now rising in all parts of England? Since the fall of Venice, the papal legations in the north of Italy, are the only spots free from Austrian sway. Need I say, then, that Italy wants education. When I reached Malta she had only Martini's Bible with notes, twenty seven volumes octavo, and a sort of fabulous abridgment or compendium of the Scriptures, got up to foster false devotion. Except by the Bible Society, no edition of the inspired volume had, I believe, been provided for the millions of Sicily, Corsica, Sardinia, Calabria and Italy: nor was there one protestant missionary among all those millions of misled human beings. Into the shops of Italy no bookseller durst receive the unnoted Bible for sale, since this had been and still is prohibited; and in the Index Prohibitorius may also be seen the titles of some of the best works of Italy and the west; such as "Europe in the Middle Ages," Lalande's "Astronomy," Botta's "History of Italy," the "Constitutional History of England," Lady Morgan's "Italy," together with numerous other productions tending to human enlightenment. It is an instructive fact, that while in England and Ireland our papal fellow subjects are so clamorous against "the exclusiveness of protestantism," in the Mediterranean, in short, wherever the papacy *dare* make known its genuine spirit, opposition the most virulent, restrictions the most sectarian, and edicts the most absurd and oppressive, show the missionary what is the spirit of those whose conversion he seeks.

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* Compare Decline and Fall, by Gibbon; ch. xxviii. p. 464.

After all, Italy was not my field; I was "a debtor to the Greeks," and to them I turned my attention. Greece was my "proper study."

To draw public attention to Greece, and to attract the footsteps of the philanthropist towards the land of Basil, the cradle of science, the former scene of apostolic labour, is the object of this volume. She was then filing her chains, and soon she snapt them, to the astonishment of all in Malta. Now was the *crisis* of Greece. Now the moment of her transit, a transit either to formalism and infidelity, or to light and piety, as christians in the west might neglect her fate, or direct her course.

Among my very first impressions was this,—"Greece must have books,—Bibles, Testaments, school-books. The lever that is to move Greece is christian education." True it is that a missionary to Malta and Greece must never lose sight of the preaching of the cross, since this is the grand means, the one which beyond all others has been divinely honoured; yet, till this method can be brought into fair and unfettered operation, all missionaries to these lands must fix their eyes on schools and the press. "We agree" writes Dr. Korck, in a letter, I think from Eubœia, or Negropont, "in our views of usefulness in an astonishing manner, so that we may well say we are all of one heart. Schools, a printing press and translations seem to us the great means. Should not Greece have friends in old England, who find their hearts and hands open for similar works of love? I would still urge on you the necessity of being active; for if we neglect to do our parts *to-day*, we know not when such an opportunity may present itself again. It is on *this* account that Greece peculiarly calls for *present exertion.* Other countries may have an equal claim on English bounty, but none presents such favourable opportunities at the present moment.*"

To this subject I shall revert in the sequel,—but meantime I would anxiously urge on the friends of Greece not to turn their back upon her, because she is as yet unskilled in the legitimate use of her liberties. It is justly remarked by Junius, that "good men consult their piety as little as their judgment and experience, when they admit the great and essential advantages accruing to society from the freedom of the press, yet indulge themselves in peevish or passionate exclamations against the abuse of it. Betraying an unreasonable expectation of benefits pure and entire from any human institution, is in effect, to arraign the goodness of Providence, and confess that we are dissatisfied with the common lot of humanity.†"

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* This was penned about 1825. Dr. Korck was a missionary to the Church M. Society.

† Junius's Letters.

That Greece is "to arise," is "to shine," is to retrace her wanderings, and to fall back upon the holy truth first promulged at Athens by Paul, cannot, I think, be a question with the prophetic pages open before us. Indeed I trust her light is already come; a better light, since missionaries from England and America touched her strand, than any she enjoyed under the Genoese or the Venetians; better, too, than that of her celebrated sages. We have carried into her vales and upon her mountains, and circulated in all her towns and villages, thousands upon thousands of holy books and elementary works, composed on *christian* principles, as subsequent pages will show; we have preached to the children of Phidias "the unsearchable riches of Christ;" and her pilgrims, like those of Rome, are already beginning to turn away from self-righteousness and superstition to Christ and his cross.

In every point of view, Greece presents claims the most powerful on the sympathy of God's people. An entire nation has just shaken off her sloth and her fetters together, and implores instruction, that her new-formed energies may be rightly directed. That nation, too, are Greeks, the descendants of those to whom Britain owes her science, in whose rich tongue the New Testament was first penned, who still speak "the divine language of Plato;" who inhabit a country whose physical features are most favourable to civilization and to refinement; whose geographical position is, for the exercise of moral influence, one of the happiest imaginable. To

Greece, in all probability, is destined the high honour of giving, to those immense masses of human kind inhabiting the *east*, including Syria, Turkey, Wallachia, Bessarabia, and Moldavia, an impulse as efficient as that which, in her earlier days, she gave to the nations of the west. But without schools and Bibles and elementary treatises, without a new race of ministers, and such a reform as favoured England can most efficiently aid by missionary effort,—*Greece is lost!*

With such sentiments, but at the time of landing by no means so fixed and matured as they have since become by long observation and intercourse, I first set my foot on the rocks of Malta, and commenced my humble efforts for Greece.*

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* As I owe to the government of Malta many acts of kindness to my mission, it was with sincere regret that at page 69, I reproved the authorities and episcopal brethren for so long neglecting the erection of a decorous place of worship. It is, on the other hand, a high satisfaction to be able to add, from the *Times* of January 26, that her majesty the queen dowager, feeling the necessity of there being a proper place of worship for the episcopal protestants in Malta, has nobly ordered a church to be erected at her own expense, to seat 1,000 persons. The probable cost is fixed at about £8,000. I trust the firmness of the actual governor, Sir Henry Bouverie, will be proof against any repetition of the native finesse, by which, in part, a similarly noble design of the late Marquis of Hastings was eventually relinquished, after about £2,000 had been sunk in clearing a locality for the erection. This victory over protestant zeal the natives attributed to the secret influence of their saints. "*Ogni santo aiuta.*" Our late governor, General Ponsonby, being, some time after that affair, about to visit London, I requested his excellency to obtain the sanction of the home authorities for the erection of a proper place of worship. He very politely promised to do so, but his generous design, like that of the noble marquis, unhappily fell through. Honour to the memory of that royal lady, by whose munificence this long wished for object is now likely to be realized! Let us hope that no gospel will ever be preached within its walls, but that, the grand theme of which is "Christ crucified."

CHAPTER VII.

STREETS OF MALTA. — MOSQUITOS. — MISSION PREMISES. — VISIT TO GOZO ISLAND.—EQUIPAGE—ST. PAUL'S BAY.—NOTICES OF GOZO. VISIT THE CONVENTS AND THE GARRISON.—LANGUAGE OF MALTA. —BOOKS.—AN EXECUTION.

On quitting "the Starling," the brig we had made our voyage in, which was afterwards lost in the Black Sea, Mrs. Wilson and myself accompanied Mr. Lowndes to the mission quarters in the Auberge de Castile. I now first remarked that the city of Valletta is built upon a series of minor hills, so that one generally has, in passing through it, the fatigue of ascending and descending the well-constructed causeways of the streets, which are, in fact, a series of wide steps constructed of hard stone, and on good masonic principles. As I passed along the streets, there seemed to issue from every open door the pestilent effluvia; and though but January, the sun was so hot, as absolutely to superinduce the lassitude of a vernal noon in a more southern clime. Mrs. W. was equally sensible of this, and yet, as I have seldom perceived it since, during my long residence in Malta, the fact must be, either that we were enfeebled by the anxieties and fatigues of our recent voyage, or that I became acclimated and insensible to the effluvia. It must, however, be owned that from the constant use of garlic as food, and on account of wearing the same unwashed black garments for years, one is at all times, on passing a group of natives, most unpleasantly affected in the olfactories. I allude to the dress of poorer females.

After ascending all the steps from the sea-board to the top of Strada San Paolo, where is located the lofty auberge I was to reside in,—probably three hundred —we had still to mount about fifty more within the dwelling, in order to reach the upper apartments, which were those of the mission house and chapel. I soon found myself in "the land of the living," for bugs in incredible numbers were arranged round a sort of rude mantel-piece in the room we entered.

These were a constant source of annoyance, but a still fiercer enemy absolutely deprived us of rest for hours together. This is the *mosqueto*. I feel sure I do not err in stating that I have seen, on the walls of a single room in my house, not less than ten thousand at the same moment. I have often been asked in England what this creature is:—a singular enquiry, since I have occasionally seen and heard them in our own country. The term mosqueto, or more properly *moschetto*, is Italian, and simply signifies a small fly; yet is specifically applied, all through the Mediterranean, to the insect I allude to. In Italian mosco is a fly; moschetto a diminutive of the same. The mosqueto is, in fact, a species of *gnat*, but larger than those in England, noisy when on the wing, and as insatiate after blood as a tiger. To the blood of strangers the mosqueto exhibits an uncommon attachment; and I have known Englishmen actually ulcerated all over the legs by their sting. In the night I have often been deprived of half my sleep, and have had to rise many times in the course of a few hours to expel them from the bed. As a protection, mosqueto nets are cast all round the bed, consisting generally of gauze or open muslin; but it is rarely an efficient ægis of protection, and patience is, after all, amongst the best specifics. I one day entered a lower apartment of my house, when I found Mrs. Wilson in great peril of her life. The walls of the room were literally black with a newly-fledged family of musquetos, probably five or six thousand. To destroy them, she had placed in the room a small quantity of burning sulphur. This failing of its object, she had shut herself close in, even while the sulphur was still sending forth volumes of suffocating smoke, and was fighting this obtrusive army with a towel. Had I not entered to warn her of her peril, I suppose she might shortly have fallen among the first victims, since as much as possible she had made the entire apartment impervious to the air. The Maltese, who ingeniously find a saint for every blessing and for every curse, "ogni Santo aiuta," believe that mosquetos are the curse of St. Anthony. Why this saint was so cruel, is a grave problem, which I respectfully leave to *monks*, as it is too abstruse for *men*.

I have already stated that the mission apartments were given us by the late Sir Thomas Maitland, brother to Lord Lauderdale. In front of this auberge, underground, is one of those celebrated granaries for which Malta is famous. These excavations in the solid rock are destined to contain a sufficient amount of grain, generally brought from Egypt or Odessa, to provision the whole island for a considerable time in case of a siege. The grain deposited belongs to government, and is occasionally sold off, but always carefully replaced with fresh importations.

With a desire to see something of Malta, and of an adjacent smaller island named Gozo; but more particularly to circulate the holy scriptures in the convents and among the soldiers of the latter island; Mr. Lowndes and myself, accompanied by our servant, commenced a journey of about twenty miles, chiefly by land. As far as the off-side of the island next Gozo, we hired a calesse or calesh. At six A.M. we began our journey, and reached the end of Malta, sixteen miles from Valletta, at noon.

The calesh is a clumsy carriage, drawn by a mule, with gear truly patriarchal. The driver runs by the side, holding the hempen halter in his left hand, and in his right either sways a whip or stick, or more generally the loose end of the halter itself. This notable postilion is dressed in a check or an ought-to-be white shirt, a waistcoat bestudded with silver buttons, the savings of his life, loose trousers, a long red or blue cap resembling in shape an English nightcap, the end dangling down his back, containing his cigars and dinner, a girdle, so often spoken of in sacred writ, bound several times round his waist. He is generally barefoot, but sometimes wears a pair of sandals. The *tout ensemble* is uncommonly striking to a stranger, and forms a comment on scriptural allusions to oriental apparel. In Malta all the lower orders are dressed as above, except that of late years a small straw hat has begun to dethrone the dangling *berretta*. Greeks and Turks dress in a style still more oriental; and the costume of those from the north of Africa differs again from all others.

After passing the best of the road, we reached the sands of St. Paul's Bay. And it was on this occasion that, near the spot where this blessed man shook a viper from his hand, I killed the serpent named in another part of the present volume. As we were passing with the sea on our right, close at hand, this reptile lay in our path upon the hot sand, basking in the sun. On our approach it repeatedly shot out its wiry tongue, but ere it uncoiled our servant gave it a severe blow with something he had in his hand. This partially stunned it, when I slew it with a sort of dirk which I had in a cane, and left it hid in the sand.

Crossing the arm of the sea lying between the two islands, about four miles over, which a writer in one of the respectable journals of the day maintains to be the place "where two seas meet" named by Luke;* we landed at Gozo, and hiring three asses proceeded to Rabbato, the chief town, which, after mounting a very steep acclivity, we reached about three P. M. Gozo, the supposed isle of the nymph Calypso, is circular, in circumference about twenty-five miles, for its two diameters are six and twelve. It contains six villages, besides Rabbato, and an ancient castle, and its ignorant population are fifteen thousand souls. Its fort, Miggior, as I learn from Signor Michallef, a native of Malta, was begun in 1605, by the Grand Master Garres. The air of Gozo is pure and wholesome, the soil fertile far beyond that of Malta. It produces corn, cotton, delicate fruits, and vegetables in abundance, as also aniseed and cummin. Its honey the ancients preferred to that of Mount Hybla, and Cicero chose it in preference to that of any other country. With all these products it supplies Malta.*

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* See the Eclectic Review for April, 1838; and compare the statements I have given in a previous chapter.

Close by the grotto of Calypso, which is a most rugged cavern near the sea, and from which I have still preserved some fine stalactites, stands what the natives style the giant's tower. It is a saturnian or cyclopic erection of a circular figure. The stones are polygonous and without cement; two of them, eighteen feet in length and six in breadth, form the entrance of the tower. As many enormous bones have been found here, it is vulgarly supposed to have been the residence of a gigantic race; but Mr. Somerville, the chief magistrate, by whom we were kindly entertained, concludes it to have been a Phœnician temple, erected to the honour of Astharothe, the "Ashtoroth" of the Old Testament, since the effigy of that goddess is found on coins excavated from the locality. Gozo has no port, but presents a few uninviting creeks; and its high, bluff shores are protected by a series of martello towers. This island and Malta have invariably shared the same political and spiritual destiny, and their inhabitants have always been regarded as one race. Yet there is, Mr. Somerville assured us, one town in Gozo using a language unintelligible to all the rest. The result of inquiries into this fact by that very learned gentleman I never was so happy as to learn. Midway between Malta and Gozo lie two small islands, the larger of which, about six miles in circumference, producing some corn, was anciently named Ephaistia, a term indicative of volcanic origin.*

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* Catechismo Storico, Capo IX. and Malta Illustrata.

Having brought with us a small quantity of Italian Testaments and tracts, together with some in English, we paid our first visit to the Franciscan convent; next, to that of the Augustins, and finally to the Capuchins, with whom we passed the night. In the first of these places there were but five monks, and with them we left a portion of our books. In the second were about the same number, and with them were left the like quantity of Testaments and tracts. As one of the Augustinian monks was shewing us round the conventual church, I observed a Latin volume behind the pulpit. To test the knowledge of our cicerone, "Is that Latin?" I inquired. "No," said he, "Italian." I fear this poor soul had no more knowledge of the language of Canaan than of Rome. He thanked us for the books, and we parted with a silent prayer, I hope sincere, for his salvation.

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* From ἡφαίϛιον comes one of the names of Vulcan, Hephaistus. Is not Vulcan, the smith, the Tubulcain of Gen. iv. 22, *also* a smith?

In an agreeable vale, a quarter of a mile from Rabbato, stands the convent of the Capuchins. The prior was a good-looking man and very civil. Intending to lodge in the convent for the night, we made no allusion for some time to our object; but when at supper, we discoursed with some freedom. Falling on the subject of monastic celibacy, the prior, I think at our request, reached a Latin Bible, and opened at Gen. ii. 18, which offers so early and so holy a caveat against that unnatural and injurious usage of the papacy. On his reading "*non est bonum*, &c.—it is not good that man should be alone," he was asked what he thought of it. Our next allusion was to the holy books we had brought; and as the worthy prior agreed to take some, we gave him all we had left, hoping and praying they might lead these poor erring men to "a more excellent way."

The monks kindly provided for our supper a boiled pullet, some eggs, cheese, nuts, oranges, and figs. Next morning we left the convent, to pay our respects to Mr. Somerville. His lady was a Greek from Crete, and had, I remarked, the provincial peculiarity of that island in her sound of the Greek κ or k, for on desiring us to pay her compliments to Mrs. Jowett, then at Malta, she pronounced κυρία, Mrs. or Madame, cheereea, the ch as in chant, whereas in other parts of Greece the κ is sounded as our k. Mrs. S. was a very affable lady, and in her younger days had, I think, moved in the court of Austria or Russia. Mr. S. pressed us to stay with him, but having a wish, if possible, to reach Valletta that day, to conduct a service in the evening, we reluctantly declined his friendly invitation.

While at Gozo we visited the soldiers of the garrison, and with them left all our English scriptures and tracts. A pious serjeant informed us that a young Gozitano, about to take orders, had expressed a wish for an Italian Bible. We promised to send it. Our return passage across the channel was extremely boisterous. In the occasional remarks and orders of our boatmen, I could not fail to remark a great similarity between the language of these islands and that of God's ancient people. Thus "ephtach," open; "kum," get up; "shemsh," the sun.

The language of Malta is generally regarded as a corrupt Arabic; but people familiar with oriental literature trace it to the Phœnician. It is historically certain that the Phœnicians, at a very remote period, sent into this island a colony of their enterprising compatriots,* and these imported their own tongue. In a subsequent age the Greeks made a conquest of the country; yet they did not expel the Phœnicians, who, it is said, preserved their vernacular language. When the Carthaginians conquered these islands, no change of speech, it is probable, occurred, as those redoubtable warriors derived their origin from Phœnicia. Hence the Roman historians style them Phœni, or Pœni, and hence, I suppose, the term

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* See Michallef as above.

punic applied to the wars between Carthage and Rome.

If ever the Phœnician tongue was lost to this island, it must have been during its occupation by the Romans; and yet some of the more intelligent natives of Malta refuse to admit even that. It is true, they say, that the Romans expelled the Carthaginians, and that they generally made their language follow their arms—a lesson for our own rulers—nevertheless the language of Phœnice did not give place. This they prove from the epithet "barbarians," applied by St. Luke to the natives of Malta at the time of St. Paul's shipwreck; since, had they spoken either Latin or Greek, such a term could not have been singled out.*

The next and only remaining inquiry is, what became of the Phœnician language during the long occupation of these islands by the Saracens. On consulting Mill's History of the Mahommedan Conquests, I am led to the belief that Malta fell into the hands of those fierce fanatics about the year 830. To them succeeded the Normans, who, I suppose, brought to the islands a French patois. By these, and by following conquerors, it is certain that the language must have been very much changed. In a Grammar which, some years ago, I published at Malta, from the mission press, I style the language Saracenic Arabic; nor can I see any reason to regret that expression. Plautus, in one of his comedies, introduces a person speaking the Phœnician tongue:

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* See Acts xxviii. 1, 2. The original is ϐάρϐαροι.

she uses, I believe, some terms still in the Maltese language. Thus the Phœnician *seith*, a fishery, is in Maltese *sait*; and *ber*, a well, in the former tongue, is *beer* or *bir* in the latter.

Into the language of Malta, the Rev. J. Keeling, late Methodist missionary in that island, procured and printed translations of some elementary works. The Rev. W. Jowett before him had obtained a version of the gospel of John into the same tongue, which was printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, with the Latin vulgate in parallel columns. Since that time the Rev. T. Schleintz, successor to Mr. Jowett, has issued from the mission press of our episcopal brethren a volume of Proverbs in the same language. As a specimen of the actual language of Malta, which, like our own, is a melange of many, it was my wish to give an extract from the excellent "K tib Yl Quari," or Reading Book, published by Mr. Keeling, now departed this life; but am sorry to find the intention must be relinquished; for the Roman character is the one adopted, and its incapacity to express several sounds unknown to the Romans, renders necessary the use of some characters not at the command of English printers. Yet a few detached expressions may be singled out.

O Alla tajjeb!	Good God!
Yl mydnub jmut.	The sinner dies.
Yr-ragel yt-tajjeb myt.	The good man is dead.
Fok kol beet.	On every house.

In the above four phrases I observe not less than six Hebrew words. This justifies the remark made at the beginning of these observations on the language of the Maltese. The basis of the tongue is obviously Arabic. One word in the above selection I find in many languages "*Kol*:" thus in Greek ὅλος, holos, in Hebrew Kol, in English all and whole.

Most sincerely do I wish success to every effort made to augment the miserable store of Maltese books. In this way the missionaries in Malta are doing much. For myself I have printed but little in this language. After all, it ought to be the effort both of the government and of the missions in Malta to effect a gradual introduction of our own language, and of our splendid store of literary productions. These, with the blessing of God, will be followed, if not preceded, by our purer faith and better hopes. Meantime it is a pleasure to add that since the local government has wisely made English the language of the courts of justice, intelligent natives are assiduously studying it. Even the Penny Magazine, before I quitted the island, was ordered by post to the number of near a hundred. The Grammar I have already named, designed to aid the Maltese in acquiring the language of Britain, was with many a great favourite. Yet by direction of priests or parents my name was carefully cut from the title-page, nor did they spare the following couplet, which I had cited from Pope, as an instance of bad English even in that admirable poet, o'errun and begun being used for o'erran and began:—

> "A second deluge learning thus o'errun,
> And the monks finished what the Goths begun."

A fortnight after my arrival in Malta, a native was executed for robbery and attempt at murder. A sight so distressing and so truly humbling, my feelings would not permit me to witness. Happy when laws authorizing such scenes shall be expunged from all statute books! yet, as I expected to witness, on this occasion, some exhibitions of superstition, I resolved to go after the poor, hapless wretch had left the world.

Setting off too late, I met the procession on its return to Valletta. After passing numerous groups of Maltese, some in conference, others vociferating, I first met the large, ponderous crucifix, borne by a stout man dressed *cap à piè* in white robes, with broad-brimmed hat of the same colour. There were several of these. They were followed by thirty or forty other persons, wearing the same dress, with the addition of white clouts over their faces, having small apertures for the eyes. These men held each a small box, and it really calls up the blush of shame and indignation, to be compelled to add, that these boxes were to receive the pecuniary gifts of the mob of spectators, in order to purchase masses for the repose of the soul of the poor criminal. At such public spectacles this shameful business always goes on. The men repeatedly rattled the money in their boxes, to draw attention as the procession moved along; and some gave coppers, while others impressed upon the lid or sides a superstitious kiss. The boxes used on these occasions are daubed with frightful pictures of purgatorial torments, with skulls and crossbones, designed to excite the pity of ingenuous ignorance. Scores and scores of times have I seen these unblushing acts of the hierarchy of Malta. To sell divine pity! "Thus saith the Lord,—they that sell them say, 'blessed be the Lord, for I am rich;' and their own shepherds pity them not." But there is a heavenly voice that cries; "Ho, every one that thirsteth! come ye to the waters; come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price."*

* Zech. xi. 5; Isaiah lv. 1.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SINGULAR EVENT.—THE MISSION PRESS.—THE CAPUCHIN MONK.—HIS VALUABLE LETTER. — COLONEL TORDO'S NARRATIVE. — NOTICE OF DR. BUTLER. — RECENT EVENTS.

Almost the first woman I ever saw in Malta claims a special notice in these pages. Her story connects itself both with the appalling wreck of a British man-of-war, and with the mission to Malta. Soon after I had landed, my eyes were arrested by this woman, a tall, dark, gaunt figure, raving like a bedlamite, or a dweller among the tombs. She was, however, a daughter of Britain, but had, when I saw her, resided in Malta about twenty years, and had during this time learned the habits, customs and language of the natives. Though she was married, I believe, when she left England, at this period, she was an outcast, "a sinful woman," and kept a species of sailors' tavern or vagrant house at Isola, on the east side of the grand harbour. Before giving that portion of her story which connects her with the mission, we must step back at least twenty years.

Between the large, important island of Sardinia, and the north coast of Africa, lie some frightful sunken rocks, named the *Squirks*. This is a horrid place, so that all vessels bound for the Levant, and those from the Levant to the west, anxiously avoid the treacherous locality. I have myself thrice made a curve of fifty or a hundred miles north or south of the place, to make sure of a good offing. Some have affected to scout the notion of their existence, but the fate of this poor female is of itself a demonstration of the fact.

Among those who questioned the existence of the Squirks, was a brave captain of the British navy. Sorry I am to have forgotten the name both of the gentleman and the vessel he commanded. "Squirks!" said this, I suppose, *young* official; "Squirks! it is an idle story." Having boldly avowed his belief in the non-existence of this shoal, he resolved to steer right over the locality. So, at least, I have been informed. At all events when near these rocks, this courageous Britain addressed those about him in some such terms as the following: "All I can say is, if the Squirks really, existed, we should have been on them by this time, for we are in their latitude and longitude according to the charts." These ominous words had not been long uttered, when this splendid barque plunged upon the treacherous shoal! I believe it was in the night. It was an appalling scene. The vessel was totally lost, and fearful was the destruction of human life.

Among the saved was the female I have mentioned, whose name at that time was *Leadbeater*. In the hapless ship's boat, she, the only female saved, was taken to the island of Sardinia, but on the way she was seized with the pangs of premature labour. The infant survived all the perils of its opening existence, and this very child and her sister were afterwards, in the mysterious course of Providence, hired servants to two mission families in Malta, that of the late Dr. Dalton, who died in Syria, and my own. The sister that served under my roof, gave some pleasing indications of conversion to God. She was also a girl of a delicate mind, and very ladylike form and manners, though brought up among islanders a century behind the polished nations of Europe. She was one of the earliest pupils of the Lancastrian school, to be noticed in its place; and her case, like that of myriads, disproved the maxim of the bard of Twickenham:—

> " A little learning is a dangerous thing;"
> Drink deep or taste not the Castalian spring."

After the death of their mother, the two orphans were returned in a transport to England. What subsequently became of them I never knew. May they remember the instructions and examples of the mission families, and meet at last their departed parent in a happier world.

It pleased God to bring the mother under the sound of the gospel at the Auberge de Castile, where I held three services a week; and there, as I hope, this once raving bedlamite, this outcast, was brought to sit at the feet of Jesus, and learn of him " who was meek and lowly in heart."

> " What cannot grace for wretched sinners do ?'

But I must hasten to the catastrophe Though once saved from a watery grave, her destiny was only deferred. She was one day out at sea, not far from the place where the vessel, in which St. Paul had embarked for Rome, was wrecked and lost, when a sudden squall capsized her boat, and she sank to rise no more till the morning of the resurrection.

I one day narrated this story to Mr. Dewhurst, a pious and respectable friend to the cause of missions residing at Manchester; and when I was describing the wreck of the man-of-war on the Squirks, he surprised me exceedingly by exclaiming—"That is true, for I was myself on board at the time she struck, and I well remember both the woman and the birth of her child in the ship's boat."

On my return from a missionary tour in the Aegean Sea, to be detailed in a subsequent part of this volume, I was beyond measure delighted to find a *printing press* awaiting my arrival to be set at work. Having in a former voyage touched at Corfu, where my brother missionary, Mr. Lowndes, was located, we held a consultation on the very important question,—"Is it desirable that the Board of Directors should place at our disposal a printing press?" Granting that such an addition to our mission would inevitably entail on the Society an additional expense, and would also require much of our time; still we finally agreed to apply for one on such grounds as the following, which I must tax my memory to recall, as I have not a copy of our joint letter to the Board.

1. We are aiming at the resurrection of the Greek

church, and the revival of useful letters in that once celebrated, but now semi-barbarous nation, inhabiting Greece and the Ionian Isles.

2. This country is, to a most lamentable degree, destitute of schools and of elementary books.

3. By aid of a press, we might furnish a splendid supply of school-books, translated and composed from the admirable store at the command of our happier island. Nor this alone;—we might supply Greece with editions of some of the most spiritual, practical, and exegetical works of our British divines and other authors, of the various evangelical churches of Britain.

4. We shall thus aid the plans of many friends to education among the Greeks themselves, who sigh for the resurrection of their country, but have not books or other means of training their ardent youth.

Such, I believe, were the chief motives urged in our letter. The Directors nobly responded to the call,—one of the wisest measures they ever yet adopted for the revival of vital and intelligent piety in the classic land. This I think will appear from a subsequent chapter, in which are reviewed the almost uninterrupted labours of this press for the space of nine full years, during which its management, in all the departments, from the furnishing of material to the binding and dispatching of the books, was exclusively in my own hands. In this department of missionary work, our Society was preceded by the missionaries from America, and followed by the episcopal missionaries from England. But now, I think, "the last is first;" and I trust our church brethren will hold on in this most admirable course.

"*Hinc lucem et pocula sacra.*"

June the first, 1825, I deem a memorable day, a happy one for poor Greece. On that day I set the very first word at the press. It was in the History of Abraham which I took from "Scripture Characters," by a pious minister of the episcopal pale of our country. The reader will doubtless indulge the feeling that prompts me to subjoin that "first word:" it was Τέκναμου, my children. This work I followed by Janeway's "Token for Children," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," with notes, Watts' "Catechisms," "a Spelling Book," "a Geography," Watts' "Divine Songs," which I translated in Greek lyrics, a volume of Burder's "Village Sermons," &c. &c. But the reader will find a notice of many of our publications in a more proper place. From 1825 up to 1834, I printed, for insular and continental Greece, upwards of 132,000 books, from a small halfpenny size to a quarto. My Spelling Book was the first Greece ever saw on the principles of western Europe, and our halfpenny books, in neat coloured covers with cuts, were the first ever put into the hands of the eager youth of the classic soil.

Though I have preserved a large portion of my journals, yet now that I am publishing, it may well be matter of regret, that I have destroyed nearly all my very voluminous correspondence with most countries of the Levant. Of surviving letters I subjoin the following. It is from a monk of Malta, and a part of it may require a word of explanation. There was in Malta a certain Dr. Butler, who, to convert me to the pale of Rome, addressed to me a letter of several sheets, against that cardinal principle of the Bible and of the Reformation,—the right of private judgment. In reply to Dr. B. I published from the London press, that I might circulate the work in Malta unfettered by any government restrictions,—"The Knights of the Hermitage," printed by Bagster. Dr. B. read this work, and informed me it had opened his eyes, and that he was convinced of the unsoundness of the papal creed. What amount of credit may safely be awarded to Dr. B.'s profession, I know not: certain it is, that though at that time holding the rank of honorary chamberlain to the pope, and wearing the scarlet, so ominously marked in the book of Revelation as the livery of "the mother of harlots,"* he backed upon his new confession of faith a rider I did not relish,—a request of the loan of sixty dollars, which I lent him, and which he never repaid to this day. The following letter, however, shows that the "Knights" was blessed to the writer, of whom I shall add a short notice, after transcribing his extremely sensible and highly interesting communication. It exhibits the usual result of monastic rumination,—a mixture of disgust, chagrin, and scepticism; and to such ingenuous and unsuspecting young English, as have been disposed by the specious exterior of a convent, to enter such abodes of crime and remorse, a most instructive document. Let them hear an intelligent monk.

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* Rev. xvii. 1—6; a most pointed and appalling prediction.

"Rev. Sir, Malta, May 17th, 1834.

"A natural timidity, which I have frequently endeavoured to get the better of, but in vain, and which my own deceitful heart tempts me to call modesty, has hitherto hindered me from giving you that insight into my character, which from your looks you seem to expect. What my tongue, then, refuses whilst honoured by a *tête-a-tête* with you, allow my pen to do, and to give utterance to some of the reasons which induced me to resign all temporal hopes, and get myself stigmatized with the odious name of apostate.

"You have every reason to expect from me, what you have before experienced from so many infamous priests and laymen, who capriciously, and without mature deliberation, leaving the pale of their own communion, wished to connect themselves with yours. Yes, Rev. Sir, I repeat it. You have reason to expect the same from me. I make no protestations to the contrary. I even affirm that if I, at this moment, were convinced that the church I have abandoned was the only gate to salvation, this moment would find me a sincere, and, perhaps, servile flatterer of Rome's theocracy. I even go farther. Had I been convinced that Mecca's prophet was really sent by the Deity, to manifest his will to mortals, my Bible would be immediately exchanged for a Koran, and perhaps the next caravan would find me a turbanned pilgrim to the great prophet's shrine.

"But this may appear nonsense to you. Yet I assure you, according to my present manner of thinking, it shows more of a rational being to submit his reason to the rational religion of the Koran, than to the nonsensical practices of superstitious Rome. In the former, he will adore a supreme Being in truth and simplicity of heart, always willing to assist him in his temporal and spiritual wants: in the latter, he adores no God at all, or what is nearly the same thing, a human-made God, to be approached through the ante-chambers of millions of saints. Which is the more rational religion?

"*Ma hasta!* but I have nearly forgotten my principal object in addressing you; I mean my reasons for leaving the Roman catholic persuasion. Pardon me, Sir, if I take up too much of your valuable time. Without any more digressions I hasten to the subject.

"Shut up in a convent at the early age of fifteen, my only relief from the dull, monotonous life of a monk, was books. Well for me that I had imbibed a literary taste before I departed from my country, otherwise I should have sunk under *ennui*, as too many of my fellow-students did. I spent the three first years of my monkish life in rather useful studies, for so I deem the science of physics, metaphysics, and ethics. The hours of leisure, spent by my brother monks in chatting and doing nothing; or, what is worse, in murmuring against their brethren, and very often in cursing their own lot, were spent by me in an old, worm-eaten library, belonging to the convent, and full of the dust of ages. I there frequently found some very good books. I applied myself chiefly to ecclesiastical history, and, *fortunately*, found some odd volumes of the French historian—a Jansenist by the bye—l'Abbe Fleury.

"I—now—discovered what were the institutions of the primitive church, though without a tincture of doubt that there were not good reasons for changing them. I found many ancient pastors recommending to their flocks the study of the Holy Scriptures. 'Why are they not studied *now?*' I asked myself.* 'For many good reasons,' answered my adherence to the Roman catholic church. To be short, I followed the church to its councils. I often suspected that the latter were not influenced by the Holy Spirit, but rather by human chicanery.

"I was at last sent to Rome, being all the above time at Frascati. My theological studies commenced. I soon saw on what a feeble foundation the fabric of papal domination was built. I soon grew tired of Thomas Aquinas and his metaphysical distinctions, his *secundum quids*, his *finis qui, cui et quo*, and such like trumpery. With him, I left off mumbling *pater-nosters* and telling beads. Having received a supply of money from my parents, I made haste to become a *private* subscriber to one of the Roman libraries. I there found all the profane works of infidel France, and libidinous Italy. I soon substituted Voltaire and Rousseau for my breviary, l'Abbe Casti for my beads, and, for my pater-nosters and ave-marias, Petrarch and Petrarch's Laura. I tell you literally the truth when I say, I once sold my *Charmes*,—a schoolman, all whose works, thank God! have missed you,—in order to purchase an edition of Goldoni's comedies. This, Sir, is a succinct narrative of my fall from what is *called* christianity, to deism. And was I in fault? No! I imagine no thinking man will lay the blame at my door, but rather at that of the religion of which I was a member.

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* Well he might! and what is the reply; "Because," said the pope's nuncio to Dr. Pinkerton, "the *papal* church has some usages *not* supported by the Bible!" This I had from Dr. P. at Malta.

"The time now arrived for my examination. I was, in fact, examined, and being able to prove 'that the pope is head of the church—that he is infallible, *quasi ex fide*—that he is the legitimate successor of St. Peter, and universal monarch of all christian people;'* I got my credentials with general satisfaction; although at the same time I did not believe a tittle of what I was proving. A great many indeed present believed as much as I did, and some suspected, yea even knew, that I did not believe. But that was nothing.

Loaded with indulgences, absolutions, and dispensations, with sufficient power to absolve, under pretext of going to Ireland, I proceeded to Malta, where, under a more liberal government, I hope to lead a life more congenial to my manner of thinking. In the latter place,† I had frequent opportunities of perusing some protestant writers. Indeed, I read them from mere curiosity, not for instruction; for I was then firmly of opinion that all religions, except that of nature, were humbugs, and their hierarchies a set of knaves and fools. The above writings, however, soon brought some serious doubts into my mind. I began to perceive that deism and peace of mind were not companions. Amongst other books of this class, I read one called 'The Knights of the Hermitage,' by Aliquis. His arguments pleased me, but did not convince me. How could they? being intended for christian, not deistical eyes. I endeavoured to come at other works of this kind. I found Paley. His 'Evidences' are excellent, and did me good. His 'Natural Theology' also pleased me much. The rest of my story you are already acquainted with.

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* I have here translated the writer's Latin:—"*Papam esse caput ecclesiæ,—eundem esse infallibilem, quasi ex fide, et monarcham universalem totius populi christiani.*" This is the usual thesis on these occasions; simply to prove the very modest pretensions of the chief pastor of a ruined city to be God upon earth!!

† Where he was an inmate of the capuchin convent.

"Believe me, Rev. Sir, gratefully yours,

"To the Rev. S. S. Wilson. S. M."

A day or two after writing the preceding interesting epistle, this monk quitted Malta for Sicily in an open boat, a voyage of sixty miles. I never heard of him afterwards, though he engaged to correspond. He said he hoped to enter the service of an Italian prince as a private soldier. I have often suspected he might have been murdered on the way. During the four or five days preceding his departure, it was well known in Malta that he had left the convent, and was often with me. Sorry I am to add, that my experience of the principles of genuine popery conduct me to the shocking impression I have just named. In the papal church, the horrid maxim that "the end justifies the means," leads, as all history attests, to far more appalling deeds than I am now supposing. "I could a tale unfold!"

I shall here insert another epistle in my possession, which was written by Colonel Giuseppe Tordo to the Rev. Frate Lettore, Giuseppe de Catania, preacher of the Order of St. Francis at Malta, to explain and justify his conversion to protestantism.

"My Dear Sir, *Malta*, 18th April, 1827.

"Born, as my evil destinies had decreed, in the Roman church, I was long awed by her terrors, which in fact rendered existence itself a burden. I had almost reached my fourth lustrum without having ever availed myself of that high faculty, which distinguishes man from the brutes; for I was tremblingly alive to the fulminations of the Vatican. Hence had I never sought a reason for my creed, and blindly followed the doctrine of Bellarmine,—that ambitious cardinal, who wrote so much in support of a tiara, to which he himself aspired. I therefore believed, like a good son, the blasphemies of Rome; nor ever once imagined that religion could involve its votaries in the mist of error, or blaspheme the Eternal. How credulous is ignorance!

"Drawn, however, at the age of eighteen, into the vortex of the Revolution, and so brought in contact with men, who had shaken off the dust of the schools, and given the reins to reason; I was called to think, and began to peruse books proscribed by papal authority.

"The history of the atrocities of this theocracy kindled in my soul a righteous indignation against the causes of so many human disasters. I was really horrified at the madness of crusades; at the slaughter committed in the terrific night of St. Bartholomew; at the eighteen millions murdered in America, by the ferocious devotees of Rome; at the blood shed in Languedoc, in the valleys of Piedmont, and in the wars both of the East and West, excited by the ambition of the bishops of Rome; at the human victims offered in holocaust to the God of peace by the horrible inquisition, never satiated with blood and gold.

"I was myself an astonished witness of the blood shed by the fanaticism of Rome, towards the close of the last century in Vandé, in Lyons, in the south of France, in Pavia, in Verona, in Naples,* and in Calabria; where priests in pontifical habiliments—and I have *seen* them—a sanguinary cardinal at their head, a cross in one hand, a dagger in the other, like their Teutonic prototypes, excited the populace to the most cruel and inhuman excesses.

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* The intelligent reader may possibly be well enough acquainted with the following fact, attending the Neapolitan contest. General Championnet took possession of the city about the time of the festa of St. Januarius, when the coagulated blood of the latter is annually *liquified*—credat Judæus!—by a miracle. This year, however, news came to the general that the saint would not work the miracle, and the city was in commotion against him

"I took up the *Lives of the Popes*, the *soi-disant* vicars of Christ, and found nothing there but a system of unhallowed ambition, of atrocity, and of perfidy, tenaciously followed up by those spoliating successors of the good, the humble Peter, and supported by the utter abandonment of all virtues, celestial and human. I *saw* the Clements, the Ravaillacs, excited by a phalanx of crafty Jesuits, who, disbanded by one pope, and restored by another, are now turning Europe upside down. Yes, I *saw* these same Clements and Ravaillacs first confess themselves as a preparation, and then piously assassinate Henry III. and Henry IV. I *saw* Thomas à Becket, a most intriguing, ungrateful, and imperious priest, canonized for defending the claims of Rome. I *saw* the popes, re-invested with the tremendous power of the Druids, restore in Rome the temple of *Uphal*, to absorb the riches of the universe. I *saw* the insolence of these men carrying them so far, as to demand the greatest emperor to approach them on foot, and the head bared. I *saw* orders, given by the bishops of Rome to their agents in France, to strip kings, chain them to the altar, and lash them with rods, as an expiation of crimes against God's vicar on earth.

"I *saw* Paul V. excommunicate the sage, whose eloquent pen had defended the Venetian republic, and, not content with this, order his assassination. I speak of Fra Paolò, who, struck by an assassin in the pay of Rome, while in the act of celebrating mass, pronounced, as he fell, those celebrated words—'*agnosco stilum Romanum.*'

"I *saw* an act of excommunication against the Visconti of Milan, because, as a vassal of the empire, he had fought against

and his legions, as the authors of this portentous event. General Championnet, knowing it to be a ghostly trick, sent his compliments to the archbishop, with this significant message—"If you do not work the miracle to-morrow, you will feel the weight of my resentment." It is surely gratuitous to add, that the miracle was performed! "How credulous is ignorance!"—*Translator.*

Rome. I *saw* the Malatestas, the Manfreds, and others declared heretics, and cruelly handled, because they had possessed themselves of Faenza, to which city the pope preferred imaginary claims.

"I *saw* Alexander VI. celebrate the nuptials of one of his bastard daughters, when in an orgie he caused fifty young girls to dance before him in a state of nudity.

"I *saw* John VIII. killed with the blow of a hammer by a jealous husband;—John X. the paramour of Theodora strangled in her bed;—Stephen VIII. shut up in the castle of St. Angelo;—Stephen IX. wounded with a sabre by the inhabitants of Rome;—John XII., deposed by the Emperor Otho, killed in the house of one of his mistresses;—Benedict VII. strangled by a bastard of John X.;—Benedict IX. simoniacally bargain for a third of the pontificate, and then dispose of his portion by sale.

"I *saw* Gregory VII. canonized for having rendered kings, emperors and nations slaves of the tiara. I *saw* Cardinal Caraffa banter the people of Paris, who kneeled as he passed, blessing them with the words—"*qui vult decipi, decipiatur!*" I *saw* Leo write to Cardinal Bembo,—"*jam satis natura est: quantum nobis, nostrisque, profuit hæc fabula Christi.*"

"I *saw* the madness of Rome driven to the point of declaring herself infallible, and arrogating the sole right of interpreting the scriptures. I *saw* her simoniacally sell her sacred things to the best bidder; for Dante well says,—

> "Là dove Cristo tutto dì si merca."

"I *saw* her invent, in order to facilitate her universal domination, auricular confession; and, to aid her design of bewitching the senses, promoting a pompous worship. Imposing on the credulity of ignorance, I *heard* her speak the language of the dead. To secure to her rapacity the property of others, I saw her invent purgatory, indulgences, taxes on certain sins. To command respect, I *saw* her cry up celibacy; to attract veneration, I saw her, invent the celebration of mass, and give to the priest the magical power of turning a small portion of bread into a God, and then devouring him. Oh! acme of Roman perfidy, and of human gullibility! Well might Averose, the Arab philosopher, exclaim—"sit anima mea cum philosophis, non cum christianis, qui Deum faciunt, et comedunt."

"I *saw*—but to what purpose shall I enumerate the turpitude, the atrocities, the iniquity which I saw claiming affiance with sacrilegious Rome? In one word, I saw enough to make me an *atheist.* Yes, sir, I became an *atheist;* tremendous confession! but I could wish it were heard by all the devotees of Rome! Yes, sir, I say an atheist, the melancholy but natural consequence of the religion of Rome.

"I became an atheist, because I could not imagine that there existed a God, whose religion was destined to be the scourge of the human race, the herald of tyranny, the advocate of ignorance, superstition, and error,—would prohibit the reading of the sacred oracles, as they emanated from the hands of their author; would canonize the regicide; trample upon the sacredness of an oath; burst the bonds of civil society: plunge into misery the nations unhappy enough to adopt it, and render desolate the fairest of regions.

"Behold, dear sir, behold Spain, and its aspect will make you recoil at the idea of popery. Fix your eye on Rome, once queen of the universe, now surrounded by a desert of twenty-five miles, denounced from the tomb of Nero, devoured by a nest of vermin, and refrain from weeping if you can. Run your eye across and around your own dear Sicily, so populous in the time of Dionysius, now a desert that could not people the birth place of Archimedes; and, if in your power, refuse to divide with me the horror I have of the religion of Rome;—condemn if you can my atheism.

"I was, reverend sir, I was drenched in atheism, *but the Saviour of men was watching over me!* Having lost all by the catastrophe of 1815; and being persecuted by that papal fanaticism, which sways the thrones of Italy; I was, to my good fortune, thrown upon this *rock*,* where I found, like a star resplendent in a darkened hemisphere, a religion against which you have vehemently declaimed,† against which you have been launch-ing forth unmercifully during the season of Lent just concluded—I found the *protestant* religion, that is, I found the religion of the gospel. This faith has amply indemnified me for all my losses. *It has snatched me from frigid atheism!* It has re-opened to me the path of salvation, from which the religion of Rome had made me wander. By its means, I have learned better to appreciate the sacred word, and to confide in the unrequitable love and MERITS of the blood of Jesus Christ. It has taught me the true worship which man owes to God, that of the heart; it has taught me *not to confide in my own righteousness*, or in the intrinsic merit of good works, though these are indispensable to a living faith in Christ. It has unveiled to me the folly of trusting in the prayers of Romish priests, in the ideal sacrifices of their mass, in the power of confession to remit sins, or in the intercession of saints or of Mary. It has persuaded me, that there is but ONE MEDIATOR, the one great pastor, and only head of the church, our Saviour Jesus Christ. In fine, it has relieved me from the terrors of death, terrors which Rome renders more terrible, and particularly insufferable to those, who have not lands and treasures to consecrate to her.

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* Malta.—*Translator.*

† During his lent preachings, this Reverend gentleman had, *in Malta*, violently attacked the faith of England, and pointedly abused the missionaries.—*Translator.*

"As to you, reverend sir, when in the act of taking leave of this island, you offered your vows for its population; and although, in giving your blessing, you have forgot (an oblivion of duty undoubtedly aided by the spirit of intolerance,) what both Peter and Paul prescribed, by omitting in your benediction the generous government, which has permitted you to vomit forth your bile; although, in painting your fear, that after your departure for Sicily some *rapacious wolf* may make a spiritual slaughter of this population, you dexterously alluded to those pious *missionaries*, who promote both here and in all parts of the earth the spread of the gospel, and with it the felicity of men in this and in the next world; notwithstanding all this, I, who cannot allow myself to imitate your conduct, so much opposed to what the New Testament inculcates upon me, unite my supplications to those of all the pious protestants, and offer fervent prayers to God, that he may operate in you *that change*, which he has operated in me upon this rock, still unhappily desolated by the chicanery of Rome.

"Heaven grant that these prayers for you may be heard; since then, instead of exhibiting yourself as a preacher for Antichrist, an enemy, a detractor of those excellent men, who, in the sixteenth century, rent from the grasp of Rome, while in her zenith of power, and seconded by Charles V., the whole north of Europe; —you will become a propagator of the sacred evangelical truths, proclaimed by them to the universe. Yes, you will be a *Luther*, an *Ecolampadius*, a *Melancthon*, a *Zuinglius* of the country of Empedocles, of Archimedes, of Theocritus; you will snatch it from the talons of the Tyberian wolf, and assign a new era in the splendid feats of Italy.

" I have not had the pain, and perhaps may not go in search of the pain, of hearing your declamation against the religion of Christ; as it forms no part of my system to hear speakers, who have the whole talk to themselves. They tell me, however, you are truly eloquent and learned, and that you exhibit an amazing prowess at the serio-comic.* Avail yourself, then, of these gifts for the good of mankind; unfurl the banner of the gospel; plant it, since you are a Sicilian, on the summits of Etna, and waving it amidst the ebullitions of that volcano, be assured it will entail many terrors on the tyrants of conscience. The people of *Ausonia* will revive at the hope of witnessing the expiring struggle of Antichrist for power; and you, like the liberators of northern Europe, will be the delight of the human race, and have an eternal recompense in heaven.

" I cannot divine, dear sir, what effect will be produced in your heart by the perusal of this letter. Perhaps, though written with the best intention in the world, you may take it in *malam partem.* Possibly I shall have a recompense of complaints, calumnies, and heaven knows what. But, whatever may be the result, conscious of the rectitude of my own motives, I shall not at all fear, and will say with the prophet,—" Let them curse; bless thou, O Lord!"

" May heaven preserve you, reverend and dear sir; and pray have me always in the number of your devoted servants.

(Signed) CAVALIERE GIUSEPPE TORDO.

" To the Rev. Frate Lettore Giuseppe da Catania."

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* " Che lei abbia una bellissima comica," is a chaste and caustic form of expression, which I in vain attempt to put into English.—*Translator.*

To revert for a moment to Dr. B. and "The Knights." After perusing the volume, as he said, his confidence in the dogmas of the papacy were shaken. One night he sent an Abate to request an interview with me at his own residence. Mrs. Wilson pressed me not to go. "You know," said she, "the bitter feelings of this man against you," &c. &c. In short, her allusions were to several demonstrations that had been made. Among these Dr. B. had taken legal opinion with a view to prosecute me for libel, but had been discouraged.* And it was about the same time that a mob of ten or fifteen thousand natives, encouraged by the presence of the priesthood, assailed the Wesleyan missionary and myself, and absolutely, in the open street, stripped the pall from the coffin of a native professor, whom we were conveying to the grave. On another occasion, when a persecuted native protestant took refuge in my house, it was surrounded by an immense crowd of the islanders, and but for the timely interference of the civil authorities, it is probable that myself and family would have been murdered on the spot.

These and similar circumstances, on the ground of which I might, for a period, almost have said with Paul, "I die daily," induced Mrs. W. to dissuade my going, under the impression that a plot might have been laid for my life: I, however, deemed it a duty to brave the peril for the possible good. The result I have detailed.

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* It was intended to ground legal proceedings on the note at p. 160, "Sir Dominic," &c.

From a pale so deeply defiled as the papal,—from a system of impiety and imposture so cunningly devised to delude and to destroy, I do most earnestly desire the conversion of every unhappy adherent; and I pray God of his boundless grace, to deliver his *universal* church, both within and without the papal pale, from the spirit, and deeds, and impurities, and plagues of the great apostacy. The highly censurable treatment of protestant officers in her Majesty's service, the salarying of papal missionaries by our local authorities in some parts of the empire, the obvious increase of the papacy in Britain, the groundless notion that the papal church has changed her exclusive spirit, the melancholy proceedings of those most indiscreet gentlemen, who write the Oxford tracts, together with other considerations of vital importance, bearing most sensibly on the labours of missionaries in Malta, have induced me to extend these details beyond my original intention, and beyond their intrinsic merits and importance.

"*Forsitan et hæc olim memenisse javabit.*"

There was at this period a considerable movement in Malta. Several monks, a nun, and others showed the utmost aversion to the papal yoke. Padre M. threw off the monastic habit, and left the island; so did the capuchin who wrote the letter given above. Padre A. cast off the habits of the secular priesthood, and openly attended my Italian service. The nun escaped from her convent at Città Vecchia, and visited me for advice and protection. Another young monk was confined in the convent dungeon, to prevent his avowed intention of embracing protestantism. The Bible was finding its way into convents and families. The courts had been surprised to find some of the professors refusing to make oath on the crucifix, and meekly requesting the word of God. But in the midst of all this, it seemed the will of God that I should leave the island, and I obeyed. After all, Malta was not my field—" I was a debtor to the *Greeks.*"

CHAPTER IX.

THE SOTTERRANEO AT SAN PUBBLIO.—GROSS IMPOSITION.—SADIC THE EGYPTIAN.—SOLDIER SHOT.—EXECUTION.—RETROSPECT OF TWO YEARS IN MALTA.—DEATH OF TWO CONSULS.—EMBALMING.—DEATH OF MRS. LOWNDES.

Soon after landing in Malta, I paid a visit to a singularly grotesque exhibition, annually made in a subterraneous cavern beneath the church of San Pubblio at Florianne, just out of Valletta. This Pubblio, the reader has already learned, is the Publius named in the Acts of the Apostles. If one might credit tradition, he was " the first bishop of Malta ;" and possibly that early believer *might* have been a New Testament bishop, and the pastor of the first christian assembly in this island.

I descended into a subterranean grave, of almost equal extent with the large area of the church itself; spacious, therefore, and brilliantly illuminated.

In this " sotterraneo" I soon found myself encircled by a most revolting spectacle. In about fifty niches of the wall around me, stood as many dead friars, the real bodies, but shockingly defaced and mutilated, dressed in the grotesque habits of the capuchin order of monks. The surrounding walls were whimsically and fantastically decorated with the debris or separated bones of two or three hundred other friars, nailed to the seams of the stones and to plugs in the wall, and arranged in the forms of shields, swords, and trees. Two entire monastic skeletons were placed in the attitude of fencing, brandishing leg or arm bones for swords,—militant to the last. The *tout-en-semble* was not at all to be expected in such a place, and I could not but think it highly indecorous.

On one side of this subterranean area stood a tomb, most ingeniously fabricated of human bones, the debris of dead monastics, having an entire skeleton within, fully exposed to view through the osseous fretwork, which bore no small resemblance to a filigree cabinet. I was struck with the following instructive lines, placed near the head of the enclosed skeleton:—

> "Attend to me and understand,
> What thou art, I was:
> What I am, thou wilt be."

To repose the eye on a moral so requisite, and so *bien a propos*, in a place abounding with silly and sickening pictures of what is styled purgatory, was quite a relief to the fatigued mind. I may here observe that this place is only open on that great purgatorial festival—"All Saints day," that only day of the year when the kind-hearted hierarchy pray for all saints in purgatory without the bank-notes of the faithful. The purgatorial representations in the subterraneous cavern of San Pubblio are artfully got up to scare the natives into liberality;—infernals dragging souls to the droll smelting house of purgatory, full of horrifying flames; some souls almost buried in the flames; some nearly out; others rising into the clouds, and angels in the act of liberating the sufferers.

In this valley of vision were two bodies, which, one of the monks informed me, laid claim to what the papal pale styles canonization, that is, to hold the rank of "saints," and stand in the calendar as *mediators*. That St. Paul says there is but "one mediator between God and man," is of no importance, for "the church is infallible in all its ex-cathedrâ decisions."* I approached these skeletons.—"These," said the monk, "claim canonization." "Then what are they doing here?"—"The question is not yet settled at Rome."—"What question?"—"Whether they are really saints."—"How is that?"—"Why, no miracles have yet been wrought by their bones, and their living relatives have not been able to defray the heavy expenses of a trial at Rome?"—"What trial?"—"Any human body prefering a claim to canonization, must undergo a trial like those in courts of law. An ecclesiastic acts as advocate for the candidate relics, while a second performs the part of a demon, raking up whatever he can against the candidate, to prevent his attaining the high honour of saintship. After both parties have finished their statements, the decision is pronounced by an appointed judge:"—"And who pays the process?"—

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* 1 Tim. ii. 5, 6. If the church of Rome is right, it follows that Paul is a heretic, beyond the power of quibbling. See also 1 Tim. iv. 1—6; and Tit. i. 5—9.

"Oh, the friends of the man or woman tried."—"Does the man who acts Satan's part at the trial, tell all he knows of the candidate's faults?"—"Of course. The man who acted this part at the trial of the bones of St. Francis, alleged against that saint, that when a mere boy he played at bowls; but this objection was over-ruled."—"Are the expenses great?"—"Very; in fact, it is for want of money that these two bodies remain here unsainted." Any attempt at comment is superfluous.

In the nave of a chapel above this singular locality, stood a large temporary funeral pile, encircled by about fifty ponderous blazing tapers,* and supporting a box supposed to contain the ashes of numerous "ancient saints:" but whether ancient or modern, bones human, or bones brutal, superstition has, in general, neither inclination nor intellect to enquire. If these things excite in the beholder the same kind of sadness, that one feels at sight of any great humiliation of our species, the end is secured; the animal spirits are sensibly affected, but the mind is unfed by saving truth. Round this funeral pile I observed the following legends:—

"Weep before the relics."
"Brethren, pray for us."
"Rise and liberate us."
"Lament over the dead."

These legends, appealing at once both to the heart and the purse, draw a tear to the eye and a shilling to the hand. "Merciful Saviour!" said I to myself, as I quitted this scene of humiliation, this valley of dry bones, "pour upon the erring churches of these once favoured lands the light and truth of thy gospel."

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* The wax candles in the churches of Malta, are usually about four feet in length, of the bulk of an inkbottle, and weigh probably three pounds each.

I shall here translate one of those characteristic documents, occasionally put forth abroad, and constantly sold in Italy, to excite the public to liberality in the payment of masses for the dead. It purports to be a letter from the souls in purgatory. At the head of the letter stands a frightful picture of the place, flanked by a couple of death-heads and cross-bones; and beneath, are some *ad captandum* lines which I may thus translate:—

> "Whoe'er devotes himself to souls,
> Tortured on purgatorial coals;—
> Whoe'er becomes a devotee
> To us poor souls and, Mary! thee;
> Shall find in both, whene'er they die,
> Warm advocates above the sky."

This affecting document, then proceeds:—"We, most disconsolate souls in purgatory, make known to you, that being far from our native country, Paradise,* and being forgotten by our friends and relatives, who no longer make us their *pious remittances;* cannot settle the heavy debts we have to pay to the fire of divine justice. We therefore recur to christian courtesy, to receive some charity, by which to liberate us from these intolerable pains, and that we may attain to the realms of the blessed."

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* Jesus said to the dying thief: "*To-day* shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Surely if any have need of a fiery purgation, it would have been essential to this malefactor.

"We promise to succour you in your need, to keep you far from afflictions, to defend you against your enemies, to protect you in the most desperate perils, even from the sword of an assassin. These are not hyperbolical professions; for our benefactors attest them by their continued experience."

"But what is more, we promise to ask for you the grace of perseverance. Should you unfortunately fall, we know how to obtain for you, by our intercession, the grace of repentance, to patronise you, in death, against demons who may tempt you, to assist you as advocates when you shall render to divine justice an account of your past life: in fine, should you, in consequence of the weight of your sins, leave the world to be purified in these flames of purgatory, and be forgotten by *your* relatives and friends, it shall be our business to find you some devout persons among the faithful, who may liberate you from purgatory."

Frightful! This from a pale professing the faith of the gospel! But this astounding document actually comes forth under the sanction of "the Royal Congregation of St. Mary Vertecœli of Naples," and the printer's name is Angelo Coda. Imprisoned within a pale of the nominal church, which thus fearfully abandons that simple truth of the christian scriptures, "the blood of Jesus Christ, the son of God, cleanseth *from all sin*," who does not see that Italy and Sicily and Sardinia and Malta require all the aid that missionaries can render, by circulating the Bible, and by making to their erring inhabitants a fresh statement of primitive christianity?

Could the carnal monastics, who forged this pretended "Letter from the souls in purgatory," really believe in christianity? Could the authors of such dreamy nonsense ever have read the Bible? Could the importers of the pagan theory of purgatory give bonâ fide credence to it, and yet refuse to say masses for tortured souls without an equivalent? The ministers of Christ "must live of the altar," but why resort to means so base, when an honourable course is marked by the high sanctions of God and of reason? Oh infidelity! the demon may rave, but he has some excuse. Most devoutly do I wish prosperity to missions on the continent, as also to the isles of the Mediterranean, and that our Roman catholic fellow subjects would but dispassionately consider with how corrupt a communion they stand allied. To unmask this gainful imposture, I often made it a subject of conversation, of preaching, and of tract-preparation; and I doubt not that very many in Malta have learned to view this "monster," as even the dying cardinal Perrin styled transubstantiation, in a light not very promising to its perpetuity.

My servant went one day to hear a Maltese sermon, as he had a complete knowledge of the language. The preacher soon began a quixotical crusade against knowledge. "Last week," said he, "a man came to me to confess. As he displayed some acquaintance with the holy Bible, I began to sift him. ‘Have you a library?’—‘Yes.’—‘What books?’—‘Among others I have the Bible.’—‘The Bible!’ exclaimed the preacher aloud in the pulpit, at the same time laughing in real or affected contempt; ‘ah! we know whence that book came. The man who came to confess knew all about Genesis, Exodus and the rest; but with all his knowledge he was ignorant of the seven sacraments, and the commands of the church. Yes, yes! and so the people are beginning to read the Bible!’”

Now, all this is natural;—natural in the preacher, because he was “blind;” natural in the people, because “the blind led the blind.” But I was at this time putting into circulation that blessed volume, “which is able to make us wise unto salvation, through faith in Christ Jesus.”

A missionary to Malta or Greece has very slender means of intercourse with Turks or Egyptians, so few are resident in these lands. At times, however, I have had some small interchange of thought even with them, and the Bible Society of Malta sends among them the word of life. One evening, just as I had finished the preface to a Greek work, a native of the classic land stepped in, accompanied by Sadic Gibraltar, son of Ismael, admiral of the Egyptian fleet. Sadic was a sort of commercial agent to Ali pasha. Ere we had been long together, I asked Sadic if he had seen the Turkish New Testament. He had, and complained of the style. “Have you read the Koran?” asked Sadic.—“I am now perusing it," was my reply. "What do you think of it?"—"I do not conceive it has any just claim to a divine original." This led us into a long debate on the respective claims of Christianity and the religion of Mohammed. I found Sadic no dialectician. He soon grew warm, animated, angry, *furious*, and rising, bowed very politely with this remark; "I'll retire, for I may incommode you." So saying, he left me rather abruptly. Though this disciple of the eastern impostor felt so fervent and almost quixotic a concern for the honour of Islamism, I believe he was an infidel, as many Turks and some Egyptians are. Paul's disputes were not in vain, nor will I despair while we have the same God with us.

Some time after this, Sadic returned to Egypt. On reaching Alexandria, the pasha, or as we usually say in England, bashaw, invited him to dine. After dinner, this singular ruler of slaves farther honoured Sadic by proposing a walk in the gardens. On reaching a certain part of these inclosures, they came upon an appalling sight,—men with drawn cimeters in their hands. The pasha gave the sign, and poor Sadic's head was off in an instant. I was informed of this shocking fact some time afterwards, and that the reason of the execution was the anger of the pasha at something Sadic had done, but what I never learned. Sadic was a handsome man,—fine face, full habit, rather tall, and a great admirer of English customs and English beauty. At the moment of a death similarly violent, Chrœsus remembered the words of Plato. Perhaps that holy Spirit, who "bringeth all things to remembrance," might remind poor Sadic of his conversation with an English missionary even to his salvation. "Who can tell?" "The day will declare it."

An execution I cannot endure. Some approve such exhibitions of justice as a necessary evil; but who gave us a right to punish *mind*, in a way so awful? It was with such revolting sentiments that I one day, in Malta, stood a distant spectator of a martial execution, the only one I ever saw. A poor soldier was shot for striking his officer. The spectators were numerous. The poor culprit, a Romanist, knelt on his coffin, his eyes bandaged, and his hands apparently crossed upon his breast. Six men had been singled out to execute the melancholy duty of firing at a comrade. After the religious and other preparatives, the command was heard,—"fire!" They fired, but he fell not. The ball or balls had pierced, but had not killed him. He moved his hand to a part of his breast. Another soldier fired, but missed! At length a more collected man placed the muzzle of his piece to the poor victim's ear, shot him through the head, and in one moment he had exchanged worlds.

His soul was now, of course, in purgatory. On this occasion I observed,—what is invariably a concomitant to such scenes in papal lands,—a number of persons in white tunics and masked, having in their hands purgatorial boxes, collecting money to defray the expense of masses "for the repose of his spirit." In Malta, purgatory is more present to the popular mind than, perhaps, any other dogma of the papacy. How, indeed, should it be otherwise? On almost all churches, and on the walls of all burial grounds, may be seen coarse representations of souls in flames, sculptured in stone; and inside the churches, painted in oil. Every Monday a box is carried round the streets of Valletta, and "*al errweeach*,"—for the souls,—is perpetually grating on the ear, as this box, daubed with purgatorial scenes, performs its perigrinations. At the church doors one reads the promise of an indulgence for "forty days," or "daily," or "perpetual," or "plenary," as each church may be gifted with power, or as best suits the object of the priests. That one never hears of a happy death-bed in the papal church, is no subject of wonder; for who *can* be happy, if the thought be present to the mind that the next moment lands the soul in a place of unutterable woes? I believe no Romanist is supposed to pass into heaven, save through that appalling state. But the voice from heaven says; "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; for they rest from their labours." Hence the many happy dying moments of such as hold by the word of God.

In 1820 another mournful spectacle was exhibited in Malta: six English seamen, comprising the captain, were executed on board the merchant brig William, for an act of piracy off Cape de Gatt. Having robbed the vessel, they skuttled her hull to sink both ship and crew, whom they had cruelly forced below. But after the pirates had quitted, the poor fellows, hearing the water fast rushing in, forced their way on deck, and escaped death by taking to the long boat. At the trial, I was grieved to observe the most unseasonable levity in the mate, one of the culprits; but when taken out to execution, these unfortunates manifested much contrition. Although one prefers an earlier repentance, yet he who saved a dying thief, could save a dying pirate. Of this mournful event I made a solemn improvement, and printed the sermon. The text was Eccles. xi. 9. Subsequently, when piracy became so rife in Greece, I published the same discourse in the language of that country.

A review of my first two years in Malta gave me much comfort. I had made some encouraging progress in the languages. I had seen reason to bless God for success in my ministry; and I had been instrumental in the establishment of a Lancastrian school in Malta, which has now existed for upwards of twenty years. It was at the request of Robert Foster, Esq., of Tottenham, that I bent some of my earliest thoughts to this important object. For about fifteen years, the pupils have generally numbered 600 of both sexes; but the school is now chiefly supported by government, and is not sufficiently scriptural. We had also, in the Malta Bible Society, of which I was joint secretary, secured by the agency of the Rev. W. Jowett, and at the request of the British and Foreign Bible Society, an Amharic version of the New Testament. For this translation, made by an old man in Egypt, who had had the honour of instructing both the celebrated Bruce and Sir William Jones, 1,500*l*. were paid from the funds of the parent society in England. This was subsequently sent to press. I had also, during those years, been much engaged in translating: a labour, the benefit of which my mission was destined to feel in following years. After all, I was sensibly alive to the very humiliating fact, that I had been an unprofitable servant, requiring pardon, not praise; and if my advice were of any importance, I should say, most urgently, to every missionary in the Levant; omit no occasion of doing even the smallest amount of good: be diligent both *εὐκαίρως καὶ ἀκαίρως*, "in season and out of season:" labour and supplicate; watch and toil: be grave and affectionate. Any dereliction of duty, any lost opportunity, remembered in subsequent years, might occasion you such self-reproaches as to embitter the enjoyments of life.

At this time God was pleased to try me not a little, by the death of the consuls of Spain and Sardinia, who had been most efficient helps in setting up the Lancastrian school; as also by some extremely cynical professors of religion, who for at least a year kept my mind in troubled waters. At times these things greatly weighed upon my spirits; but hope is a sweet ingredient in the cup of life; in one sense, indeed, "we are saved by hope," saved at least from despair and repining.

Don Alberto Megino, the Spanish consul, was a man of some excellent parts. After aiding in the formation of the Lancastrian school, he destroyed his domestic theatre in order to devote the wood materials to the fitting up of another school-room, which had been erected chiefly by himself at Zeitun, about four miles out of Valletta. This latter school is now almost entirely in the hands of the natives, and God's holy word can scarcely find a lodgment even in its lessons. To this school, as also to that of Valletta, I respectfully invite the continued attention of the Borough-road committee.

A few days before his departure, Don Alberto signified to my late friend, Dr. Naudi, already named, that his mind was extremely agitated at the idea of dying; and Dr. N. suggested to the attending priest the duty of "administering to a mind diseased." But alas! this man proved "a miserable comforter." Instead of pointing a laden conscience to "the Lamb of God," to "the blood of sprinkling," to "the sure mercies of David;"—"don't be afraid, Sir," said he to the consul; "you have been a very good liver; you have aided the school at Casal Zeitun; you have been charitable to the poor; you have not forgot the rites and claims of the church." Of the depravity of human nature, not a word; of the justice of God as satisfied by the finished work of Christ, not a word; of the work of the Spirit, not a word! Dr. Naudi gently remonstrated with the priest, reminding him of the publican in the parable. To lull conscience thus to sleep is awful. "To cry peace, peace, when there *is* no peace," is soul murder. A high authority has said, "when the blind lead the blind, *both* fall."*

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* Meritorious fasting came from the Peripatetics, and perhaps Paul alludes to this fact in Heb. xiii. 9; "Be not carried about with diverse and *strange* doctrines—which have not profited οἱ περιπατοῦντες, the peripatetics." The reader may see that our English version, in its uniform modesty, takes the words in a sense more general.

Don Alberto was of a noble Spanish family. He therefore willed that his remains should be transferred to Spain, and there be deposited among the ashes of his ancestors. I was present when his body was embalmed. The shocking operation commenced at nine P.M., and when I left at one next morning, all was not quite over. The operators, one of them a brother to Dr. Naudi, and all natives, began with the head. They sawed off the upper part of the cranium, and after extracting the brain, the eyes, and the tongue, the cavities were stuffed full of aromatics. They next removed the intestines; and these, too, were deposited in a case filled up with the same mixture. After gashing and slashing the fleshy portions of the body with long knives, the slits and apertures thus made were filled up with the same aromatic materials. Next day I went to see the body lying in state. It was dressed up in the antique costume of the knights of Castile or Arragon—slashed sleeves and brogues, garnished with ribbon ties, a cap and feathers, with a sword at his side.

The reflections originated in my own mind, on witnessing the repulsive process of embalming, were not at all in favour of this ancient usage, venerable as it may be by association with sacred literature. To me it seemed to have a tendency to blunt the moral sense; and, after all, the noblest part of corporeal man is removed in the process and lost to the body, notwithstanding all the efforts of love or of pride to nullify the sin-brought curse; "dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." For, what did I see tricked out in the knightly gear and harness of Spain?

the mere shell of my friend, while that which had been the seat of vitality, and of intellect, was utterly taken away.

In the sacred volume, mention is made of several who were embalmed, among the rest the human nature of Christ. Jacob was embalmed in Egypt, and forty days were required to complete the process, which must have been too costly a thing for the mass. But for most of these forty days, the patriarch's body probably lay in salt nitre, a part of the Egyptian process, which cost "a talent," about 300*l.* Dying in Egypt, Joseph was embalmed, "and put into a coffin," says our translation, but the Greek version, made in Egypt, uses σωρὸς, a heap, a mound, probably including the mummy chest; so that on the departure of the children of Israel from Egypt, they had only to remove this neat and inoffensive chest or coffin. The Israelites often *burnt* the bodies of the dead with spices, like the Romans.*

But the embalming of Christ differed again from all. Joseph of Arimathea supplied a large winding sheet, and Nicodemus a hundred pounds weight of myrrh and aloes; and having simply wrapped the body in these, they, on the *same evening*, laid it in an unfinished grave, cut in the side of a rock, such as one often finds in the east at this day. More ceremony they could not use, or take more time, because the Sabbath was close at hand. His friend Lazarus appears to have had a similar interment, save that no mention is made of aromatics. It appears, however, that those pious females, who visited the tomb of our Lord, on the morning of the first *christian* Sabbath, that of the resurrection, intended to embalm him more completely; if so, their pious design was frustrated, for " he was not there, he had risen." This was in itself a stupendous miracle, but had the Saviour's body been mutilated like that of Jacob, or Joseph, or like that of my esteemed friend, Don Alberto Megino, at Malta, the miracle had perhaps been still more surprising.*

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* Consult Gen. l. 26; 2 Chron. xvi. 14; and xxi. 19.

Whether Don Alberto was truly pious, is a problem I am content to leave with a fitter judge; but my other friend, Joseph Slye, the Sardinian consul, whom I lost about the same time, was one of the excellent of the earth, decided in his religious principles, and universally respected. His lady was a native of Italy, for whom I felt a high esteem; and her words, as she lay on the floor a disconsolate widow, I shall probably never forget: " *caro mio marito! ô Dio! perchè mi castighi?*"—my dear husband! O God! why dost thou chastise me?"

" Peace to the ashes of the pious dead!
Melita's sons! step gently o'er his head.
Shake not the sacred dust, but let it lie,
And wait the Saviour's visit from the sky."

Alas, my sister! nearly at the same time departed this life, at the mission house in Zante, Elizabeth, the beloved wife of my colleague, Mr. Lowndes. I improved her death from Rev. xiv. 13. " I heard a voice from heaven," &c. By request of her sorrowing widower I sent from Malta a grave-stone, having the following epitaph in Greek, as already stated; "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." But, for the grave of a missionary to the classic land, one might, without much offence to decorum, form an inscription on the model of that over the grave of Leonidas, and his slain band of Spartans at Thermopylæ:—

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* Some of the above ideas are supported by the learned Taylor, in his Edition of Calmet; article, Embalming.

Stranger! go tell the friends of Jesus, in Britain, that I lie here in obedience to the command of Him who said, "Go and preach the gospel."

CHAPTER X.

STATISTICS OF THE CHURCH IN MALTA.—SUGGESTIONS FOR A REFORM.—COMMENCEMENT OF THE REFORMED CHURCH IN THE ISLAND.—ANECDOTES.—ITALIAN SERVICE AND BOOKS.—ANECDOTES.—SHOCKING ADDRESSES TO THE VIRGIN.—THE RELIC VENDER AT NAPLES.—ANECDOTES.

In an island located as Malta is, at the centre of a circle of nations sunk in profound ignorance of primitive christianity, some Mohammedan and others papal, and so forming the two main branches of the great apostacy; it is obviously desirable that the principles of original christianity should obtain a permanent footing. Influenced by such considerations, I snatched a portion of time from the claims of the Greek mission; and, though Malta was not comprehended therein, I gladly embraced what seemed a favouring gale, to steer the barque of Truth into the port of Valletta. In other words, I began a "Reformed Church," the nucleus of which for a time betokened fertility; but it pleased God that my harvest should be but partial and scanty.

Relative to this "Chiesa Riformata Melitense," or reformed church of Malta, and also to the "Scuola Bethelina," or bethel school, I propose in the present chapter to furnish a few details. Should the reader ask, "to what purpose?" the reply is, they will show future missionaries to Malta what the island requires, what obstacles lie in their way, and what machinery is already prepared to their hand; in short, that there stands "an open door with many adversaries." Without professing any precise regard to dates, I shall single out from my papers such notices and remarks, such facts and suggestions, as may best serve the practical object in view; merely premising that, in the statistics of the chapter, I am not sure that the reader can place unqualified confidence, though it is probable I am not far from the truth.

Before, however, narrating the short story of the reformed church in Malta, I would respectfully submit to his excellency, the present governor, a few thoughts on what, as appears to me, a paternal and wise government may easily effect, with a view to remove those appalling evils that press so heavily on the spiritual and civil concerns of that loyal and estimable portion of the British empire. These hints may also be of service to missionaries, in the way of information.

The monastic orders form the papal legions, constitute a system of ghostly espionage on all the movements of society, and yet are maintained at the charge of the very nations and governments, over whose actions they sway an invisible but all-powerful dominion.

The revenues of the monks of Malta are sufficiently large, to allow much of the pecuniary resources of the island to be transferred to Italy, under legal pretences. But, as all church property was originally entrusted to ecclesiastics for the good of the community, while monasteries are an evil; and as the exportation of specie from Malta to Rome adds to the poverty of the island, and to the domestic afflictions of the people; it is most desirable that a stop, in some inoffensive way, be put to this abuse.

Of all the monks in Valletta, I believe the Augustines are the richest. I was informed by a native gentleman, that, after the expiration of their actual leases, their income, for only thirty monks, would be 16,000 scudes, or 1,330*l.* sterling.

The Dominicans live partly on their rents, but chiefly of the parish; for, as Pius V. was himself of this order, he gave them one of the two parishes into which Valletta is divided. That of the Dominicans comprises about three-fourths of the city, whose entire population is about twenty-five or thirty thousand souls. Strada Reale, the richest part of the city, forms the boundary-line of the two parishes. The Franciscans live on their estates, but the Capuchins are mere mendicants. Yet even mendicity, appealing to ignorance and gross superstition, is equivalent to real property; whence the high living of this order, and the abundant surplus given back in alms. The gamester ruins the heir, and then throws him back a shilling to buy a dinner. The storm wrecks the vessel, and then casts a fragment on shore to light a fire. The whole clergy, regular and secular, possess a *third part* of the island property.

The advowsons, or presentations to livings, lie in the hands of a foreigner, the pope. This is a most important fact, as it bears insufferably hard both on priests and people; involving an arrangement altogether unnatural, and obviously opposed to the moral truism, that the church of one nation should never be governed by that of another;—that no people or church is free, so long as a foreign priest has the right to interfere, or the power to command. This arrangement also impoverishes Malta. For example: not long before I left the island, a living fell vacant, of only 132 scudes per annum; and to defray the expenses of the bull from Rome for the cession of this living, not less than sixty-five Roman crowns, or sixty-five dollars, were remitted to the pope's officials. All similar payments are so much positively abstracted from the property of the people and of the island.

The monasteries and nunneries of Malta, according to information furnished me by an intelligent native, are as follow:—

In Valletta;—Dominicans, Carmelites, Augustines, Conventual Franciscans, Minor Franciscans or Osservanti;—each one edifice. The nuns of Santa Catarina, and of St. Ursola;—each one convent. That of Santa Maddalena was turned by the French into a useful hospital, and so remains to the present day.

In Città Vecchia;—Dominicans, Carmelites, Augustines, Minor Franciscans;—each one; also one nunnery of Santa Benedetta.

In Bourmolo;—one convent of Reformed Carmelites.

In Borgo;—nuns of the order of Santa Scolastica, and monks of the order of Capuchins;—each one establishment.

At Florianne;—one convent of Capuchins, and a species of conventual asylum for women who have not professed, that is, have not taken the monastic vows.

In Gozo;—monks of the Augustine order, those of the order of Francis, and Capuchins;—each one establishment.—Such are the results of ages of mistaken piety!

Now, since these establishments are unquestionably and confessedly a dead weight upon the island, and drain it of much that should support the labouring classes; since the property of these institutions was invested for the good of the people, not of the useless few who enjoy a life interest in it; and finally, since funds are so greatly needed to house and provide for a frightful number of mendicants and starving poor;—it does appear most desirable that the regular and secular clergy of Malta should be placed upon a footing entirely new, to comport with the progressing spirit of the age, and for the spiritual advantage of the natives. Were I a civilian, and had, as such, a moral influence in Malta; or were I connected with some of the influential journals of the day; I should write, and write, and write again, till the local government adopted some such remedial measures, as were applied by the pious catholic bishop of Prato and Pistoia for the reform of the conventual system within his jurisdiction, on discovering the gross licentiousness and other abuses into which they had fallen.

1. Let the vacant and useless convents be dissolved, and their revenues applied partly to the establishment of an hospital, or to augment the salaries of Maltese functionaries in those already existing, and partly to the Casa d'Industria and the Normal schools.

2. The revenues of all the other convents and nunneries might be banked, under the joint management of lay and clerical trustees; and, after deducting twenty-five or thirty per cent. for expenses and for useful purposes, let the remainder be applied to conventual uses; and thus the revenues of the convents will be kept within the island.

3. To relieve the civil and educational necessities of the casals or villages, let their convents be placed under such inoffensive restraints, by the application of bye-laws and otherwise, as may throw their revenues into local circulation. The surplus might go to the erection and support of useful institutions,—an orphan asylum and a refuge for the aged and infirm.

4. Let the priors be subject to the bishop of Malta, and no longer to the provincials at Rome. By such an arrangement, the interference of the pope in the affairs of the British empire would be in a great measure nullified, and the greater independence would thus be secured to the priesthood.

5. Let the hierarchy be inhibited from accepting of

real estate for masses *in perpetuam;* since too much of the country is already in their hands, which impoverishes the people.

6. Let the monastic orders be forbidden to receive novices before the age of eighteen, nor let any profess earlier than at twenty-five. The reason of the former suggestion is—that the small measure and peculiar kind of instruction instilled into novices, leave them utterly unfit for more honourable and useful occupations; so that as a youth, after serving an apprenticeship to the trade of carpenter or smith, feels himself bound, *from interest*, to follow up the business; so is a novice, after serving his novitiate, compelled to be a monk or starve. Too old to learn some useful trade, he becomes a convent mendicant, and a burden to his country.

Sir Thomas Maitland, governor of Malta on my arrival, made several most admirable changes in the ecclesiastical affairs of the island; among others, he introduced the mortuary laws of England, and practically abolished the right of asylum. Sir Frederick Ponsonby did more: he annulled the bishop's court, placed the hierarchy, with the exception of the bishop, under the jurisdiction of the civil courts, formally abolished the right of asylum, and entirely annulled a number of those religious festivals and processions, which add so much to clerical importance and waste so much of the popular time and resources. In fine, the Marquis of Hastings nobly relieved protestant soldiers and officers from some duties, in which a conscientious man, not a Romanist, cannot take part, as a believer in that holy Book, which awfully forbids all idolatry. Sorry I am to add my fears that the honourable intentions of this considerate nobleman have since been unaccountably frustrated; and I fear that nothing but an uncompromising act of the imperial parliament will avail, either for *Malta, the Ionian Isles, or India.* "Ἕως πότε, Κύριε; ἕως πότε!"

The event that first originated in my mind the idea of founding a reformed church in Malta, I shall now introduce. I was one day called upon by an intelligent and liberally-minded native, deputed, as he said, by about twenty of his countrymen, to obtain from me categorical replies to the following questions:—"If we openly profess the protestant faith, can we have, First, legal matrimony? Second, baptism for our children? Third, christian burial? Fourth, exemption from papal authority? Fifth, the communion?"

In reply to each and all I said, "*al certo che sì;*" most certainly. "Wherever the British banner waves," I added, "each subject is at full liberty to profess whatever faith he approves, and is protected in the enjoyment of his worship. So long as you profess yourselves of the papal church, you are of course subject to priestly authority; but the moment you declare yourselves protestants, that authority is annihilated."

Among the papers whence I extract these particulars, I find several notices which will break the unity of the narrative, yet they shall have a place here, as collaterally bearing on the subject, and as shewing the circumstances in which this reformed church was commenced.

My proceedings having drawn upon me numerous eyes, I was literally "a spectacle unto many," and occasionally was spit upon in passing along the streets; but I never would *see it*. On one occasion a padre of the Dominican convent, a papal missionary, valiantly declared his intention to defend the seven sacraments. I attended, and stood in the large conventual church, not far from the altar at which the preacher was standing, both of us surrounded by a crowd of natives and Irish soldiers. Rarely indeed, even in papal lands, have I listened to so much that was puerile and absurd, coupled with an equal amount of bigotry and indiscreet zeal. "Protestants," said this bold man, "affirm that there are only two sacraments, but Jesus Christ says there are *seven!* Jesus Christ says, whoever is not of the —Roman— catholic church is damned! We must defend our church to blood!"

As I was retiring, some one officiously drew off my hat, under pretence that I had put it on too near the door. I was immediately encircled by a crowd, many of them Irish soldiers with bayonets! to whom that imprudent priest had just been speaking of defending their faith to blood. The result was a general commotion in the church and street; and had I not happily been protected by a native, who almost dragged me at full speed, it is supposable that on this night my life and labours had closed together.

To the padre himself I addressed a note, inviting him to a private conference or a public discussion. I had subsequently but too much reason to fear, that this priest of the "holy" church was a man of grossly immoral conduct.

Throughout the entire Mediterranean the mass are extremely superstitious. I was once on a voyage to the coast of Italy, on board "La Sacra Famiglia," a Genoese. While sitting on deck anxiously awaiting the next breeze, our captain very gravely told us of a stupendous miracle. We had on our right and left the two islands of Marettimo and Pantellaria. Pointing to the former, he observed: "There was once in Barbary a christian slave, taken by the corsairs from that island on the starboard, Marettimo there. Well, his Barbary master observed him very melancholy, and that for a considerable time. So he one day asked him the cause. 'Why,' replied the christian, 'I wish to return to Marettimo—my dear native land.' And so the barbarian said, in a taunting way, 'Why don't you pray to the Madonna for deliverance?' The slave replied he had no doubt the good Lady Mary would rescue him, if he only prayed to her for the favour. Well, you see, that night his master was afraid his christian slave might escape; so he put him into a tub. Here the slave prayed to the Virgin, and then the tub flew off from Barbary, and scudded right across the sea to Marettimo, with the poor fellow inside and his master at the top."

About this time an Italian gentleman requested his name to be enrolled, as a member of the protestant church. I did so; but informed him that God alone could make him a christian. Nor did I consider that the recording of his name gave him a title to the holy communion.

My two next visitors were also, I think, Italians. On the kingdom of Christ, the soul, and the reformation, we had much interesting discourse for about an hour. At this time I also sold thirty or forty Italian Bibles and Testaments to a woman in Malta for Sicily and Italy; but they were introduced clandestinely, as the officious laws of those countries are still conceived and administered in the spirit of the dark ages. About the same time I occasionally felt, perhaps a *sinful* anxiety, lest some calamity should befall the island; as it might be ascribed to the anger of the saints at my efforts to enlighten the people; and in my journal I find as follows:—"Sunday evening, I was reading to my wife a remark of Newton on assurance; 'I would not give a straw for that assurance which sin will not damp.' While talking about this, the house began to rock by an earthquake, and continued its appalling vibrations for about fifty seconds, at two short intervals. How much is assurance to be desired in an earthquake! Twice I have enjoyed only composure and hope, when momentarily expecting to be engulphed in the foaming deep, once in January, once in December."

I was now surrounded by about thirty natives of Malta, to whom, for a year or so, I preached the gospel regularly on Friday evening in Italian. I composed a few Italian hymns, which, with some others culled from various sources, I had printed at Corfu, and these we sang in our worship. One of my own was a free translation of an English hymn on faith, a stanza of which is here added for any of my readers acquainted with Italian.

> "La fede, grazia salutar,
> Congiunta coll' amor;
> Beato chi la vuol cercar,
> Quel don di gran valor."

The lines are shockingly truncated, to clip down the verse to an English air; and are very faulty, I make no doubt.

Of some of my hearers I hoped well, but others of them were as unpromising, as the men of Belial who joined themselves to David. One was a marquis by courtesy, and by the same rule of polite nomenclature another was a count. One, a most worthy man, was an ex-colonel of Napoleon; another was the late Dr. Naudi. This gentleman was, I hope, a true believer, but painfully unsteady in his profession, timid to a degree, always vacillating between Rome and the Bible, and in the habit of avowing or concealing his principles *pro re natâ.* Another died in the faith, an excellent man. One seemed very sincere at first, but subsequently lost all simplicity of view, and was one cause of the temporary ruin of the Reformed church of Malta. Of another, whose child I baptized by the name of Lorenzo Wickliffe, and who proved himself most honourable, clever, sincere, and upright, I have the best hope.

It is now time to name a few books which, to help on this infant cause, I prepared and printed in Italian. The small book of Hymns has already been named. To that must be added " Christian Maxims," Watts' " First and Second Catechisms," which I enlarged, the second at least; and any missionary taking up this infant cause, may find copies of these works, as also of some others, with Mr. Lowndes at Corfu, or at the Mission House, Bloomfield-street, London. Except with this view, I might probably not have named these incipient labours at all. It was partly to the shuffling conduct of one professor already noticed, that I owe the loss of " *L'Archivio*," a large manuscript I had composed with the utmost care, and the loss of which I greatly deplore. It comprised, among other matters, an exposè of the nature, the principles, and the discipline of a christian church.

About this time a cause was pending, in which one of the professors had to give evidence. In papal countries the witness makes oath on a crucifix, that is, a cross bearing the image of Christ. When the judge presented this bauble, the witness requested the word of God. " What, are you a protestant?" enquired his worship.—" I am."—" Under what law were you born?"—" I was born in the Roman church." When he made oath, the spectators spat on the ground, and crossing themselves observed to each other, " He has denied Christ."

On the first of January, 1826, four Maltese sat down with us at the Lord's table; thus openly attest-ing their recantation of the errors of the papacy, and their reliance on the blood of atonement. May it appear in the last day, that they were "Israelites indeed!" For myself, I rejoiced with trembling. The professors were soon called to trials, but I encouraged them to look to "the great cloud of witnesses," but especially to Jesus their Lord. The population refused to deal with them. A working goldsmith informed me that "the consul" of that craft, whose duty it is to assay and stamp the value of gold and silver articles, refused to receive from his hands a piece of work, and desired him to lay it down and retire, as if contact with a believer in the Bible would contaminate a worshipper of the beast.

A rumour soon spread through the city that this professor was walking on the bastions in the evening, when, in a fit of despair for having abandoned "the only true church," he hurled himself into the deep rocky foss below, and was dashed to atoms. But others affirmed it was altogether a miracle, for a number of demons threw him down, and then flew away both with his body and soul. It was, I suppose, a mortification to these charitable folks, to find him next day raised to life again, and walking the streets without the scent of sulphur upon his raiment.

A young man, who subsequently died, I hope, in the faith, gave the following information:—"Some months since," said he, "I was very ill, and expecting to die; I called a priest. He came. 'My son, said the priest,' 'you must confess.' I did so, but still found myself unrelieved by sacerdotal absolution. This I told him, and asked what I must do for consolation. ‘Three times a day,’ said the priest, ‘for eight days, kiss the earth on your knees, five times at each season of devotion; and at the end of these days you will find your sins forgiven.’ But, said I, father, I am afraid I shall die before the eight days pass: what then? ‘If,’ replied this miserable comforter, ‘if you die before eight days elapse, patience, my son; there is purgatory, and that will do all the rest.’”

It was not long before persecution induced some to conceal their principles, and one or more retired altogether. The priests forbad others to reason with missionaries at all, and Padre G. told the late Mr. Fisk and myself, that a true catholic ought to believe blindly, “*ciecamente*,” whatever the church teaches. “Try the spirits,” is an inspired maxim, but not a papal one. Padre G. reminded me of Bellarmin, who gravely affirms, that the sublimest faith possible was exhibited by a poor collier in the following conversation with his priest:—“Well, my son, what do you believe?”—“I believe what the church believes.”—“Very good; and what does the church believe?”—“The church believes what I believe.”—“Very good again; but what is that which you and the church believe?”—“Truly, father, that I cannot tell, but I know that I and the church both believe the same thing.” This, the cardinal affirms, is the sublimest kind of faith;—it is, in fact, the blind faith of Padre G. in Malta. “To give a reason of the hope that is in us," forms no part of the sublime faith of Rome. On the principles of implicit faith, or blind assent, a man may be a Mohammedan, Jew, or Pagan with an equal amount of sense, intelligence, and piety.

One evening I offered the natives a few strictures, by way of sermon, on one of the prayer books used in the island, a poisonous volume replete with the absurdities of the fathers. As a specimen, I single out and translate what follows, that the reader may see what need Malta has of missionary labour.

"O Mary, my queen! you are called by Dionysius, the Carthusian, the advocate of all the ungodly who fly to thee.* O great mother of God! undertake my cause. It is true I have behaved too wickedly to your son; yet, if you only tell him that *you* defend me, it is enough. My dear mother, save me!!"

"O most lovely lady! I feel encouraged on account of what was said by pope Innocent III.—'Who has ever invoked *her*, and was not heard by her?'† And who, indeed, was ever lost that had recourse to you?"‡

"Mary! Mary! thy name is my defence."

"We follow the celebrated saying of St. Bernard, 'that God dispenses no grace, but through the hands of Mary!'"

Dolce Maria!
Speranza mia!
Chi può mai scordarsi di te?
Abbi, ô Regina! pietâ di me.

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* "Advocate omnium iniquorum ad te confugentium!"

† "Quis invocavit *Eam*, et non est auditus ab Ipsâ?"

‡ The Italians often address saints, and God himself, in the plural.

Sweet Mary,
My hope!
Who can forget a friend like thee?
Pity, O queen! take pity on me."

"O full of grace! Mary! loose my tongue to sing thy praise. Fountain of grace! Mediator between God and man! ONLY refuge of sinners! have mercy on me."

Horrid! This mania for idolising a poor, sinful woman, is the wretched offspring of that officious law in the papal pale, which forbids honourable wedlock to all her priesthood. When I once suggested this thought to the prior of a convent in Malta, he shook his head, and replied, "I fear you are right." Is it not that carnality and coarseness of mind so observable in monastics, to which one must attribute the following ravings in the same book?—

"O Mary! how much I like that beautiful name, by which your lovers call you!—'lovely mother.'* Yes, my lady! you are indeed lovely. Your beauty and goodness have enamoured even God himself. The king has desired thy beauty. How fair art thou, my friend! all fair, and there is no spot in thee. I love you, O most lovely queen! and desire to be one of your greatest lovers. O most lovely mother! make me love you to an extreme!!"

Enough. If idolatry is a transfer to creatures of that love, confidence, worship and trust, which belong to God alone; who will say the church of Rome is free from such guilt? Let us hope that the Latin and Greek churches will ere long go back to the Bible for principles; and then errors so derogatory to the exclusive mediation of the Son of God will disappear. It is observable that fallen churches generally either oppose the scriptures or neglect them. One Sabbath, a Greek boy in the Sunday school at Malta, who was repeating from my enlarged edition of Dr. Watts' Second Catechism, on coming to two questions, on the *source* of christian doctrine and the mediation of Christ, told me he should pass over those, as the priest had directed him to omit them. These manifestations must be met in pity and forbearance by all missionaries: "in meekness instructing those that oppose."

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* "Mater Amabilis," so occurrent in papal prayers.

To what man may be degraded by a mindless superstition and a neglect of the Bible, may appear from a singular specimen of ideology, in a vender of monastic trash at Naples. The vender wore a mask and carried a guitar. He was surrounded by a mob of men, women and children, whom he had collected by singing aloud to his instrument, and by a hundred droll stories about every thing in the nursery, the calendar and the market. At length this merchant suddenly threw off his visor, laid aside his guitar, opened a small casket containing leaden crucifixes with other church wares for sale, and thus addressed the crowd:—

"Gentlemen and ladies! there is a time for every thing. Of jesting we have had quite enough. Innocent mirth is good for the body, but we require something good for the soul. With your consent, most illustrious *Signores* and *Signoras!* I will entertain you with something serious, something for which you will all bless me as long as you live. Behold this satchel, and see these precious gems which, lo! I shake out of it. I am just returned from the holy house of Loretto,* on purpose to supply you with these jewels,—jewels more precious than all the gold of Peru, than all the pearls of the ocean. Now, beloved brethren and sisters! you doubtless fancy I am about to demand a price for these holy crosses infinitely above your means, in order to indemnify me for the fatigue I have borne, purely for your good; for I have come all the way from that blessed house of Loretto, to this most celebrated city of Naples, the affluence and generosity of whose inhabitants are celebrated all the world over. But, no, my generous friends! of your liberality and piety I shall take no such mean advantage; for, though all these blessed crucifixes have actually touched the foot of that holy image of the blessed Virgin, which was painted by St. Luke, and though each of them has been shaken in the most holy porringer or saucepan, in which Mary boiled the pap for the infant Jesus; yet I disdain to demand a price at all equal to their intrinsic worth. I ask not a doubloon, no, nor yet a dollar, In short, from pure love to you, I sell them at a penny a piece."

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* "La Santa Casa di Loretto," fabled to have been transported by angels, from the city of Jerusalem to Dalmatia, and thence to Loretto in Italy. What a pity the inventors of the legend were not transported too!

To aid the infant reform in Malta, I printed, besides the things already named, translations of "Andrew Dunn" and the "Novelty of the Papacy.' With Dr. Naude's aid, I also prepared "The Two Covenants," and both this and the other works were printed at my request by the Tract Society of London. I also printed Archbishop Tillotson's admirable sermons on the scriptures and on transubstantiation. To aid the same work, I printed in London, since my return to England, at the entire expense of a pious servant of God, and in the Italian, "Proofs that St. Paul was a Protestant, and not a Roman Catholic." The members of the papal pale take it for granted, that all the apostles believed in the strange dogmas of that church—how should they know the contrary? They have not the Bible. St. Paul being the patron saint of Malta, or in the language of purer paganism, the tutelar deity of the island, it is important the natives should learn his real creed. This I show them in the work last named, by citing Paul's Epistles. I hope the brethren in Malta will help on their missions, by securing copies of these works, which may be obtained on application to Mr. Lowndes at Corfu. I do also trust the Tract Society may not deem them all unfit for fresh editions from the London press. What is printed in Malta cannot be put into local circulation, save by express permission of the governor. Such, at least, *was* the regulation; but I hope a law so un-English may have been allowed to drop, by this time, into merited oblivion.

The unworthy conduct of some of the native professors, drew disrepute on the cause at an early period of its existence. One day Signor G. came to my house *drunk*. I desired him to retire, and refused to converse with him. Next day he came to make his apology. "I must," said I, "as a faithful servant of Jesus, warn you that you are going to hell. To treat you as a christian, by giving you my hand, is out of the question. You ruin your soul, dishonour God, and lose your character in society." His promise not to be again guilty was not fulfilled.

After the Italian service one Friday evening, Dr. Naudi told me a shocking fact. Of Malta monastics, indeed, decorum forbids details that might be given; but as this anecdote is characteristic of general society in that island, I see not that it should be withheld. A monk, said the doctor, dressed himself as a peasant, and visited a house of bad character. While there an uproar occurred, and he was effecting his escape, when the police officer seized him and put him in ward. Learning afterwards that he had in custody a holy monk, he became alarmed, and allowed the man to retreat to his monastery. Next morning he went to the conventual church, when, to his indignant surprise, he found this very monk in the act of saying mass. He had expected to find him suspended at least; but at that time Sir Frederick Ponsonby's act, placing the priesthood under civil jurisdiction, had not taken effect.

'Tis not enough, O priestly race !
To lave the hands, the head, the face ;
'Tis not enough, O priestly race !
A holy God will scan the heart ;
Ye must from guilt internal part ;
A holy God will scan the heart.*

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* The above is a free translation of a most felicitous palindrome, engraven on the laver of the church of Santa Sofia, at Constantinople, now a Turkish mosque. The original is as follows: " *Νίψον ἀνομήματα, μὴ μόναν ὄψιν*," which the Grecian may observe, reads both ways precisely the same. The modern Greeks style such verses *ϛίχοι καρκινοὶ* or *καρκινικοὶ*, crab verses, in humorous allusion to their sidling movement.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ROMAN CONSUL.—SHOCKING SCENE.—BOOKS.—CONVERSATION.—ANECDOTES.—NOTICE OF MANUSCRIPTS.—THE WICKED MONK.—ANECDOTE OF A MARQUIS.—DREADFUL STORM OF THUNDER.—ANECDOTES.—LA SCUOLA BETHELINA.—DR. NAUDI.—CONCLUDING REMARKS.—HINTS TO MISSIONARIES IN MALTA.

WHY these brief notices of an attempt, not connected with the more special object of my mission, are here presented, has already been stated. For the same reason, I may occupy another chapter in completing the narrative.

The apparent location of an evangelical church in Malta, drew down much indignation on us all. A gentleman calling himself "the Roman consul," averred his firm determination to demand of the Governor "*pienissima soddisfazione*," plenary satisfaction, because one of the professors had affirmed to two priests, that the Roman patriarch was deceiving the Maltese with jubilee bulls. The worthy consul seemed subsequently to have learned, that there are people in the world who have the right of freedom of thought, and that British law and an inquisition cannot exist in the same country. About the same time, another professor was tried and punished for some civil offence. This greatly injured the cause. A large crowd surrounded the court, and, on learning the result, the man's own brother could not conceal his joy, and remarked—"We'll have them all before long."—"They will kill you," said Jesus, "to do God service." In learning to respect the right of private judgment, and the sacred claims of conscience, the world is amazingly slow.

I am now to relate a shocking scene. On the 5th of August, 1826, the first Maltese that called on me to declare his love of the reformation, lay dying. I tried to lead his mind to the sinner's friend. The priests solicited him to confess, but in the external faith of the Bible this poor man remained firm to the last; yet I did not see clear or even probable evidence of a change of heart. Not wishing the bystanders to hear all our conversation, I addressed him in French. The room contained about forty persons. After conversing, I knelt down and prayed with the dying man. After his death, the methodist minister and myself arranged for his funeral. A British officer lent me the garrison hearse. The procession started at 5 P. M. for Florianne, to about half a mile distant, where lay the grave. We soon found a crowd gathering from all parts of the city. The procession was surrounded by hundreds, and afterwards by thousands. The multitude soon began shouting, hooting, whistling, and screaming. In a few minutes the scene became terrific. They closed in upon us; hurled stones; and placed our life in obvious peril. But, in the midst of all, we kept our ranks and our decent pace, though the rude beings laid violent hands on the very coffin, and half tore off the pall.

As soon as we arrived in Piazza San Georgio, before the palace, I ordered the procession to stop, and, crossing the square amidst much indignity, I addressed the officer of the main guard and claimed military protection. At an outrage so indecent, the British officers signified the utmost abhorrence, but the captain told me he could not act officially, till the civil authorities should be present. He therefore forthwith sent off for peace officers, and meantime kept the savages at a distance by means of his soldiers.

We now set forward afresh, being flanked on each side by a picket of soldiers with bayonets charged. But even their presence could with difficulty open us a path through the dense crowd of natives, whose screams, and yells, and missiles might have made a faint heart quail. " You see," said I, to the file under arms next me, " you see, my good men, what abominable scenes pass under the name of religion." " So it should be, sir," muttered a papal soldier in the rank, apparently an Irishman. The methodist minister, an American missionary, and myself were in carriages. The glass of mine was smashed. The whole island seemed to have got together. Our guard, conscious of its weakness, bore all indignities in silence. Such, doubtless, had been their orders. One of the soldiers had his head gashed with a stone.

Crowds of priests, mingling with this immense mob, wickedly excited them to continue this spectacle of indecency and of tumult. But the moment we passed out of the gates of the city, on our way to Florianne, these were immediately closed against the mob, except about two or three hundred, who had pressed through along with the funeral procession. These lined the ascent, and together with others from the vicinity, surrounded the grave-yard, and shouted and vociferated during the prayers at the interment.

On re-entering the city, though still guarded by the soldiers with fixed bayonets, all former insults were renewed, perhaps even increased, and the number of priests surpassed calculation. These were as busy as the rest, and nobly exhibited the *odium theologicum*, the genius of the papacy. After reaching home, guarded to the very door by a military escort, or life had not been worth a straw, police officers and sentinels were posted both at my house and that of the Wesleyan missionary until eleven at night, but a patrole paraded the city *all* night to keep the peace.

Thus terminated a scene, at which humanity shudders, at which decorum recoils, at which religion, abashed by the abuse of her hallowed name, to sanction an act that might almost desecrate that of a fiend, retires and weeps. Alas, my countrymen! what ignis fatuus induces you to lift up your voice, in the senate-house of Britain, to confirm the falsehood that the papal church is now tolerant?—a house whose foundations, laid in the rock of freedom, still shake at the name of Sir Everard Digby.

This rebellious scene I firmly believe to have originated in ghostly intrigue. To deter the natives from embracing the gospel, the priests had all along declared, that if any Maltese should die a protestant, he must be buried as a dog,—that a broom would be placed over his body, and he cast into a common ditch. This menace had had much influence. "I wished," said a native, "that one of us might die, to set this question at rest." Now was the moment for demonstrating the falsehood of the priests, and all Malta seemed alive to the affair. Though unable to verify their idle threat, they resolved at all events to derange and disturb what they could not prevent. No demur was made by them, as to the legality of our proceedings; no pretension that to them pertained the right of preventing a regular interment; but to qualify or efface the favourable impressions likely to be made by an orderly sepulture, they had, it seems, formed their dark designs, and planned the indecent outrage I have very faintly described,—an outrage that requires no comment.

There are two books published by the Tract Society, which all protestants should carefully peruse; "The Days of Queen Mary," and "The Lollards." Highly spiritual, really interesting, and almost amusing, they suit the present age of Europe, which calls afresh for a calm and affectionate statement of those holy principles, on the ground of which so large a portion of it abandoned error, and returned to the primitive faith. Having for some time closely studied "The Memoirs of James II." I feel at a loss to account for the fact that this book, in three thick quarto volumes, printed by order of George IV., is edited in the genuine spirit of Rome. A work so designed to soften down a just dislike of the Stuarts, ought to have had a counterpoise in the protestant editor's notes; whereas every note leads the mind but farther astray.

It was very natural that such demonstrations as above described, should induce great caution in the professors. The following is a conversation with A. B. one of them. "Why do you not appear at my Italian service now?"—"I am still a protestant."—"What is your motive for concealing your faith, instead of making a good confession before many witnesses?"—"I may become poor, or blind, or sick, and who will aid me?"—"The primitive christians trusted in God, and Jesus says, 'if any man be ashamed of me and of my word, of him will I be ashamed in that day.'"—"But I must think of my family. An open profession might ruin us."—"Jesus Christ asks, 'What shall a man be profited, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'"—"But these are times, when one feels bound in prudence to conceal his principles."—"Did our persecuted Lord compromise, or did his apostles? Did not Daniel, when Nebuchadnezzar set up an idol to be kneeled to, refuse? and did he not pray at his open window?"—"I must in a certain sense confide in man: we have need of each other."—"Daniel confided in God, and was saved from the devouring lions."

I pressed his conscience with a solemn consideration of his awful situation at the bar of judgment, should Jesus finally declare, "I am ashamed of thee, as thou wast of me." A native christian of decided piety, it would not have been easy to point to; at least one of the holy, decided, devoted characters of earlier times: but it is the Spirit's work, not mine. Jesus himself preached for some time to few disciples, and those feeble in faith. Future missionaries to Malta may "enter into our labours," and so "the little one become a thousand."

A singular report now spread through the city. Such as have studied the mechanism of the church of Rome, probably know her habit of occasionally putting forth some "lying wonder," to keep up the implicit faith of her sons. This is not "bearing false witness against my neighbour." The report was as follows:—"A few days ago, a letter sealed in black was observed under an altar; and being read, was found to declare that on *a* Friday there would be an earthquake of frightful character in the island." This was perhaps designed to intimate the anger of the saints against us. *A* Friday was a very equivocal and safe sort of prophecy. Malta rocks with frequent earthquakes, and surely *some* Friday might convince the natives that heaven was angry with the heretics. The pagan oracles were of the same ambiguous character. Thus,

"*Aio Eacidas Romanos vincere posse,*"

a pagan prophecy during the wars of ancient Rome, which may signify either that the Romans should conquer the Eacidi, or the reverse; so that the credit of the oracle was in either event perfectly secure. This letter was from some saint, and as the Jubilee of 1826 was now closing, it is probable this figment might have been intended to effect what that had failed to achieve—frighten back our few enquirers after truth.

One day the prior of a convent called on me, with a small Latin pamphlet just out, containing the theses or debates that had recently been held in Valletta, by the candidates for holy orders, in the presence of their tutors. On reading them over, I found that one of them was an attack on "The Novelty of the Papacy," printed by the Religious Tract Society, which I had been circulating. The thesis was as follows:—"Against an opuscule entitled, &c., we maintain, from Melchior Canus Dux, that the divine Peter was instituted by Christ, head and pastor of the universal church."—"Well," I said to the prior, "if these priests will only send me their very able arguments in support of this dogma, I will print the whole at my own expense, with a reply." I heard no more of it. So public a notice of the tract I have named demonstrates the fact, that its admirable argument was felt. It was translated from a pamphlet which appeared in the Manchester controversy, between a papal priest and the late venerable William Roby. The London Tract Society will, it is hoped, kindly exert themselves in its continued circulation, in Malta, Italy, Sicily and Sardinia. It is an excellent version of an excellent tract.

In arguing one day with a native, on the right of all to read the Scriptures, he was struck with the following hypothesis, more than by stronger demonstration. "Suppose," said I, "you had a kind father in London or Barbary,—that this father wrote you a letter,—that the letter fell into the hands of your priest, who boldly forbade you to read it, but promised to tell you the contents;—would you not think yourself fully entitled to read it yourself?—would you thank the officious priest, for thus impertinently stepping in between yourself and your parent?—would you not question his motives?—would you not suspect the man of some dishonesty? Now, your father in heaven *has* sent you a letter, the Bible, and you have as much right to examine its contents, as those of a letter from an earthly parent." To a missionary among the misled children of Rome, this is a most important point. It was by the discovery and reading of the long-lost Bible, that a pious Hebrew king reformed the Jewish church, swept away its trash of traditionary lore, and brought back its ministers to the written oracles. So Luther, by the discovery and inculcation of the same heavenly, unalterable, and eternal truth, shook the usurped authority of the aspiring bishop of Rome. No wonder the Bible is disrelished and feared, or that so many attempts are made to extinguish this "candle of the Lord."

From one of my hearers, who, with his excellent lady, bids fair for the kingdom, I received the following note:—"I can with certainty state, that the perusal of 'Father Clement' has completely opened the eyes of a present member of my family, who has read it several times with real satisfaction, and is now determined to renounce the errors of the Roman church." It is with gratitude that I add, she did so, and from that day never again entered a papal church, up to the period of my departure from Malta, which was about six years after her conversion. The gentleman himself had been a member of the papal church, but was many years one of my hearers, up to the time of my return to England. "Father Clement," one of the late talented Miss Kennedy's best works, is printed in French. Mr. Lewis, missionary at Smyrna, sent me an Italian version of it; but for want of funds I durst not embark in it. I have also by me, *now*, an admirable treatise by the late Dr. Naudi, in Italian, "On the Nature of a Christian Church." A right-minded missionary would give his wardrobe to print it. It is designed for papal minds, and penned by one who well understood a papal mind's disease. I will most thankfully resign this valuable manuscript, to any friend of the Saviour's cause, who will promise me to print it, and pledge me a copy. An edition of one thousand would probably not cost beyond 20*l*.

To those protestants, who are in the habit of lending useful books, may I be permitted to recommend "Father Clement?" "*Talibus auxiliis tempus eget*:" the age requires such aids. Among my own manuscripts, also, have long been slumbering several works, in reply to papers addressed to me abroad.

Should any affluent friend of the Redeemer, longing for the complete downfall of antichrist, request me to resign these manuscripts for publication, or to edit them myself, I shall most readily comply.

While our little reformed church was buffeting with enemies without, and false friends within, a shocking event transpired in Malta. A capuchin monk was found with a young person recently married. This sin he had been in the habit of committing for some time. Being of a turbulent spirit, he often fought the other monks; but in those abodes of unhappy recluses, such events are by no means infrequent. This monk had been compelled to adopt the monastic habit by his parents. When taken, it was proposed to put him into a close carriage for secresy, but his conductors in vain endeavoured to obtain his consent; and as he walked along the streets, he repeatedly exclaimed aloud: " We are slaves!—it is cruel!—the methodists do right to marry!" When asked how he could act in a manner so scandalous; " How," he replied, " does his reverence—maintain *his* family at home?" What a pity, that ever since the twelfth century, this vain and foolish attempt has been made, to thwart the sacred laws of God and of nature! What a crime, to oppose the restrictions of fallible man, to the sanctions of infallible truth! The abused Roman priesthood made a long and vigorous, but fruitless struggle, to follow the law of God, before they were compelled to submit to the infatuated pope. Even as late as the tenth century, the popes had their lawful wives and families at home. The priests of Malta, and those of Greece too, curse the addle-headed ascetics, who reduced them to their present lot.

Finding our mission-house too small for the printing and binding establishment, I entered on treaty for one belonging to a native nobleman, the Marquis Testaferrata. It is the custom in Malta to sign a contract, drawn up by a notary public. I found the first article worded thus: "No religion whatever shall be taught in the house, contrary to the holy catholic and apostolic faith." "Marquis," said I, "to that article I will by no means consent."—"Then, sir, we have not understood each other."—"Sir, I am in this island as an humble representative of the protestant church, and cannot admit the existence of a public document containing such a precedent, a humiliating article, that may be cited on other similar occasions."—"Did you not consent to this?"—"Yes, but not that it should appear in our contract. The cause of the Bible is that of God and of truth; and I cannot consent thus to humble it. My word is enough—a promise is equal to an oath." The article was expunged. This conversation transpired between the Marquis and myself when *alone*.

At the notary's arose another difficulty. This gentleman proceeded to read the contract prior to signing. I then found that after enumerating all the pompous titles of my landlord, he announced me as simply "Signor Wilson." "Pray stop, Mr. Notary," I said, "in the rough draft you have copied from, I am written the Rev. Mr. Wilson: why is my official designation left out?"—" Sir, I will not write it." " What is your reason."—" I am not at liberty to state it."—" This document is a public one: I must have my official name."—" If you insist upon the title, my labour is lost, and the affair ends at once." " Pray, is your difficulty legal or personal?"—" It is personal."—" Then, sir, I wish you a good day."

Taking my hat, I quitted the office, but had scarcely turned into the next street, when the Marquis overtook me. " Sir," said he, " you need not boggle at a title."—" My dear Marquis, the insult is not to me alone, or to the church I represent, but to yourself too. I am going to Rossignaud, to consult my last contract, made four years ago. If you have no objection, he shall draw out one for us. I doubt not he will be more respectful." After some objections, the Marquis consented, and the contract was made, signed and legally attested as a public record. On the tenacity exhibited by me on this occasion, readers will entertain different opinions. I add only one word of explanation. The priests of Malta teach the simple people, that the missionaries are mere laymen, and cannot benefit their souls. Legal documents are serious matters, and to me it did not seem the part of fidelity to the cause of God to act otherwise.

An event now occurred that occasioned me what must, perhaps, be deemed *sinful* anxiety—a fearful thunder storm. My fears were, lest it should strike the mission premises, and thus give occasion to the hasty conclusions of papal logic against the cause.

"Lord! have respect unto thy name," was a holy prayer after all. These storms are sometimes appalling. Only eight days previously, a thunder-bolt had struck a boat, and drowned a man and woman on their voyage to Gozo.

The storm I allude to burst upon us soon after I had taken possession of the house of the Marquis Testaferrata. It lasted from ten till midnight. The flashes resembled an unbroken stream of vivid white flame. The other storm had struck a papal church; this struck the cathedral. "I have heard many," said a native professor, "remark within these few days, that had your house been struck, it would have passed for a visitation against your cause." Mrs. W. was lying ill at the time, and one flash appeared to burst right upon her and the nurse. It was frighful. The nurse fell down in hysterics; but God defended us all. Next day I went to visit a house of sickness, when I learned a few additional particulars. In that very house, the lightning smashed a variety of articles, and set fire to a garment lying upon the bed, which was consumed to tinder. A poor sentinel was struck to the earth, but only stunned. The police officers of the night reported that the lightning all the time appeared like continuous floods of flame. All the bells of the city kept up an appalling peal during the storm; which is done to dispel the electric fluid. On the whole, this was the most terrific thunder-storm I ever witnessed in Malta; yet less damage was done than is usual.

I had in Malta many painful proofs of enmity to the word of God. One or two may be subjoined. A professedly christian body that fears, and cannot love the Bible, should seriously ask itself why. "Perfect love" would surely "cast out fear." One day a Maltese gave me this fact:—"A young female acquaintance had a New Testament. Seeing the last three or four leaves torn out, I asked her the reason; when she informed me, that a priest had torn them away. I asked her why. 'Because,' said she, 'he told me the last part was not fit or profitable reading.'" To this native I pointed out Revelations xxii. 18, 19, and gave him to understand that those verses distinctly condemn the entire traditionary system of the papacy. On another occasion a Maltese died, after refusing to confess to the priest. On searching his house, a New Testament was found, when, as I was told, "a priest remarked that that fact explained all;—that the refusal to confess had resulted from that cursed book!—*quel maledetto libro.*" "I wot that in ignorance" he had cursed the book of God; but what must be thought of a church where, even in the priesthood, *such* ignorance is found?

Before I wind up these brief details, it remains that a word be subjoined relative to "*La Scuola Bethelina*," or the Bethel School. This I established for daily elementary instruction. The school languished for a while, and finally dwindled to almost nothing. This fact was so much the more afflicting, as education is the lever to move Malta, next in rank to the direct proclamation of the gospel from the pulpit.

I still continued Italian preaching, and feel persuaded with much good resulting; but, though some remained firm up to the time I left Malta, yet the worthless deportment of others, in whom I placed too great confidence, occasioned the retirement of several professors, which discouraged the rest. Report even proclaimed that our old friend Dr. Naudi had returned to the papal pale, after often taking the communion as a protestant. Whether this were true or false, I know not. He is now gone before the judge, and is, I hope, with God. With the saving truths of the gospel, Dr. N., I fully believe, was well acquainted; and for some years he nobly endured much persecution, and lost for conscience sake a highly respectable medical practice. Had he stood firm! had he maintained his principles! had he stood fast in the liberty wherewith it is even yet hoped Christ had made him free! But that very estimable man is gone, and, "*de mortuis nihil nisi bonum.*" May all professors in Malta hold out as well and as long!

In conclusion, I only add my hope and prayer, that God may graciously prosper the brethren actually located on that interesting rock. Can the word of God be faithfully preached in vain? Never! "Thus saith the Lord; as the rain and the snow from heaven, return not thither but water the earth;—so shall my word be;—it shall not return void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

In closing this summary retrospect, I add my sincere and ardent prayer, that on the diligent and affectionate labours of all future missionaries the smile of heaven may rest. Fifteen years did our brethren toil in the fair isles of the Pacific, ere it pleased God to give success; yet, as that success came at length, so will it, beyond question, prove in the happy experience of Malta. Much has been done. Prejudice has been weakened. Mind, so long dormant in the lethargic repose of death, has been roused to enquiry. Ghostly chicanery has been unmasked. The Bible has been spread. Schools have been training the youth of the island. The press has furnished admirable elementary and christian books. Several reforms have been effected by the local government, highly creditable to its paternal character. English magazines are read by the natives. Galignani's dispassionate paper from Paris finds its way among them. The Malta Gazette has, of late years, been edited in a tone that reflects much honour on the government secretary, Sir Frederick Hankey. I was told by a gentleman in office at Malta, that a large proportion of the rising gentry have lost confidence in the papal faith, and incline strongly to scepticism. "The bread is cast upon the waters, and shall be seen after many days." If a stanza from Watts be not *mal à propos* here, I would thus give utterance to a sentiment, based at once both on prophecy and promise;—

"The Lord shall my best hopes fulfil,
In months and years to come:
The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,
Shall send the blessing home."

Without the salvation of souls, nothing is achieved. Short of *such* an effect, the most cheering result of missionary effort falls immeasurably below our aims. In this point of view, however, I entertain the most animating hopes; but beyond this general declaration I will not step, leaving the rest " to that day." That some have been truly converted I make no doubt; but to that statement neither modesty nor wisdom seems to suggest any addition. And as to the painful thought that, had we been more diligent, more humble, more prayerful, more on the alert, " we should have seen greater things than these ;" may that most humiliating impression improve the heart, and, instead of ending in useless despondency, and slothful regrets, may it prove a stimulus to more vigilant exertion in future!

The preceding details exhibit, in brief, the specific kinds of good, which divine Providence permitted us to realize from our operations in Malta, and in what respects we have failed. The advantages and difficulties peculiar to this station I have explained; and only add a few cursory remarks on the questions—What are the best missionary plans for Malta?—What may render facilities more efficient?—What may best nullify opposition? To this I solicit the notice of brethren, now in the island from other societies.

1. *What are the best missionary plans for Malta?*

In the foreground I place zealous, spiritual, regular *preaching of the gospel;* which, however, must partake some small measure of controversy.

Whatever others may say of a controversial ministry, I heed them not. That of Christ and his apostles was often controversial; and, in following such guides, I feel myself on firm ground. By controversy the reformation was effected, and, be it remembered,—Malta is a papal island. Small treatises, unfolding the truth of God, and exposing the heresy of the pope, in a mild, manly and spiritual style, followed up by friendly and assiduous intercourse with the priesthood and natives generally, are such means as God usually blesses.

In Malta a sleepless *press* is required; not so much for the locality, since works printed on the spot cannot be circulated, except by special licence from government, but to pour its productions into Italy, Corsica, Sicily, Sardinia, Greece, and other surrounding nations. For Malta itself, some clever devotional works should be printed in England, France, or Italy. Purged of their heresy, their own devotional books may sometimes prove the best for papal countries.

Add a *blameless*, *holy walk*, and an affectionate method of address. "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" and, "he loveth our nation," are a key to many hearts. An immoral missionary I never knew; but, if there *were* one, the sooner he would hide himself from the sight of those whom he would wish to be won over to truth, the better. A spotless reputation, united with love to God and man, I have seen produce, I had almost said, magical effects.

Let there be a *visible* missionary establishment, one to which passers by may point and say, "*there* dwells the missionary; *there* we can obtain books; *there* enquirers are heard, and worshippers assemble." The fault of the papacy is, building convents for drones; that of protestants is, hiring secular dwelling houses, in which even an ardent spirit is too frequently overlooked among the mass;—his house is so poor, the better sort shun it; or so fine, "the poor" are afraid of it. How often have I observed, that even in places where missionaries intended a *permanent* settlement, and God has thrown before them open doors, their efforts have been much impeded by their restricting themselves to a common dwelling house, instead of building a church, house and school rooms. I may also add that in the plan I submitted to our Board, in 1823, for our future operations in Greece, some reasons are, I think, assigned for my impression, that our Lord's plan of sending out his messengers two and two should not be so frequently overlooked. In fine, I humbly conceive a life of vagrant efforts, without a centre of operations, is seldom productive of permanent good; for which reason, while *one* missionary is a solitary wanderer, a colleague ought ever to remain at the chief station, to form the nucleus of a church, or foster one already existing.

2. *What may render local facilities more efficient?*

Let the missionary make himself complete master of the actual relations of this island with Britain, that he may fully know how far his missionary efforts may extend, without intrenching upon native rights. Without such knowledge, he may be stopped by ideal claims, or offend against real ones. Let him keep a good understanding with the local authorities. During all my long years in Malta, I never once attended a government or other ball, nor even a charitable exhibition at the *teatro;* but I *have*, at times, deemed it my duty to be present at a government levee, as a humble representative of the Missionary Society.

A missionary in this, or any other *papal* country, must be perfect in the theological points at issue, between revelation and the Roman apostacy. He must study Bible truth profoundly, and combat only the most accredited writers on the papal side. Then, though a statement of gospel truth is his usual business, he need not fear to enter the lists occasionally, provided he buckle on the divine panoply in the love of God and of mankind. But whenever he finds the mind fairly open to truth, let him drop controversy and preach the cross.

Whenever God shall really convert priests, their co-operation must be secured. But the utmost caution is required, as so many pretended converts press forward, "only for the loaves and fishes." Native talent is ever the most efficient, provided the agent be a changed character—a holy man.

3. *What may best nullify opposition?*

Holy deportment—a mild carriage—reasoning out of the scriptures—zealous and prudent preaching—persevering, sleepless, eagle-eyed watching for occasional openings in Providence—patient endurance of opposition. When the people have spat upon me as I passed under their balconies, *I never saw it.* Such insults I ever made it a point *not to see.* To feel them gratifies your foe; to *resent* them is not winning souls, nor " turning the other cheek to the smiter." These things will effect much good, as part of the system of *means ;* as to the efficient *cause*, omnipotent grace alone can neutralize *any* opposition, but especially the formidable rancour of popery.

If to the above be added *school instruction* on the most extensive possible scale, much may be hoped. It is *here* the kind missionary wins the youthful mind, ere the poison of bigotry begins to rankle. By frequent visits to the schools, he makes an early acquaintance with the young; and if he have an affectionate heart and manner, he at once pours into their mind the best instruction, and wins their respect and esteem. The Jesuits understand this much better than some of God's ministers, both in England and abroad. The education of the young may be a *slow* method of converting man from sin and idolatry, but it is often *sure ;* and much mature reflection has led me to the conclusion, that it is the means to which God, in these latter days, has most attached his blessing.

I have thus furnished a few unvarnished details of the success, difficulties and prospects of the Malta mission ; nor am I conscious of having, in one instance, distorted or obscured facts. Much has been effected in this locality, and Greece will feel for centuries the blessings, which our press and others have conferred upon her children. But still, " there remaineth much land to be possessed," and the watchword of the missionary labourer must ever be,—" *nil actum dum agendum*," nothing is done while any thing remains undone.*

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* In an interview I had with the governor, the Marquis of Hastings, some short time after Capt. Atchison and Lieut. Dawson had been cashiered for omitting to perform the very unsoldierlike duty of presiding at bell-ringing and paterero-firing, in honour of San Lorenzo; and immediately subsequent to the galling insolence of knocking off a British officer's hat during a procession of monastics. To this latter affair the Marquis led our conversation, expressed, though a very mild and gentlemanly character, the most marked indignation at this sacerdotal insolence.

I only add, for the information of protestants, officers and men, in garrison at Malta, that the authorities do *not* expect them to touch their hats to the passing host; but—and this is added with much regret—it is, even yet, a standing garrison order, that to this farinal deity of Malta is to be offered, wherever it passes, the very high military honour of presenting arms! A kind, considerate government should cease at once to violate the sacred rights of an English conscience.

CHAPTER XII.

A GLANCE AT GREECE.—GEOGRAPHY.—POPULATION.—PRODUCTIONS.—CLIMATE.—RUINS. — ANTIQUITY. — INTRODUCTION OF THE GOSPEL.—MARS'-HILL.—PAUL'S VISIT.—PRIMITIVE CHURCH.—ALTERED CONDITION.

I NOW pass from Malta; and, though in the following sheets the reader will find some additional references to that island, I must now request him to accompany me to Greece, the principal scene of my missionary labours. Little need be said here, with a view to describe that classic land. Of *ancient* Greece you could inform yourself at school. You, there, perhaps, learned to bound it, to people it, to falter out some parts of its divine language, to name the master minds of its cities, to know the inmates of its forests, its groves, and its waters, to mingle in the affrays of its heroes, to philosophize with its sages, to glow with its orators, and to soar with its poets. But *our* travels are over the Greece of the passing age, living Greece, free Greece, nominally christian Greece;—that Greece once so celebrated in the classic page, but in effect blotted out of the map of Europe from the Roman conquest to that of the Moslems, a period of a thousand generations and a thousand more.

Greece lies far up in the Mediterranean, "the great sea" of the inspired penman. Place it between the thirty-sixth and the fortieth degree of north latitude, and between the nineteenth and the twenty-fourth of east longitude. Bound it on the north by a line from the gulph of Arta on the west, to that of Volo on the east. Bound it again on the east by the blue waves of the Aegean; on the south by the Mediterranean, and on the west by the Ionian sea and the gulph of Venice. The limits of free Greece were so defined, after a most ardent and sanguinary struggle had terminated in her happy emancipation from the hated yoke of the Turks, in the year 1830.

Thus bounded, Greece forms a magic circle of about a thousand miles, filled with a series of beautifully diversified sunny vales and snowy mountains, and intersected with numerous smaller, and three larger rivers,—the Aspropotomos, the Rufias, and the Vasilicòs.* Among its mountainous elevations the St. Elias or Tagetus and the midland chain occupy the first place; and of its vernal vales, that of Argos, that of Olympia or Elis, and that of Tripolitsa or Arcadia are most renowned.

The numerous towns and villages within this circle, often occupying and enlivening the most lovely and romantic situations, are peopled with about a million and a quarter of human beings, engaged in agriculture, commerce, the less complex mechanical arts and domestic affairs. These, as the following pages will shew, are discerning, ingenious, crafty, generous, hospitable, enterprising and ignorant, yet thirsting for knowledge.

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* The term Aspropotomos, means white-river, from *ἄσπρος* and *ποταμός*. Rufias is the Alpheus, Vasilicòs the Eurotas.

The woods and forests of Greece abound with wild boars, jackals, hares, wolves, wild cats, lynxes and chamois; whilst the principal feathered tenants of her sylvan groves and mountain glens are finches, nightingales, eagles, owls and falcons.

The surface of this lovely land is richly covered and adorned with waving corn, Indian maize, olive-grounds, vineyards, orange groves, and, almond, mulberry and other fruit trees. And, as if to give a fine finish to every enclosure, the fields are fenced with laurel, roselaurel, dogrose, aloes and geraniums. The pastures are numerous, and well stocked with flocks of sheep and goats. These are attended by shepherds in arms, boys in rags, or girls in rustic finery; and give additional life and interest to the green hills and sunny vales, over which they are scattered.

Over all this vegetation and life, is spread a sky generally fair, and blue and serene; and although occasionally the thunder peal will disperse the affrighted cattle, the nipping frost compel the native to draw the thick capote over his brawny shoulders, and copious showers descend to water the earth; yet the sun smiles during the greater portion of the year.

But lovely as is this land, and diversified as are its natural attractions; these have a mighty rival in the massy remnants of a marble fane, of a cyclopian wall, of an altar or an amphitheatre, which here and there meet the eye of the traveller, attest a brighter age "long, long ago," and revive historic recollections and illustrious names with a power, which in no other situation they could command. And, as if to teach at once the former glory and present humiliation of Greece, he will often discover, amidst the still magnificent remnants of some ancient city, the few miserable huts of the present humble occupants of the soil.

Greece must have been peopled very soon after the deluge. The Trojan war commenced at least nine hundred years prior to the christian era; but even at that early period, the numerous states of Greece appear to have been extremely populous. Even for the opinion that the father of the Greeks was Javan, the fourth son of Japheth, there exists a larger amount of evidence than some may imagine. The ancient Greeks were, as is well known, styled Iones or Jaones, a name indicating their connection with Javan. In the Old Testament, not only are the Greeks called Javan, but Greece herself bears the same name; and this was the earliest profane appellation of the country. It is under this very name, that God predicts the entrance of gospel light into this land of Plato and of Gregory: "The Lord shall send his ambassadors to Javan, who dwells in the isles afar off."* I believe this prediction refers to the *Ionian* Isles, in which our mission was first established. Alexander, whose arms, with those of Philip his father, subjugated Greece to the yoke of Macedonia, is styled prophetically "the king of Javan."* Nor should we fail to remark, that the natives of India designate those of Greece Yavanas or Javanas. *I*, *j* and *y* are often used promiscuously; thus for John many used to write Iohn, and the Greeks of the present day write 'Ιάννης, which we frequently express by Yannes. There can, perhaps, be little doubt, that both the name of the Greeks, as given by our Hindoo fellow subjects, and their contempt of that people, are alike traceable to the inroads and aggressive feats achieved in India by the ambitious son of Philip. Let me add the fact, that it is from a son of Deucalion, the Elishah of the sacred oracles, that the Greeks of the classic ages derived the name of Hellenes, a name retained to this day by the natives of living Greece.†

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* Isaiah, lxvi. 19.

Unblest with the light of revelation, the ancient Greeks,—a fact painfully obvious in the productions of their poets and historians,—were sunk, like the Romans, to the lowest grade of vice and of woe. Alas! what is, or can be, the proudest achievement of humanity, what the brightest beam from the lamp of reason, apart from the light and grace of the word and spirit of God? No fact demonstrates more completely the necessity of some divine revelation, than the moral state of Greece at the brighest era of her history. "Man at his best estate is altogether vanity." How true this is in reference to the Greeks and Romans, in their purest and most favouring age, is too evident from their own poets and historians, and from the opening of the epistle to the church at Rome.

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* Dan. viii. 21: x. 20.

† Gen. x. 4.

But the "unknown God" of Athens had pity on Greece. By his all-pervading providence, the Old Testament had long before the apostolic age been translated into Greek, by order of an Egyptian prince; and to this version, when addressing the children of Javan, appeal was made by the apostles. This volume of profound wisdom is the best pioneer to a herald of the cross. "The entrance of thy word," O God of truth! "giveth light." "Hinc lucem;" and its systematic withdrawment on the part of the papacy, is the fatal dry rot, that has rendered that once proud barque a sheer and shattered hulk.

But the possession of the Old Testament scriptures was followed by apostolic labours, and divine success. Many of her gifted population early received and obeyed the gospel. As I stood on Mars'-Hill, on the very platform from which the apostle of the gentiles delivered his pious and splendid sermon to the Athenians,* what wonder if the grave of Leonidas, the gardens of Plato, or the plain of Marathon, should appear as diminutive, as the hut of an Arab, side by side with the pyramids of the birthland of Moses? The associations connected with the one, possess, to a christian mind, an interest and a glory which far excel those excited by the others. Of classic localities, these pages will perhaps show that the writer is an ardent admirer; but an Iliad of feats, or a hecatomb of heroes, could not rival the greater achievements of the cross in Greece, their obscuration and their revival. "The Jews may require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom; but Christ crucified" is, after all, "the power of God and the wisdom of God." To the heart of a sinner, no theme can equal that which attracted the attention of the Athenians, and claims the homage of a world. May every Greek, from Cape Matapan to Rumelia, from mount Athos to Arta, soon learn to value this cardinal truth, —"If the son of man shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed;" free from a worse than Othoman, a worse than Egyptian bondage, free from the yoke of sin.

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* See Acts xvii. 16—31.

It is well known that of ancient Greece the most celebrated city was Athens; and since this renowned place has again struggled into eminence, and become the capital of the infant kingdom of Otho, it bids fair to rival its ancient glories.

Athens rose into being about 1600 years prior to the incarnation. For science, for wealth, for architectural grandeur and for unnumbered conquests, its inhabitants were anciently famous through Europe and the east. Not less, it seems, than forty colonies owned Athens as their prolific parent. For near five hundred years, she was ruled by kings of the family of Cecrops, her original founder, and a native of Egypt. By perpetual Archons, ἄρχοντες, a word now used in Greece as tantamount to gentlemen, Athens was governed subsequently for about eighteen generations more. At length, in the year of the world 3412, about 600 years before the birth of Christ, it became a republic.

Long before the visit of St. Paul, and the founding of the Greek church at Athens, this far-famed city gave birth to a constellation of illustrious sages, whose names, in all the civilized nations, are still famous and familiar. Among her philosophers were Solon, Socrates and Aristides. Among her captains she ranks, with feelings we can well excuse, Miltiades, Cimon, Themistocles and Phocion,—names at which any generous youth of living Greece knows but too well how to glow. Nor is an Athenian of this day less elated, at the remembrance that Demosthenes was a native of his birthland, than a Briton is at the name of Alfred, of Newton, of Wellington. But Athens was not unskilled in adversity. Twice did the barbaric Persians burn the city to a heap of ashes; and its almost quixotic struggles against both Persia and Sparta, occasionally brought it to the very brink of ruin.

Vain is the light of human philosophy; vainer still is that of "philosophy falsely so called." "Professing themselves to be wise," the nations of Greece "became fools." To idolatry of the grossest character, they added the usual follies and vices of pagan delusions. Hesiod and Varro estimate the deities of ancient Greece at 30,000. No wonder, then, that we find Paul speaking of "Gods many, and lords many," in his epistle to Corinth. This latter city lies about forty miles from Athens; and to one portion of Paul's letter to the church there, a know ledge of the idolatry, the vanity, and the vices of classic Greece, imparts great beauty and force:—"Where is the wise? where is the disputer of this world? Hath not God made foolish,—ἐμώρανε, stultified—the wisdom of this world? For after that, in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe. For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom; but we preach Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness; but to them that are saved, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God:"*—the power of God to change the heart, and the wisdom of God to illumine the mind.

It was, in fact, the zealous, fearless, warm-hearted preaching of Paul, enforced by the sacred Spirit's influences, that first originated the church in this celebrated city of sages. The history of this is recorded in the Acts of the Apostles.† On arriving at Athens, this most devoted missionary forthwith visited, as the humbler missionary of the present age is wont to do, the scenes of pagan worship; and observing the city "wholly given up to idolatry," preached to the natives the divine science of salvation through the vicarious sufferings of the Son of God. At this epoch the greatest celebrity still attached to the sages, the schools, and the philosophic sects of Athens. On the banks of the Ilissus, a small stream, for I have sprung across it, stood the

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* 1 Cor. i. 21—24.

† See chap. xvii.

Lyceum, where the Stagirite had taught. In the shady walks of the academy, part of the Ceramicus, the Tuilleries of Athens, the disciples of Plato read lectures to crowds of admiring youths. The Stoics or porchmen, the Cynics or snarlers, and the luxurious Epicureans, had, at the visit of Paul, full hold of the public mind, and swayed it by the eloquence, the profundity and the subtilty of their doctrines, doctrines too well fitted for the carnal mind.

From the inspired document just named, we find the leaders of two of these sects, the Epicurean and the Stoic, " encountered Paul." Because this holy man " preached Jesus and the resurrection," they imagined him to be announcing some new deities, with which their calendar was already as surcharged as that of the papal canonists; and hence they contemptuously enquired of each other,—" What will this babbler say?" * Let the reader study in this connexion the noble and pious reply of the apostle,† as he stood on the platform of the court of Areopagus on Mars'-Hill. A more illustrious testimony to divine truth cannot be imagined; and as it was made amidst the foes of Christ, was the first christian sermon preached at Athens, and, in God's hands

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* The term rendered babbler, σπερμαλόγος, means a seedpicker. I suppose it was contemptuously applied to such orators, as were obliged to have a constant recourse to their notes, like a bird in picking up seeds. An attentive reader of the New Testament will find, that λέγω ought often to have been rendered *I mean.* It is so used in Greece to this day, as dire in French and Italian. See 1 Cor. xv. 50.

† Acts xvii. 22—31.

was the means of founding the church of Greece, it possesses an unspeakable interest.

Among the converts thus won to the gospel, we find Dionysius, one of the judges of the court, and an Athenian lady named Damaris. These first fruits of Athens formed the nucleus of a christian church in that very important city;—a church, whose broken fragments have survived all the sad vicissitudes of Greece, down to the present day.

It was to an Athenian lady, named Pangalis, I was indebted for my first sight of Mars'-Hill, and of the venerable rostrum from which the apostle preached to the assembled natives. This yet stands where the court of the Areopagus used to sit in judgment. It is a stone erection, jutting about five feet out of the hill side, about six feet in length, having lateral steps, also of stone, at the right and left, and steps at the front façade. It stands about five or six feet in elevation. The back of this platform is fixed in the hill side. Long buried beneath the crumbling debris of the hill, it was eventually excavated, I think, about fifty years ago, by M. Pouqeville; and this interesting remnant of antiquity still survives, to attest the facts of the apostolic record. Nor is it, like the ideal relics of the lying monks of the Tyber, a mere figment of the imagination, or a pious fraud: it is the veritable rostrum itself.

I once asked a young Greek, of the name of Koondures, if he could furnish any information relative to that interesting altar seen by St. Paul, on or near this celebrated hill, erected "to the unknown God." "I will tell thee," said he, "what I have heard," and he proceeded as follows.

"In ancient times there was at Athens a direful pestilence, *μία φοβερὰ πανῶκλα.* Under its most malignant influence, the citizens were dying day by day, in large and appalling numbers. For relief, recourse was had to all the gods in succession. Victims bled on altar after altar, and prayers were made to deity after deity, till all the gods of our forefathers had been tried in vain, *ματαίως.* The poor Athenians were all but desperate. What to do they could not imagine. To every God they had applied, and yet the plague, like an insatiable hydra, was fast depopulating the devoted city. At length it occurred to them that, perhaps, the pestilence might have been sent by some deity not yet known to them, and who was angry because not honoured in that great city. To make sure work, therefore, they forthwith erected one altar more, on which to offer a propitiatory sacrifice; and because this deity was a stranger to them, they inscribed upon the altar the words cited by Paul, *τῷ ἀγνώστῳ θεῷ*—to the unknown God."

All this seems natural. How far it may be true, is not easily determinable. It is, however, well known, that Thucidides gives heartrending details of a plague that fell upon Athens before the visit of St. Paul, and possibly this might be the one referred to by Koondures. Most justly, at all events, might Paul exclaim, on observing the blindness of Athenian devotion,—"whom therefore ye *ignorantly* worship, Him declare I unto you." There is in the original a beauty lost in the English version, nor is it easy to transfuse it; it is a sort of *jeu de mot* on the epithet *unknown;* for the term we render ignorantly is a most pointed allusion to ἀγνώστῳ or unknown. It is tantamount to this: "You call the God unknown, and so He is to *you;* but whom ye unknowingly worship, that Jehovah whom ye are feeling after, Him declare I unto you."

How lovely, how extremely lovely was the ancient church, as founded by Christ and his apostles! Christianity was then a simple faith, equally remote from the blandishments of a false philosophy, and from the degrading and officious rites of a spurious and superstitious devotion. It was, such as the scriptures describe it, sorrow for sin, love to God, faith in a crucified Redeemer, and a holy life. Primitive believers were content with a pure and intelligible creed, few in its articles, and tolerant in its spirit, and derived exclusively from the written oracles of God. O blessed days of Greece, and of the universal church! It was the golden age of both. But alas!—

> "Tempora mutant, et nos mutamur in illis."

The pyramid is now inverted. The edifice is defaced. The river of God has changed its course. "The first is last, and the last first" From her high pre-eminence in holy simplicity, religion has been degraded in Greece. The voice of Christ and of his apostles has yielded to that of ignorant canonists and superstitious ascetics. The influence of wrong-headed and officious monks has proved far too great in Greece, too great every where in their day. Prior to the eighth century, when the Greek church happily separated from that of Rome, the latter had effectually corrupted this oriental church, and reduced her to a supple handmaid; while a system of anti-scriptural will-worship and meaningless pomp, had usurped the high throne of apostolic doctrine and devotion.

In vain, in vain will Greece hope for national elevation, while her portion of the visible church is left unpurified. To be free, intellect must stand where God has placed it, unfettered, inquisitive, and humbly seeking knowledge at the inspired fountain head, not at the broken cistern of synods or of councils. Homer sings that the slave is but half a man—the slave of misguided ecclesiastics is not even that.

But Greece is awaking from her long and letheful dream. Man may be a slave, but mind will assert its freedom. A considerable change is demanded in the entire framework of the Greek church,—in discipline and in doctrine. The honour of Christ, the glory of truth, the purity of original christianity, the well-being of the soul, the real felicity of Greece—all are clamorous for a speedy and an efficient ecclesiastical reform. Nor will infidelity cease in Italy, in Germany, in Malta or in Greece, so long as that vile superstition, in which officious ignorance has enshrouded christianity, shall prevent the thinking mind and the philosophic eye from perceiving the original beauties of the gospel.

Why, in 1780, did France rise up a nation of infidels? Simply because papal innovation had grievously obscured primitive truth, and ghostly oppression had absolutely goaded the people to madness. The priests sowed ignorance, and atheism was the crop. For it is a false, pagan and monastic maxim, that ignorance is the parent of *devotion;* it is only the mother of *superstition*,—a weak, a sickly-minded and demoralizing superstition. I need not tell the intelligent, that the world will never want infidels, so long as the simple beauties of original christianity, such as it appears in the sacred writings, are hid in the mist of hypocritical observances, and unmeaning rites. Farce and pantomime, pomp and grimace have long degraded religion, and to cultivated and enquiring intellects have proved a painful stumbling block. Mind asks a reason for things, and to meet this proper demand the whole of the gospel says, "come and let us reason together." But until the Augean stable of ignorance and ascetic error be swept, and the thick shades of moral darkness dissipated by the holy, refulgent light of eternal truth, fresh from the mind of God, Greece cannot obtain her destined elevation, nor the church of Greece be a scriptural pale. To this very important topic we shall revert in a subsequent chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

GROUNDS OF THE GREEK MISSION.—MELANCHOLY STATE OF GREECE. —THE PRESS A SPECIFIC.—SYLLABUS OF PUBLICATIONS.—BRIEF REVIEW OF THEM.—BOOKS DISTRIBUTED.—RESULTS.

WITH the theory and results of the Greek mission, important as it must for a long period be, some of the friends of the sacred cause seem not to have become acquainted. Nor is it, perhaps, a very easy matter to convince all of its utility; though the labours of brethren from other missionary institutions precisely resemble our own, both in the machinery selected, and in its blessed effects upon the rising country of Chrysostom and Coraës. When I consider those effects, and that the popularity—nay, even the efficiency of a mission depends not a little on the unostentatious details of the Missionary Chronicle, I frankly own a small amount both of surprise and of grief, that from its well-conducted pages the Greek mission has been too much excluded; or, to say the least, has not been allowed to prefer its just claims to the sympathies and prayers of the christian public. The earlier fathers of the society took up the mission to the classic land with a noble and edifying ardour—an ardour, whose resuscitation in sister societies I hail with a high measure of satisfaction. Yet I should not, at this moment, like to hear of any addition to our own strength in Greece; since other societies so assiduously cultivate that field, and because the claims on Bloomfield-street, so loudly pressed by India, China, and the west, seem to justify a curtailment of expenditure in other places.

The Greek mission, now carried on by my estimable colleague, the Rev. I. Lowndes, was originally undertaken in conformity with that provision in the constitution of the London Missionary Society, which comprises within its philanthropic scope "heathen and *other* unenlightened countries." The wants and the woes of Greece have, since then, happily drawn to her aid brethren from sister institutions on both sides of the Atlantic; and distant, far distant be the day, when these heralds of the cross shall cease "to pass through Macedonia and Achaia;" since "a great and an effectual door is opened," though "there are many adversaries;" and should the purer churches of Christ ever abandon Greece, Rome would most heartily rejoice. The prurient anxiety of "the man of sin" to renew the efforts he so often made in the middle ages, down to the Council of Florence, and to the very fall of the Greek empire, when the sovereignty of the Turks effectually arrested all his hopes and all his efforts, would again excite him to put forth his sleepless and unhallowed finesse, and one might from that day date the resurrection of hope and of triumph to this oldest and most practised foe to the light and liberty of Greece.

We had not been long in the Greek mission, ere we discovered that it had a character all its own. The wants and the supplies, the evils and the antidotes of Greece, differ much from those of heathen nations. It was ours to minister to a mind diseased indeed, but not to any great extent infidel. We had to combat with christianity paganised, with semiheathenism baptised with the christian name; with the errors and vices, the dogmas and sophistries of Platonists, Pharisees, and old Numidian monks, under a visor. In short, we could not fail to obtain an early perception of the fact, that the grand evil of Greece was a soul-ruining dereliction of divine truth, united to its profession, a fearful departure from God, with a professed adherence to his Son, treason with a kiss, rebellion with loyal words, "the form of godliness with the denial of its power."

Having studied the condition of the people, we soon learned what means were best suited to improve it; and speedily saw that every power and every moment must be consecrated to this object.

I. It was evident that Greece wanted scriptural education. During the entire period of her widowhood in the dark ages, and under the regime of the Turks, Greece seems to have shared but slenderly indeed in the blessings of knowledge; for what, throughout all those ages, does one find, save here and there a monastic pedagogue? and what, but the same, met our enquiry on our first entrance upon the field of the classic land? In the island of Chios, which the Venetians taught our earlier travellers to write

Scio, off Chesme, on the coast of Smyrna, also at Haivali or Cydoniæ, and, I think, in Smyrna itself, there existed, before the revolution of 1821, highly respectable schools, for a country so circumstanced; but the mass, the people, the youth, the females, like their own elegant statues, were fair but mindless:

> "Like marble polished, yet like marble blind."

II. Greece wanted *books.*—Some Russian Greeks of the Zozimades family had, indeed, with a truly patriotic spirit, republished some of the early Greek classics, for gratuitous distribution among her aspiring youth. I also saw modern Greek translations of the Life of Napoleon, Johnson's Rasselas, Goldsmith's History of Greece, the Arabian Nights; and to these may be added versions of many German, Italian, and French publications. But of *elementary* books,—books for *schools*,—books for *youth*,—I could find nothing, save two or three trifles printed at Venice, and filled with the nostrums of the papal monks.

III. Greece wanted *the word of God.*—We found an almost entire absence of this holy fountain of truth. In the papal pale it was feared and shunned; in Greece it was revered, but to the mass unknown. "If the fountain be sealed," as the modern Greek proverb has it, "who can quench his thirst?" If this charter of holy liberty be withheld, what nation lies not beneath the foot of an imperious hierarchy? And what is worse, infinitely worse, "the people *perish* for lack of knowledge." This is no hyperbole, no flourish of rhetoric,—it is sacred and appalling truth.

IV. Greece wanted a *pulpit.*—This is every where the grand instrument of the missionary labourer. It is divine in its origin, and has, in all ages, led to the conversion of souls. To gain, in this scriptural way, the public ear, must ever be felt important by a right-minded missionary. How painful, then, to find that in Greece this apostolic engine was rarely set at work. Even in the Latin pale it may, I think, be truly said, that the pulpit is but second to the mass, which melancholy innovation has been gradually permitted to usurp its place; but in Greece matters are awfully worse. In all the Ionian isles, in all continental Greece, in all the islands of the Aegean, one but rarely hears a discourse on the great questions of reconciliation with God, the mediation of Jesus Christ, the work of the Spirit, and other prominent truths of the Bible. These are displaced either by the liturgy, the mass, or the trashy legends of weak and superstitious ascetics. From such a state of things what can be expected? I have heard one of the best men in Greece offer heaven from the pulpit, for a few honours to St. George of Capadocia, or a shilling to the shrine of a modern demigod. Most truly, therefore, may it be said, that Greece requires an efficient, a scriptural, and an evangelical pulpit.

The educated portion of Greece, the elite of her gifted sons, are in the habit of sipping the poison of Voltaire and of Rousseau, whose writings have been put into modern Greek. I have met with Greeks who have keenly defended the chilly theory of deism, and to meet their sophistries requires talent. No one, therefore, will deny the necessity of an enlightened and pious ministry for the church of Greece, qualities which, alas! have for ages been altogether disregarded. If I have met with a *devout* priest, his piety was based on a spurious foundation. Very generally the priests are amongst the most stupid men imaginable, and the monks, if possible, are yet more degraded. There are, indeed, among the Greek priesthood some gifted men, but how few truly pious! How few versed in the divine plan of a sinner's salvation! How few who say, " God forbid that I should glory, save in the *cross* of our Lord Jesus Christ!"

Then, again, the number of the priesthood in the Greek church is far too great, just as in that of Rome. From the *anagnostes* or reader, to the patriarch or chief-father, what gradations and what multitudes of hierarchal drones present themselves to the observant eye! These are admitted to office without proper attention to piety and talents and zeal; and, as due reference is not made to the resources of the church, it follows, that in many instances their education and maintenance are quite below their station, and wholly insufficient to secure for them the respect of the people. Can we wonder, therefore, if an impious, ignorant, lifeless ministry produce a host of infidels? Is it at all surprising, that young Greeks educated in Italy, Germany, France, or England, should return to the classic land disciples of Alfieri, of Schiller, of Voltaire, of Lord Shaftesbury? Certainly not; for an ignorant and carnal ministry ever has produced, and ever must produce, either vicious devotion or bold infidelity.

Such was the moral condition of Greece; such the melancholy state of things, which demanded our earliest and best *efforts*. The events which placed at our disposal that most efficient engine—a printing press, I have already detailed. To this we vigorously applied, as one powerful means of removing the maladies above specified; and ere the reader is presented with other matters, he will kindly allow me to prefix a brief review of the operations of the Greek press. As the selection, editing and printing of books was altogether my own department, the plural number may here be laid aside.* My present object is chiefly to single out for brief notice some of the numerous works which, during about ten years, issued from the press under my superintendence at Malta. That I review my own works is a fact, which candour will trace to necessity, not to choice; and if I deal in fact rather than sentiment, there will not, perhaps, be any just ground of complaint. The following syllabus comprises

THE PRINCIPAL PUBLICATIONS OF THE MISSION PRESS.

Ladder of Learning.
Tract on Salvation.
Life of Robert Raikes.
Watts' Divine Songs.

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[*] From the above remark must be excepted Scott's Essays, and the Anglo-Greek Lexicon, printed from copy furnished by my colleague at Corfu, the Rev. I. Lowndes.

Village Sermons.
Parents' Guide.
Tutor's Guide.
Tract on Redemption.
Sacred History.
Martin and his Pupils.
Geographical Encheiridion.
Tommy and Harry.
Joseph Green.
Susan Green.
Clergyman's Guide.
Scott's Essays.
Rumeliot Chieftain.
Tract from Chrysostom.
Psalms in Verse.
Keith on Prophecy.
Pilgrim's Progress.
Anglo-Greek Primer.
On the Decalogue.
James Covey, a Tract.
Poor Joseph; do.
Life of Bunyan; do.
History of Abraham.
The Cabin Boy.
Janeway's Token of Love.
Christian Doctrines.
Jailor's Conversion.
Well-spent Penny.
Cure of Naaman.
Music to the Psalms.
Italian Grammar.
Life of Oberlin.

It has already been stated, that when we entered on the Greek mission, the want of education and of books was one of our first convictions. To meet this defect, I published several of the works above enumerated.

The Ladder of Learning is taken chiefly from English elementary works of a kindred character. It is a primer; has gone through several editions, and always met with great acceptance throughout the classic land. Its popularity appears to have been aided by its syllabic lessons — a new thing in Greece. Before the appearance of our books, without any exception that I remember, the poor Greek children were compelled to spell out the long and difficult words of this language, from the tattered pages of an ancient Greek Psalter. The little narratives contained in the Ladder of Learning, was another agreeable novelty. It comprises also Greek, Roman, and Arabic *numbers*, the Nicene Creed, the Bible, My Mother, in verse, and Watts' First Catechism, together with a gradational series of sacred and moral lessons. I believe it may be truly added, that to the London Missionary Society pertains the honour of having supplied Greece with the first primer ever written in the language of Polycarp.

This small thing I followed by the Tutor's Guide, to which a very respectable and influential Greek of Chios, now Sir Neophytos Vamvas, kindly added a recommendatory preface. This book, a 12mo of about 250 pages, I carried through several editions, and many thousand copies of it are spread through all parts of Greece, insular and continental. Like the "Ladder," it is a sort of eclectic compend of some of our best English spelling-books.

With a facility beyond my hopes, I was enabled to put Watts' Divine Songs into Greek lyrics, adding to them a few of John Wesley's and Miss Jane Taylor's, with a version of some spirited lines on the value of the bible, and poetic arrangements of some favourite prose doxologies from a modern Greek work, called the Book of Eight Metres. Of this I printed one edition, and the Religious Tract Society another.

I published this work with a view to aid the general establishment of Sunday-schools in Greece. It was with the same design, still pursued by our missionary brethren in that land, that I re-wrote the Life of Robert Raikes, the founder of Sabbath-schools, of materials I culled from Mr. Lloyd's,* "Joseph and Susan Green," two most admirable stories, published by the Religious Tract Society, I printed with the same object, as well as several other smaller things.

The Pilgrim's Progress, with very full notes, from Burder's admirable edition of that work, I have carried through two editions; the last of which was, I think, 3,000 copies. This book, I have reason to believe, is a great favourite in Greece, as it suits the lively genius of the nation. It is with obvious reason, as I tell the Greeks, our great sage and moralist, Johnson, pronounces it "the most perfect allegory in the English language." A Greek pilgrim in the island of Hydra, once said to me; "I have read your adventurous journey of Christian the pilgrim. It is a most excellent book. I wonder how in the world you managed to coin all those funny names. I have not yet read the notes."

To elevate the character of the Greek priesthood, was a thought that dwelt much on my mind. With this view, I published two of the books named in the syllabus above given: "The Life of Oberlin," and "Keith's Evidence of Prophecy." But my chief work, published with this most important object, was "The Clergyman's Guide." Besides other important matter, this work contains a Life of St. Paul, as an example to ministers, taken from John Newton's Ecclesiastical History; the admirable address to missionaries and their wives, published by the Scottish Missionary Society; a Commentary on the Epistles to Timothy and Titus, with copious notes, partly original, and partly taken from Chrysostom, Theophylact, Doddridge, Henry, and others, accompanied by a paraphrase, with the text in ancient and modern Greek; and an Essay on the Pulpit, principally from Claude. To this work I subjoined a supplement on Sacred Chronology, on the actions, discourses, parables, and miracles of Christ; on the watches of the Jews; Lardner's Canon of the New Testament; the more celebrated philosophers of Greece, Rome, and Modern Europe; with other useful topics.

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* I could wish that excellent man would republish his *English* Life of Raikes, after entirely recasting its useful materials.

For the youth of Greece, I published numerous small books; and to print a number in London, (on which I was requested to give an opinion,) the Tract Society nobly devoted about two hundred pounds. In addition to the Anglo-Greek Primer, I translated many small works in the same language, and procured the translation and printing of others in Italian.

The last production from the Greek press that I shall notice here, is the "Evangelical Psalmist." This is a poetic version of a select number of psalms, with musical notes. The volume comprises 130 pages. Except three of the psalms, the 50th, the 104th, and the 137th, all these versions, together with the adaptation of the airs, are the produce of my own pen, and were prepared and arranged at the suggestion of the church missionary in the island of

Syra, who wanted them for his excellent Greek schools.

It is with much pleasure I add, that the American missionaries pursue the same plan. Their press never sleeps. Besides many admirable theological and practical works, among which is a Commentary on the Epistles of the Son of God to the seven Asiatic Churches, as given in the book of Revelations, those brethren have published a Greek Arithmetic, a Spelling Book, a Reader, with many other elementary works, so much required in Greek schools. The episcopal mission in Malta has also put forth a Commentary on the Acts, the Pilgrim's Progress in Arabic, and numerous most useful works of an elementary kind.

All the missionaries in the Mediterranean attach the utmost importance to the circulation of the scriptures and religious books. Many thousands of these were annually sold in Greece, and dispersed through that and other countries. The following brief summary of our labours in this department, will convey to the reader some idea of their extent and value.

Printed from June 1st, 1825, to Dec. 31st, 1827. Works.	Copies.	Pages.	Issued during the same time.
Italian............... 6 Greek...............27	55,000	2,476,500	18,118
Printed from Jan. 1st, 1828, to Dec. 31st, 1829.			
Greek ....20 Italian, &c. 7	33,100	1,563,202	16,388
Printed from Jan. 1st, 1830, to March 31st, 1833.			
Greek, Italian, and English 25	132,100	4,593,000	46,569

In this abstract, Bibles, Testaments, and religious books in English, of which I sold a considerable number every year, are not noticed; neither does it include tracts. I may also remark, that amongst those circulated since 1830, there are comprised some thousands of small Greek publications from the press of the Religious Tract Society. Of Greek and Italian tracts, I circulated in Malta, Italy, Tripoli, and Greece, about 20,000. Our press has also furnished the means of elementary and religious instruction to tens of thousands of the youth of Greece, who were thirsting for knowledge, without the means of obtaining it. Our publications, moreover, have originated schools in many parts of Greece, which have proved, and will yet prove, an incalculable blessing to the land of Theophylact and of Eusebius.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE IONIAN ISLES.—POPULATION.—VICISSITUDES.—WANT OF EDUCATION.—DR. AND MRS. KENNEDY BEGIN.—GREEK YOUTHS FROM BOROUGH-ROAD SCHOOL.—CEFALONIA.—OTHER ISLANDS.—PROCEEDINGS OF MR. LOWNDES.—OF MR. DICKSON.—MR. LOWNDES INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF SCHOOLS:—ACTUAL STATE OF EDUCATION IN THESE ISLANDS.

When the directors of the London Missionary Society first turned a pitying eye on Greece, the Ionian isles soon drew and finally fixed their attention. To these islands I now solicit the reader's notice; but before adverting to our own proceedings there, it may be proper to furnish some geographical and other information, relative to those highly attractive localities.

The Ionian isles are seven in number, lying on the west coast of Peloponnesus. The following are their names, with the respective amounts of population:—

Corfu	60,000	Ithaca	8,000
Cefalonia	60,000	Paxo	8,000
Zante	40,000		
Santa Maura	20,000	Total...	207,000 souls.
Cerigo	11,000		

In all these islands the population are Greeks, adherent, with few exceptions, to the oriental church, and most cordially hating that of Italy. Corrupted at once by the venal regime of Venice, during their long subjection to that once proud queen of the Adriatic, and by the tenets of a faith, which, like the papal, winks at many sins, that it may the more easily domineer over wounded consciences; the natives of these islands, but of Zante especially, require the gospel standard of morals as well as of faith. Yet there are in these isles of Ionia many estimable families, and I have, during visits made to them, experienced great kindness and hospitality.

The Ionian islands have passed through various vicissitudes. In the days of Homer they were celebrated as the kingdoms of Antinoös, Ulysses, and other heroes; and many of the natives went to the siege of Troy. After the fall of the Greek and Roman empires, we find these fair isles under the iron grasp of Venice; but in consequence of the treaty of Campo Formio, in July 1797, they fell into the hands of the French. The Ottomans had longed for their possession, but after the battle of Lepanto, the bairac of Islamism had never ventured to pass the canal of Corfu towards the Adriatic; for Venice claimed all those regions as her exclusive domain. When the ambition of our French neighbours, under Napoleon, induced that great people to aspire to a sort of universal empire, England, Russia, and Turkey combined against France, and it soon became evident that the Ionian isles were again to change masters. In short, Providence placed them under the shade of a British and a protestant banner, in March, 1810, since which period the lion of England has protected their integrity. These seven islands are now a republic, with a British governor bearing the title of Lord High Commissioner. Under this rule the islands have progressively advanced, probably, in every sense; though in our colonial governments there is unquestionably much room for farther improvement.

Though the moral and spiritual state and prospects of these islands chiefly merit notice in these pages, yet what cultivated intellect can be indifferent to their classic attractions? Corfu was the kingdom of Antinoös; and when I was there in 1824, the ruins of a small pagan temple had just been discovered. Ithaca was the realm of Ulysses. There Penelope lived, an example to wives; and there the suitors in vain essayed to dishonour the absent warrior. Off Corfu, one most tremendous wintry night, I was almost wrecked on the very rock named by Homer as the ship of Ulysses. It lies to the northwest, a few miles in the offing; and even at this day it resembles a barque in full sail.

The island of Zante, the Zakynthos of Homer, was the first our mission occupied. It lies off Olympia, about thirty miles from that part of Peloponnesus, which is therefore visible from the island. Its 60,000 inhabitants are a thrifty, spirited people, but they rank among the least amiable, the least moral, and probably the least liberal of the septinsular republic. Like that of Corfu, which is the seat of the Ionian government, the soil of Zante is good, and the climate genial, producing, from a rich vale in the centre of the island, abundance of those fine-flavoured currants, which are imported to England for tea-bread and other culinary purposes.

Zante is extremely subject to earthquakes. At two different periods, when on missionary voyages from Malta to the Peloponnesus, I stayed at Zante about a month each time; and I believe we had as many as six earthquakes during the first month, and four during the next. Yet, the beauty, the fertility, and the opulence of Zante give it so much pre-eminence among its sister islands, that one occasionally hears this Italian adage;—

"*Zante, Zante, il fior del Levante.*"

Beauteous, balmy isle of Zante!
The fairest flower of all Levante.

Perhaps this character may owe its origin to Theocritus, who prettily styles this island, "the fair city of Zakynthos."* Its circumference is about seventy miles. The climate is hot, but tempered by the cooling zephyrs. Occasionally there is a fall of snow, but even in the coldest winter it seldom remains on the ground. Pliny gives it the character of fertility, but, like Malta, its abundance must be rather attributed to the industry of the natives than to the gift of nature. The same, if we except Corfu, must probably be said of all the Ionian isles.

Subsequent to the departure of my colleague for

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* Theoc. Idyl. 4. v. 2.

Corfu, after cultivating Zante with but little spiritual fruit, for about three years; this very important field was tried by the Rev. W. Croggan, a worthy brother of the Wesleyan Society. In education Mr. C. made very delightful progress, and I am sorry the Methodists gave up this stubborn field for one more promising; since their missionary was much respected, and his scholastic labours were efficient in a high degree. Here Mr. C. left the ashes of his excellent wife, which repose near those of Mrs. Lowndes. Mrs. Croggan was followed to the grave by the chief authorities of the island. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," wherever their ashes may repose; for "they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

It is a delightful fact, that in all the seven Ionian isles, christian education is making rapid progress. Prior to our mission, there were schools here and in other parts, both of insular and continental Greece; but these promised little real benefit to the natives. Besides the schools formerly named, there were in Peloponnesus several,—at Tripolitsa, Demitzana and Nauplia near Argos; but all minor institutions, and deficient in appropriate books. In the isles of the Icarian Sea,—some of them at least,—there also existed small schools, but chiefly monastic, and therefore next to useless. In the Ionian isles, the French, during their short occupation, nobly commenced the career of education, and gave a fresh impetus to the schools previously existing. At Ithaca, Cefalonia, Zante and Corfu, that enterprising nation established a sort of primary schools, and in these, I suppose, must be sought the origin of those very efficient elementary institutions, now placed by the local government under the official inspectorship of my colleague Mr. Lowndes. These islands had, indeed, produced a few distinguished scholars, among whom we must rank Anthreas Mustoxithes, whose researches in the Ambrosian library resulted in the discovery of a lost fragment of Isocrates, published at Milan in 1812. I made at Corfu the acquaintance of several of the professors of the Greek university of that island, of whom notices will appear in their place; and of Plato Petrithes, who translated and printed Johnson's Rasselas. When I was at Corfu, Plato was at the head of the government presses. I understood from Mr. Lowndes that, in his younger days, this gentleman paid a visit to England as a valet or butler to an Englishman; and it is highly to his honour to have raised himself to a post so respectable.

From various interesting documents sent home at different times, chiefly by Mr. Lowndes, whose sphere was the Ionian isles, the reader shall now be presented with such brief extracts, as may indicate the commencement and actual state of our mission schools there, as also of the progress of christian education generally in all the islands. To my English congregation in Malta belonged the late Dr. Kennedy M. D., and his excellent lady, now again resident in this country, after spending many useful years in the Ionian isles, particularly Cefalonia and Ithaca. To these pious friends Greece is greatly indebted. As far back as 1824, Mrs. Kennedy nobly employed her talents and her influence, in promoting the spiritual interests of the female youth of those islands.

The following extract describes the first effort in this good work :—

"At length, however, a new instrument under Providence, the worthy Dr. Kennedy, has completed the noble work; through his means the inhabitants have come forward (to the surprise of all), and annual subscriptions have been obtained to a sufficient amouut. The government has granted a house free, and the opening of the Institution took place a few days ago,—the local government, and many of the respectable inhabitants, gentlemen and ladies, were present. The school is daily attended by Mrs. Kennedy, whose benevolent patience and activity in superintending the most minute particulars, is highly worthy of praise, and will, I hope, meet with a congratulatory letter from your committee, as a further encouragement to her exertions.

"It is really delightful to see a number of poor girls, who formerly did little else but wander about the streets, now exercised and taught the various duties of their station in life.

"Thus a most important foundation is laid for female education, (so much wanted) in a place where ignorance and prejudice have too long reigned, and the most beneficial effects may naturally be expected from it."

Greece will for ages reap advantage from the philanthropic efforts of the committee of the British and Foreign School Society, for by their assistance and correspondence we were often cheered in our course.

About the year 1825, my friend Mr. Wolf conveyed to England some half dozen boys from Greece, to receive an English education; and Mr. Blaquiere took with him as many more. These, one of whom, Nicolaos Cacuratos, was from Cefalonia, were all educated at the Borough-road school. I saw one of these youths near Argos, where he had a large school.

The ladies of Scotland about the same time conferred a great blessing on the Ionian isles, in sending out Miss Goddard, Miss Anderson, and Mr. and Mrs. Dickson; all of whom I had the pleasure of receiving at my own house, after the fatigues of their respective voyages. To these, it will appear, aided in their noble object by the school-books we printed at Malta, the islands are greatly indebted, for much of that knowledge "which makes wise unto salvation."

I cannot here omit the honoured name of Captain Mac Phail, Resident or Lieut.-governor of Cerigo, the most southerly of the Greek isles. To this gentleman I sent boxes of our Malta publications, for the schools he so kindly built and so ardently patronised in that island. I shall shortly have to detail most pleasing tidings of those schools, and meantime I copy the following brief extracts from the report of the British and Foreign School Society, for 1828:—

> "Very gratifying accounts have been received from the *Ionian islands.* In Corfu thirteen British schools, attended by 1,800 boys, are reported to be in operation. Three schools have been established in Cefalonia, under the patronage of its enlightened governor, Colonel Napier. Through the exertions of Captain Mac Phail, the Resident at Cerigo, seven schools, attended by nearly 1,000 scholars, had been established there, and are reported to be in excellent order. To Sir Frederick Adam, the Lord High Commissioner of these islands; your committee are much indebted for the patronage he has given, and for the uniform kindness shewn by him in forwarding their views. In most, if not in all of these schools, the scripture lessons, printed at your expense, are in daily use."

One feels the more anxious for the progress of christian education in the Ionian isles, since it cannot fail to operate most favourably upon continental Greece, to which the islands lie so contiguous.

So early as 1828, when my late friend Mr. Dickson arrived among us, Colonel, now General Napier, greatly favoured the cause of education in the island of Cefalonia. A convent was given up for a school of a higher order, for Greek girls of respectability, which was managed, I believe, till Mr. D.'s departure in 1835 or 6, by himself and Mrs. D. Of this institution Mr. Dickson thus writes:—

"An objection frequently made by the richer class of inhabitants to the school established here, was, that the females of the higher and lower orders were assembled in the same school, and that any mark of distinction shewn to the former, was not sufficient to prevent some of the parents withdrawing their daughters from the school." The colonel "remarked in conclusion, that, as both classes were equally in need of instruction, the only way to render essential service to the Greek females, was to commence with the higher orders, who, exhibiting its effects, and feeling its importance, would spread a beneficial influence among all classes. After thinking a few days upon the subject, he proposed a plan to us; which was, to convert a convent, (St. Andrea,) about five miles distant from Argostoli, into an establishment for boarding and educating girls, and giving them some knowledge of domestic management. An abbot and abbess, and ten nuns live in the convent. These are to be removed, as soon as suitable places are prepared for them. The rooms of the convent are in a very dilapitated condition. The revenue of the convent lands, about 100*l.* which arises yearly to government, has been generously given up by Sir F. for the necessary repairs of the place, for servants' wages, and the support of the institution. A proclamation has been issued in Greek and Italian, explaining and recommending the object to the heads of families. This was followed by another, stating the branches of education to be taught, and the terms for board. The terms agreed upon are three dollars per month, which are barely sufficient for their maintenance; but it is expected, after the outlay of the first year, the overplus arising from the convent lands will cover the other expenses. The Countess of Anino, who has received a better education than most of her sex here, and who is the most wealthy in the islands, has shewn an honourable example in being the first to put down her name, for one of her grandchildren. This has been followed by a few others, and several mothers, who still hesitate to part with their daughters, will, we hope, be prevailed upon to imitate their example. This is something so new to oppose to the deep-rooted prejudices of the Greeks, that we cannot but consider the encouragements already given, as a wonderful interposition of Divine Providence."

The reader may be assured that it was a great source of happiness, to myself and other missionaries at Malta, to supply so many schools with useful and religious books; in reference to which the following extract of a letter from Mr. Dickson will be read with interest:—

"While distributing books in the villages, I have generally found more persons who could read than I expected, but even these bore a small proportion to the number of inhabitants. From the establishment of schools of mutual instruction in every large village, there will be in a few years a great increase of readers. Books are thankfully received; but I make it a rule never to give them except to those who can read, and whenever I suspect insincerity in the reply, I put them to the test. A few days ago, having occasion to visit a village about twelve miles distant, the Superintendent of the village told me, that ever since the opening of the schools of mutual instruction in that district, no boy belonging to them had ever been found implicated in any misdemeanor, that had called for their interference. May God, through the influence of his Holy Spirit, bless the means employed for the instruction of the rising generation, to lead them to the knowledge of himself, and of Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent. As for the present generation, it is an affecting thought, that most of them will go down to the grave without any kind, warning voice, to tell them of the evil of sin, and to point them to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world."

In the year 1831, the Commissioners of Public Instruction in these islands, commenced a translation of the Borough-road Selection of Readings from the Old and New Testament, to be printed at government expense, for the use of the Ionian schools. This is the more important, because Greece is the very heart and eye of the east. It is probable that Greece is destined in providence to rekindle, in all those regions, so early civilised and illuminated by the genius of christianity, the sacred flame of heaven-born piety. Upon the pillars of Greece hang the keys of the east, and from that land "will the word of the Lord go forth into all Asia."

So much progress had been made in 1833, in the education of the Greek islands, that my colleague, Mr. Lowndes, sent home the pleasing statement that, besides 127 schools for males, containing 4,962 pupils, Greek prejudice against female instruction had so far given place to more rational sentiment, that there already existed—

In Corfu	5 schools	336 girls
In Cefalonia	1 ,,	30 ,,
In Zante	1 ,,	60 ,,
In Leucadia	1 ,,	80 ,,
In Cerigo	1 ,,	40 ,,
In Paxo	1 ,,	30 ,,
	Making 10 schools	576 pupils.

These, and indeed nearly all the others, were on the Lancastrian system, under the liberal patronage of government, and supplied with books partly by the friends of Greece in England, partly from our presses at Malta.

" In the town of Corfu, a large and commodious school room for girls has been prepared at the expense of the government, and Mr. Lowndes states, that a more interesting sight than the last general examination was never witnessed in Corfu. The number of scholars on the list was 150, and 147 were present. He adds,—' The leading girls appeared to much advantage, both as to needle-work, reading, writing, and arithmetic, and also in questions put to them in reference to their learning. Many read with perfect facility, and their acquaintance with scripture is very satisfactory.' "

From Zante the information was equally pleasing. Mr. Croggan writes, at that period,—

" The girls' school, which began with two, has increased to 80, and if we had room we might get 20 more. With additional funds I could establish another girls' school, and ensure 100 pupils. The boys' schools in town do very well, as the masters understand the system perfectly."

"On the 30th of May," adds Mr. Lowndes, viz., one week after the above, " we had the examination of the school at Castrades. There were on the list then 55 scholars, and 54 were present on the occasion. The girls here are not behind those in the town, and attend to the same branches of learning. The spectators were principally the inhabitants of the village; but lady Valsimachi (formerly Mrs. Heber) distributed the rewards. The class that read in the Testament here consisted of 19, and the satisfaction afforded, in various points of view, was truly reviving to the soul.

" On the 22nd ultimo, the examination of the schools in Potamò and Manduchio took place at the latter village. The number of scholars present, by the union of the two schools, was 116. The Testament class consisted of thirty-one. The same feeling of general satisfaction prevailed also here, and I trust will long be felt, and remain as a principle of active zeal in the cause of female education.

"We have also another school at the village called Chinopiastes; but as it has been but lately commenced, and is small, we have not had any examination there.

"It is, to the friends of religion, a source of the highest gratification, to see so many girls able to read the Word of God;—not to mention those who, on various accounts, have left the schools, having learned to read. The number at the examinations of these four schools, as above stated, was 88. These are the results which, five years since, I never should have expected to witness in Corfu; but for which I sincerely thank God: it is his doing, and to him be the praise given. Had some of our kind friends in England been present on the above occasions, I am persuaded they would have felt satisfied at having afforded us pecuniary aid."

Thus is education gradually marching over these "Isles of Elisha." The result of a contest between light and darkness cannot be a question. It is in the very nature of error to die: truth, and truth alone must live for ever.

The last intelligence at my disposal from Mr. L., will form an appropriate close to the chapter.

After mentioning the delightful fact, that we have four missionary Sabbath schools, three of them Greek, the other English; and that they are attended chiefly by females; also that the ten girls' schools for secular days are attended by about 600 pupils; my estimable colleague furnishes a statement of "*the public schools*," of which he has the inspector-generalship in the Ionian isles. He then adds the following summary of the state of education in these islands, together with a well-merited encomium on Sir Howard Douglas, the present Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian isles, with which I close the chapter.

" Female Schools..........	10	Number of Scholars	600
Lancastrian do...........	102	Ditto	4,348
Secondary do.	7	Ditto	586
Day and Boarding do....	2	Ditto	80
University	1	Ditto	96
Lyceum	1	Ditto	100
Total...............	123		5,810.

" An increase since last year of 681.

" At various periods in the course of last year I visited and inspected in the different islands 111 schools in all ; and in many instances found much reason to be well satisfied with the state of education, and the prospect of future amelioration.

" I cannot conclude this statement without adding, that the cause of education in the Ionian islands is much indebted to the present Lord High Commissioner, Sir Howard Douglas, whose indefatigable zeal and solicitude have stimulated the Ionian government to adopt measures more effectual than ever existed in the islands previously, for the continued support and advancement of public instruction. And the whole of his plan in relation to this subject, if carried into effect, will raise the standard of education, in all classes of society, to a degree it never yet reached in the Ionian islands."

CHAPTER XV.

ISLAND OF PATMOS.—MORAL STATE.—EFFORTS THERE.—THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA.—EPHESUS; ITS HISTORY AND PRESENT STATE.—SMYRNA.—PERGAMOS.—THYATIRA.—SARDIS.—PHILADELPHIA.—LAODICEA.—MISSIONARY EFFORTS IN THESE LOCALITIES.—LETTERS:—SUMMARY FROM 1826 TO 1838 OF EDUCATIONAL LABOURS IN THE ASIATIC CHURCHES, AND IN THE ISLES OF THE AEGIAN.

In a narrative of the Greek mission, some brief notices of the seven Asiatic churches named in the book of Revelation,—of Patmos and the adjacent isles, the actual state of those localities, with the nature and result of missionary efforts there,—cannot be out of place.

The isle of Patmos lies off the coast of Asia Minor, about thirty miles south-west of Samos, and twenty south or south-west of Icaria. It is one of the celebrated Sporades. From Miletus, for whose pastors St. Paul sent from Ephesus, this religio-classic island lies about sixty miles. Patmos is an immense rock, not unlike Malta, but smaller; for Malta is in circumference a round sixty miles, while Patmos, unless one take into the estimate all the fitful windings of the coast, propably does not exceed twenty, though Pliny gives it thirty. At the present day, the population may compute probably five or six hundred. The ports of Patmos, especially *Scala*, may be accounted commodious; indeed it seems that the ports of rocky islands are generally deeper and safer, than those of lands more favourable to production; so that the gifts of Providence are, in this respect as in many others, pretty much equalized. The language of Patmos is still Greek, in a low style; but what can one hope for from a bevy of monastics, who are the most influential of the present natives? The customs of the island are naturally very simple and patriarchal.

To promote the gospel in this interesting locality and isles adjacent, we sent thither our books and the word of God. Before the visit of my esteemed friend, Mr. Brewer, to this island, it does not appear that either the pure word of God, or christian and elementary education, had at all engaged the attention of the natives; for, that trashy legends are Bible truths, or that the mere capability of one in a hundred to spell out a few Greek sentences from a tattered Psalter in ancient Greek, merits the name of education, is an idea that no pious or intelligent mind can admit. Yet there had existed at Patmos, since the opening of the eighteenth century, a sort of humble lyceum, instituted by an ecclesiastic of the name of Macarius, and this was one of the earliest instances of private liberality, that could be named in modern Greece. For more than a century, this little school supplied teachers to the islands of the Sporades and Cyclades adjacent to Patmos, and also to the towns of the opposite coast of Asia Minor, till the superior character of the schools of Cydoniæ, Chios, and Smyrna nullified its claims to notice.

The school at Patmos was under the tuition of Daniel, whose ponderous grammar I picked up in the shop of a Greek tailor. To become a thorough master of this elaborate, but fearfully verbose and uselessly prolix book of elements, would almost demand a man's life. But another grammar, by a native of Chios, presented to me by the author, would do honour to a Briton. It is by *Vamvas.*

At the request of the Rev. Mr. Brewer, the monks of Patmos generally pledged themselves to use the books from our Malta presses, for the instruction and general good of the natives; and the idea that the labours of our missionary press find a path to these out-of-the-way isles of the Aegean, is a theme of pleasing contemplation. It is, in a humble sense, "the bringing in of a better hope." To all the friends of christian missions in Greece, one may exultingly say: You are doing an amount of good you little calculate. You wish to convert souls: stay a little for the harvest. "The fields are already white."

We now turn to the seven churches of Asia, which shall be noticed in the order in which they are named in the book of Revelation.

Ephesus was one of the chief cities of Asia Minor. This region is now styled Anatolia, and also Natolia, words most obviously formed from the classic Greek, Anatolè, or the *east.* Anatolia is the country referred to in Acts xix. 10. This country also includes Troy. It is probable that Ephesus was as old as king David, and is said to have owed its rise to an Amazonian lady of the same name. This city is about sixty miles from Laodicea.

By earthquakes, by war, and by fire, in the times respectively of Alexander, Antiochus, the Tartars and Turks; Ephesus has most grievously suffered in different ages, and now presents but a village of a few mud-wall cottages flanked by a castle. The stated inhabitants seem all Turks, and education is unknown. Its lonely streets are marked with remnants of ancient grandeur. They are dark, and dull, and silent, so that even sheep and goats find in their shade an occasional shelter from the midday sun. The christian church planted here by apostles, and for some time nursed and fostered by a few devoted spirits, cannot in strict propriety be said to exist; though there yet stands a miserable apology for a place of worship, while for the followers of the false prophet there is a tolerably handsome structure. This mosque, it is said, was formerly a christian edifice, dedicated to the inspired penman of the Revelations. Surely "the candlestick is removed," and the divine menace accomplished, as all prophecy is, or is to be.* May Ephesus speedily "repent, and do her first works!"

The second church is that of *Smyrna*. By request, and at the expense of a native of this place, I published in Greek a history of Smyrna. This city, standing only forty-six miles from Ephesus, is still rich and populous. Built by the Æolians, Smyrna had obtained celebrity even in the Homeric age. In the time of our Lord it was one of the most populous and opulent of the cities of Asia Minor. My Greek friend was vain of his birthland as a matter of course, and did not seem at all aware how much it had lain under the frown of God. By not less than six earthquakes, and by numerous wars, had this devoted locality been desolated and afflicted; and yet Smyrna still survives—the shadow of a splendid city. As an emporium of commerce, it is at this day one of the most flourishing cities of all the Levant, and probably contains 100,000 souls, exclusive of numerous mercantile houses from Europe, Africa, and Asia, About 50,000 of its inhabitants profess the creed of Mohammed; the rest are nominal disciples of Christ.

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* Rev. ii. 5.

By the blessing of God, a church was here planted in the apostolic age; and though both from Jews and gentiles the poor believers seem to have endured "a great fight of afflictions" in the form of persecution, yet they maintained the faith and morals of the gospel with such fidelity and firmness, that in the epistle sent to them by St. John, or rather by the Saviour himself, there is not a syllable of reproof, but many expressions of consolation.* It is highly probable that "the angel," minister or bishop of Smyrna, addressed in this holy document, was the devoted Polycarp, who received the crown of martyrdom in the year of our Lord 166, at the venerable age of 86.

The professing christians now at Smyrna are, of course, subject to the patriarch of Constantinople, as, indeed, are all the "orthodox" Greeks, except the enfranchised subjects of king Otho. It is therefore not uncharitable to add, that the church at Smyrna stands in the greatest need of missionary effort. In this place, I believe, the Rev. D. Temple, from America, is still working his missionary press, one of those levers that must eventually, with the divine blessing, give the grand impulse to all Greece, both insular and continental. To this church I have sent thousands of our own publications.

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* See the Letter, Rev. ii. 8—10.

Pergamos, the next place named in Revelation, is now called Bergamo. It was a city of proconsular Asia, about forty miles from Thyatira. Its temple to Æsculapius, and its splendid library of 200,000 volumes, rendered this place famous. Pergamos was the residence of the Attalian princes, by one of whom Attalus, its valuable library was patriotically collected. Though now containing but a population of about 2,000 souls, it was for 150 years before the incarnation, the capital of a considerable kingdom. What desolations sin hath made in the earth!

To the infant church of Pergamos, John was commanded to address some most touching language.* Perhaps "the angel" or pastor, was Corpos, who, according to Eusebius, suffered martyrdom at Pergamos. Jesus also makes kindly mention of "Antipas my faithful martyr." But the church at Pergamos soon degenerated from her primitive truth and zeal, and embraced the unholy doctrines of "the

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* Rev. ii. 12—17.

Nicolaitans," introduced, some say, by Nicolas the deacon. Learning thus early to commit gross impieties in conduct, they justly entailed upon themselves the stern rebuke of the Saviour.

The church of Pergamos continued respectable in size, down to the eighth century ; but at present there are not above a thousand or fifteen hundred Greeks in the place, and for these, I fear, nothing deserving the name of christian instruction is provided, save what is gleaned from the Bibles and other useful books circulated by the missionaries. Pergamos is said to contain a population of 15,000 souls.

How far the natives of these regions are disposed to meet the efforts of missionaries, may appear from the subjoined request from Pergamos, which was sent to me by the Rev. W. Lewis of Smyrna. It is signed by Ioannes Pharmakes, Themetrios Saraphes, and other, influential natives of the place. I translate the following extract.

"We, the christians dwelling in Pergamos, inform thee, that while we are in a state of great necessity, and deficient in the requisite means, we find in thyself a man able and willing to afford us free assistance, both of thyself and by means of thy friends ; at the same time knowing thee most zealous and most fervent in works of charity, towards a race located in a small and needy country, as is this our suffering Asia Minor, as much of it at least as is inhabited by Greeks, &c. &c. For the establishment of a school we require, first, 3,000 grosia for masters, and 2,000 for rent, books, &c. We therefore hand thee the present writing with our signatures, acknowledging thee, after God, our obliging benefactor, in the presence of our most venerable and most sacred bishop, Chrysanthos of Ephesus. In this town are six hundred houses, and about four hundred children, male and female, fit for education."

Thyatira was once a considerable city, about twenty-five miles from Sardis, and fifty north of Smyrna. It was anciently styled Pelopia; but that name seems to have been changed by Seleucus into Thygatera, daughter, whence comes Thyatira. The present town of Akhissar probably occupies its site. It still contains a population of, it is said, 5,000 Turks, Greeks and Armenians, who exhibit the usual wretchedness of Othoman subjects.

At an early period,* the professors of Thyatira, had fallen from gospel purity, and became corrupt in their principles and morals. This unholy deportment the Saviour reproves, but at the same time he kindly commends their charity and service, their faith and patience. Surely, surely, it behoves us, when we look in vain, to modern Thyatira, for the ancient faith, and purity, and numbers, and "works" of her former communion, "to hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches." To the people of this once considerable and happy place, one may now say with the prophet: "Your country is desolate; your cities are burned with fire; your land, strangers devour it in your presence." And, as Thyatira is now a small, insignificant village, embosomed amidst cypresses, laurels and poplars, how justly may it be added, from the same prophet; "the daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, as a besieged city."†

I have now lying before me a Greek letter from Thyatira, containing a pressing application for the means of instructing its poor children. It is signed by seven respectable natives of the place. This letter rates the Greek population at 350 families, and numbers the children at 250 boys and 300 girls. These Thyatirians strongly express their desire for the establishment of a Hellenic school, and of another on the Lancastrian principle. This and other letters from the natives of the seven churches, I translated and sent to the excellent committee of the Borough-road school, not having myself the means required; but whether much has been done by these gentlemen I cannot certainly state. I believe, however, that one of the Greek youths educated in England, has found his way to Thyatira; and am happy to state that several of them are most usefully employed in other parts of Greece. Our own mission schools are confined to the Ionian isles.

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* Rev. ii. 18—29.

† Isaiah i. 7—9.

Sardis is the site of another of the Apocalyptic churches. This place, now called Sardt or Sart, stands at the north foot of mount Tmolos. It was formerly the capital of Chrœsus king of Lydia, and here it was that that proverbially affluent prince deposited his treasures. Sardis is said to have been erected soon after the siege of Troy, about the year of the world 3100. It was a place of great opulence, and even after having been taken and pillaged by Cyrus, it still retained a fair claim to respectability. By war and other disasters, Sardis has grievously suffered; and even in the time of our Lord it was ruined by an appalling earthquake. Though by order of Tiberius, the Roman emperor, it was rebuilt, yet Sardis never, after that catastrophe, recovered its former importance.

Sardt is now a mere village, but has before it a delightful plain, irrigated by streams from the adjacent hills on the south east. These streams swell the Pactolus on the east of Sardt, and this river disembogues into the celebrated Hermus. As Sardis stands in the line of road from Persia to Smyrna, so frequented by the caravans, one of its present most prominent features is a chan, han or inn, for the merchants. Sardt is now peopled chiefly by Turkish shepherds, whose numerous flocks and herds peacefully graze on the neighbouring plains. The ruins of ancient Sardis are seen south of the town; these are very considerable, and attest the former splendours of the place.

Judging from the tenor of the inspired epistle, addressed to the church of Sardis, it seems that an early winter chilled and blasted the ardour and fertility of inward piety. It is greatly to be feared, that this epistle failed to reform the lifeless professors of Sardis, and perhaps the actual condition of the place demonstrates how fearful it is to be under a divine menace. Since Sardis became a Mohammedan dependency, it has gradually dwindled to its present insignificance. The stated inhabitants of perhaps not more than fifty mean cottages of mud, are all Turks. These are shepherds, and among them are occasionally seen a few Greeks, who cultivate the grounds, tend sheep and goats, and perform other menial offices for the imperious Moslems. Their mosque is said to have been a christian church. It thus appears that the christians of Sardis, who had " but a name," have now lost even that. Among the several letters that came to me from Greeks of those interesting regions, I had none from Sardis; for Greek Sardis is no more:—" the stranger dwelleth there."

Twenty-five or thirty miles from Sardt, and on a branch of the same mountain, Tmolus, stands *Philadelphia*, the sixth named of the churches of Asia. Like the other Apocalyptic cities, Philadelphia has suffered much from earthquake and war; nor less, perhaps, from the Turks, by whom it has been held and peopled for many generations. From its vicinity to Katakekavmene, which appellation imports that the place is subject to volcanic phenomena, it has been a subject of some just surprise that Philadelphia was not long ago abandoned; yet, when one reflects on that love of country, which retains the Sicilians around the foot of burning Etna, the wonder may cease.

Philadelphia was the last of the cities of Lydia and Mysia that bowed to the Moslem yoke, which it did after a stubborn siege of six years. It is still a considerable town, inhabited by about 150 or 200 Greek families, who have five or six churches, about twenty papades or priests, and one bishop. The town is mean and widely dispersed. The bishop of Philadelphia, in 1826, made an excellent remark to Mr. Hartley: " The Bible," said the worthy man, " is the only basis of all religious faith." Oh that all the Greeks had thought so! that the poor churches of Italy had thought so! "Abuses," added the bishop of Philadelphia, "have crept into the church, which former ages indeed bore with, but the present age must put them down." God grant it! The sooner the better, on every account.

The last,—perhaps the most severely visited, because the most disobedient of the seven churches, was that of *Laodicea*. With this name there existed not less than six cities; but that mentioned in the Revelations, stood on the river Lycus, near Colosse in Phrygia. The original name of this city was Diospolis, or the city of Jupiter; afterwards it was called Rhoas, but having been rebuilt by Seleucus, or Antiochus, the Syro-Grecian king, he designated it after his wife, Laodicea. This town was long inconsiderable in all points of view; but towards the age of Augustus, its fame became greatly augmented. Though an inland city, yet after Hiero had adorned it, and bequeathed to its inhabitants upwards of 2,000 talents, Laodicea rose to greater importance than the cities on the coast; and its present ruins demonstrate it to have been, at one time, among the largest towns of Phrygia. An amphitheatre, of a parallelogram form, and of a thousand feet in extent, ranks among the most splendid of its ruins.

Laodicea fell into the hands of the Othoman Turks in the eleventh century. In the next, the emperor of the Greeks, Ioannes Komnenos, retook it; but about 1160, it again fell under the Turkish dominion. In 1255, Laodicea became a part of the Roman or German empire, but soon reverted to the disciples of the false prophet, and has remained in their possession until this day. Yet it is a pleasing reflection, that with all the defects of the Turkish government, the christian subjects of that empire, are free to listen to the missionary, and our books, with the Holy Scriptures, can be read with perfect liberty. Nor is it an unpleasant truth, that the Greek church has never raised its voice against the word of God, wickedly as the pretended catholic pale has behaved in this respect, for several ages since her apostacy.

Fearful has been the fate of this church, and of the city too, demonstrating to us how sinful and how perilous it is to fall into a state of lukewarm christianity. To all the other six churches, the Saviour kindly sent a few words of comfort and of praise, but to Laodicea not one good word is penned by the inspired writer of the Revelation. They hoped for a salvation by the cross, but were not saved from sin; and God rejects such as refuse the sceptre, though glorying in the cross. And where now is its spacious circus, with its 30,000 spectators? and where are its three crowded theatres? and where are its professors —even its professors? and where is its church, the centre of sixteen ἐπισκοπαὶ, or simple and separate bishopricks? Gone to utter desolation! Even the site of Laodicea is a solitude, tenanted at most by wolves and jackals, or an occasional encampment of Turcomans; for earthquakes, and its own want of heartfelt piety, have buried Laodicea beneath that ground on which it once too proudly stood. Such events should deeply impress the heart.

To uproot that fatal Islamism which has, in these seven interesting localities, for a season supplanted the gospel; to revive original christianity; to bring back the professing natives to the creed and ethics of the cross; must, of course, have been the ardent desire of missionaries to Greece. Has any thing been effected? Thank God! much has been attempted, and something has been done.

With a view to complete the preceding notices of the present state of the seven churches, and of the adjacent isles, I request the reader's attention to a brief outline of what has been effected, in the way of christian education, for Asia Minor and the Aegean isles. Probably the results may best appear, if I present a summary view of the state of things in each year, commencing from 1826, when these interesting lands first fixed the eye of christian philanthropy, and when our Malta presses were pouring forth christian books.

1826.—This year Greece began to show an ardent thirst for missionary co-operation, especially in the establishment of schools, the printing of books, and the circulation of the Holy Scriptures. But Asia Minor had not yet fully drawn the attention of missionary societies, or that of the Borough-road Committee, to whom Greece and the Greek missionaries owe an everlasting debt. When I was at Napoli di Romania, I saw their active Greek teacher, who had in 1827, a school there of 160 children. To this and other schools, we furnished numerous books.

1828.—This year my friend, Mr. Temple, from the American board, rendered an essential service to Greece, by printing a translation into Greek of the Manual of the British System, which subsequently found its way to the scenes of the seven churches, and to the isles of the Aegean. Amid the devastations then desolating the classic land, many drawbacks crippled our exertions; but the great work of christian education, and of Bible circulation, went gradually on, and not slowly, especially in the Ionian isles, the site of our own mission, as already noticed when speaking of that portion of Greece. In the year 1829 the cause steadily advanced, amidst many obstacles.

1830.—It may most veraciously be said, that, about this time, the Holy Scriptures and our Malta publications found their way to all the islands adjacent to the seven churches, and christian education had made considerable progress among the hundred islands of the Aegean.

1831.—At this period our transatlantic brethren formed a special committee for Greece. From a paper which they published, the following extract is valuable, among other reasons, as sanctioning the kind of missionary efforts we adopted for Greece:—

> "The translation of our common school-books into modern Greek, and their introduction, is contemplated as a leading object with the committee. The common sentiment of a country depends more upon these, than upon any other single cause; and more practical talent has, perhaps, been thrown into our own school-books, than is to be found elsewhere. Our *common* school system is more perfect, than even that of the enlightened country whence we derive our lineage. Education here fits directly for the business of life, and is well suited to a people just emerging from

revolution, and among whom equal rights are acknowledged. And now, when school-books for modern Greece are yet to be made, better ones probably could not be produced by the labour of half a century there, than we can carry thither, in their vernacular tongue, in half a year. Shall we not, then, help the Greek boy to the best spelling and ciphering book? and the Greek girl to the best thoughts of our writers on female education; as well as those of Maria Edgeworth and Hannah More? and, perhaps, hereafter, the youth to a translation of our larger works of science, and the 'Library of Useful Knowledge.'

"It will be peculiarly honourable to our free and happy citizens, thus to co-operate in the cause of common schools in Greece—the very heart and eye of the world. The keys to the mind of Asia, must ever be on the Hellespont, and in the hands of the Greeks. The elevation of Greece will illuminate all those regions which christianity early civilized; but the sun of Asia is darkened, while Greece is in eclipse. Our school geometry is a translation from the language of that remarkable people, whose literature has so eminently refined and controlled public sentiment, and who seem destined by providence to rekindle the lights of science on those plains and mountains, where exist the most ancient seats and the holiest monuments of the race of man. It is believed, that an American institution of the kind proposed, planted at Argos or at Athens, will help to bind two great regions of the globe in fellowship, and will be hailed as a generous pledge of what one continent can do for the intellectual and moral elevation of another."

In the Cyclades, we find this year not less than *seventeen* schools, with 1,500 pupils. In the Sporades, *seven*, with about 300 children. To these valuable incipient seminaries we supplied books, while the New Testament of the British and Foreign Bible Society was in general a class-book.

1832.—In this year, the site of the seven churches of the Revelation, shared much in the blessings of missionary and school effort. I subjoin a brief, but most instructive extract from the papers of the British and Foreign School Society, to whose generous efforts our own owe so much of their efficiency. Without that institution, and the Bible Society, Greece had benefitted but little from European sympathies.

"At Cæsarea and Thyatira, at Ephesus and in Smyrna, schools are in active operation. In the latter place alone above 1,300 children are receiving instruction, and in all of them the Holy Scriptures constitute the principal reading book. Your committee will not indulge in anticipations, which intelligence of this kind is so naturally calculated to call forth. It only furnishes additional evidence, that every where old delusions are breaking up, and that in all lands a way is preparing for the more rapid advance of peace, and truth, and righteousness."

1833.—Mr. Barker, agent to the Bible Society, thus writes to the Borough-road Committee:—

"The Lancastrian schools continue to augment in Asia Minor, and, although only four of them are at present under the controul of missionaries, still we are thankful that the Holy Scriptures and religious tracts constitute the principal reading-books of all the schools of mutual instruction, and in a great many of them Watts' Catechism is taught.

"Two years and a half ago, Melemen, a small town about fifteen miles distant from Smyrna, in the bishoprick of Ephesus, was the first to establish in Asia Minor one of these schools for boys, with the help of a set of sheet lessons from your Society, sent me by Dr. Korck, from Syra, and New Testaments, which I furnished from the Bible Society's depot. Six months afterwards, the Rev. Mr. Brewer, arriving here from America, set up the first girls' school, which was soon filled with Greek girls. He has now three schools for girls in Smyrna, containing 250 scholars, who are truly interesting. Almost all these girls, when first brought into the school, were in a most deplorable state of ignorance,—filthy and ragged; in short, it might be safely said, that they were mostly taken from the streets, where they daily learned every thing that was bad, and acquired habits of idleness and sin. Several of them were so miserably dressed, that Mrs. Brewer was absolutely obliged to clothe them. The change that has now taken place amongst them is astonishing, and those who did not see them at first, can have but a faint idea of the metamorphosis. In their humble garb, they are now neat and clean; they can sew, knit, embroider, and mark very prettily; more than half of them can read the Scriptures fluently, and learn them also by heart; the rest, who entered the schools but lately, read in tracts, or in the sheet lessons—and all of them are taught Watts' Catechism.* The most forward of them not only can write, but know something of geography, scriptural history, and arithmetic. Fifty of these girls are in what is called the Central School, where the small trifle of tenpence a month is paid; they are mostly of the richer class of Greeks, more forward in their studies, and learn also ancient Greek, with fancy and ornamental work.

"In the principal villages around Smyrna, and in the towns far in the interior of Asia Minor, schools have been established; and I have just heard that at Brussa there is an extensive school of mutual instruction, kept in good order. At Constantinople similar schools are getting up.

"The important articles for scholars in Greece are—slates, pencils, reading-lessons, arithmetics, samplers for needle-work—in short, such things as are necessary for girls' schools in England. The same may be said for the schools in Asia Minor."

My most diligent coadjutor and correspondent, the Rev. J. Jetter, missionary at Smyrna, from the episcopal church of England, was instrumental in introducing, I may probably say, thousands of the books I published at Malta, both into the schools of Smyrna, of Constantinople, and elsewhere. But at this period, my best co-workers were the Rev. W. Lewis, of Smyrna, and the Rev. H. D. Leeves, then at Constantinople. Of the schools at Smyrna, this year, Mr. Jetter thus writes:—"In all these schools the gospel is more or less read: in the ancient Greek schools once a week, in the others twice or three times, and in all of them the lessons of the British and Foreign School Society are commonly used."

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* Printed by the London Missionary Society at Malta.

In the management of the schools at Syra, Dr. Korck was succeeded by Mr. Hildner, who was very active in promoting the use of our Malta books. The late Mr. Dickson thus speaks of an examination of those scholars.

"We were much disappointed in not finding Mr. Hildner at Syra; thirteen days before our arrival he had left Syra for England, by way of Smyrna, whither also Mrs. H. had accompanied him. Mr. T. Selvao, who has the charge of the schools during Mr. H.'s absence, kindly invited us to his house, and in the afternoon we visited the schools; we found present 396 children, all busily employed in their respective studies. There are four schools in the establishment—one of mutual instruction for boys—a similar one for girls—a school for the upper branches of needle-work (the girls in this school are instructed in ancient Greek)—also an infant school. Next day the children were all assembled in a large room, in which they generally meet, for the purpose of receiving religious instruction. The correct and ready answers given by the children, to questions proposed to them from the Scriptures, discovered their acquaintance with the subjects contained in the Sacred Volume. The exercises were commenced by the singing of a hymn, in which all the children united. We were forcibly reminded of the lines—

'Lord, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee.'

The perfect order of these schools, the attention of the children to the commands of the teachers, and the rapidity and quietness with which their exercises are performed, reflect the highest degree of credit on their instructors."

1835. In this year things still progressed, though Count Capo d'Istrias had adopted some restrictive measures. The schools at Syra were still vigorous. The reader will probably relish what is here subjoined from my friend Hildner:—

"The examination commenced with the females, when the leading girls appeared to much advantage, both as to needle-work, writing, and geography. A more interesting sight was never witnessed at Syra—the examination was in every respect gratifying. The elder children read from the New Testament very well, and proved, by their answers to the interrogatories, that they understood what they read. Happy is it for Greece, that she is not stained with the guilt of preventing the free use of the scriptures! May we not, then, hope that the same power which changed the views of the Ethiopian, will enlarge and correct the views of Greece; and that the Divine Word will again flourish and be glorified in this land?"

I shall not particularize as to the following years, but only remark generally that all our labours, both in schools, books, and other missionary work, proceeded as before.

I have thus attempted a sketch of what has been effected in the regions of the seven Asiatic churches, by the combined efforts of different Societies. Though but an *oasis* in the classic desert, though but a drop before the shower, though but as the pilgrim's footstep in an extended and arid plain; yet, if we contrast Greece in 1838 with the Greece of the middle ages, one may well exclaim—"What hath God wrought!"—for the seed is sown, and the fruit will appear.

CHAPTER XVI.

A TOUR IN THE AEGEAN SEA.—FIRST VIEW OF GREECE.—MELOS.—A CHARACTER.—POPULATION AND WANTS OF MELOS.—IMAGINARY DANGER AT SPETSIA.—FIRST NIGHT ASHORE.—SPETSIA.—HOUSES.—COSTUME.—NATIVES.—SCENES IN THE FAMILY OF MY HOST.

On the 20th of December, 1824, the Cambrian, a splendid British frigate, weighed anchor at Malta for the Grecian Archipelago, commonly styled the Aegean. To the politeness of her talented commander, Captain Hamilton, I was indebted for a passage in the Cambrian, and a cover at his hospitable board. We obtained a good offing, and I then retired to rest. When aroused early next morning, by the rumbling and splashy and raucous process of deck-scrubbing, just over my head, I began to consider the difficult duties of my actual position; for I was shortly to quit the ship, on a missionary visit to some of the islands of this sea, and that alone and in time of war. But, as "England expects every man to do his duty," so do the churches of Christ *in* England.

Before commencing this voyage, I had been printing various small works for poor Greece; and one of my present objects was to circulate these, together with some boxes of Greek Testaments from the Bible

Society of London. It was also my wish to ascertain, from actual and local inspection, the real woes and wants of Greece.

On the third day after leaving Malta, I obtained my first view of the classic land, from the deck of a British man-of-war. It was Cape Matapan, the ancient *Tenarum*, bearing north-east, and distant about six leagues. This is the most southerly point both of Greece and of Europe. It is the most sultry portion of Peloponnesus, and the residence of the least civilized part of her population.

What a sight! What a rush of feelings! What vivid recollections! *There*, inspired apostles had taught " the glorious gospel," and vanquished Apollo by the simple story of the cross. *There*, Homer's chivalric bands had fought, and sinned, and bled. *There*, many a bard had sung, many a hero had multiplied widows and orphans. On the restless waves of that bluff promontory, among the spreading Strophades and the crowding Cyclades, the adventurous, vain, gallant, frivolous *Achæi*, and their dancing galleys, had bravely fought, but not " the good fight of faith,"—had raved like nympholypsian youths, had brawled like bullies, had fallen like patriots, had fled like dastards, had triumphed like heroes. And such, after all, they were. Yet, one reads the venerable story of those singularly bold patriots, rather for amusement than instruction, rather for deeds of daring than for maxims of morality.

To this moment have I retained a vivid impression of the profound veneration, with which my straining eyes fixed an almost spell-bound gaze on the outline of the Peloponnesian coast. I seemed to forget and forego every thing besides; so completely did the illusions of fancy overpower the judgment. But it was Greece;—could I fail to remember that simple inscription, so often cut upon the trees about ancient Sparta, the land I now gazed on?—

> *Σέϐου με, Ἑλένης φυτόν εἰμι*
>
> "Revere me, I am Helen's plant."

The frigate first touched at the island of *Melos*, or Melo. The inhabitants, as I learned from a native, are about 2,000, and chiefly employed as husbandmen and pilots. "Pirates," the enemies of Greece would say; but in Melos I know of no pirates, nor can I forget that Greece has been much calumniated. Finding me acquainted with Greek, my informant, a short, stout, pockmarked man, with a laughing face, named Lambrinòs, singled me out for a purpose he had in contemplation.

Mis.—"Well, Lambrinòs, are you a native of Melos?"

Lamb.—"Yes; and I was a pupil of Vamvas."

Mis.—"Any schools in the island?"

Lamb.—No; but you see those two small hillocks there ashore?"—*βουνάκια.*

Mis.—"I see them."

Lamb.—"You do? well, if we have no schools now, *there* stood, in ancient times, the great school of *Diomedes.* That was a most *terrible* sage, *φοβερώτατος.*" As poor Lambrinòs concluded this learned speech, he looked vastly consequential, as feeling himself a descendant of Diomedes; and I think I said some kind thing about his island; for why take umbrage at a harmless love of country, or to hear the Italian artist exclaim, "*anchè io son pittore ?*"

Mis. "What population in Melos?"

Lamb. "About 2,000:—but, O dear! I beg you will speak for me to the captain, to take me on board as schoolmaster. I'll teach Greek to the officers. I'm a pupil of Vamvas. If you speak a word, I'm sure to succeed."

To have so vast an amount of credit for influence in the British navy, naturally called up a smile on the lips of a simple missionary; but at all events I promised to do my best for the poor Meliot. In short, Lambrinòs was forthwith installed as modern Greek professor on board the Cambrian; and when his boat put to shore minus himself, how agitated, how pale, yet how glad was this child of Diomedes, the "terrible sage!" Some years after this I again fell in with Lambrinòs: he was then dressed in the Frank costume, and had served as Greek Dominie in different British vessels.

As by the term "*Gentile*" we understand any man except a Jew, so by "*Frank*" the reader must understand any inhabitant of Europe, save a Turk or Greek. The natives of the Ionian isles I have heard Greeks of the Morea style half-franks, φραγγομερῖται, as having in their veins so much of the blood of Genoa and Venice. It was near Argos that I first heard this epithet contemptuously applied.

I was among four or five hundred rude soldiers ; our discourse turned on a foul deed just perpetrated, and the Peloponnesians, anxious to avoid the stigma, told me " not to think a true Greek capable of such baseness, for that it was unquestionably the deed of some half-frank of the Ionian isles."

Most unfortunately for Melos, the island is oppressed by useless monasteries ; but it is hoped that a considerate and intelligent government will sweep away these hives of sanctimonious drones, and convert the twelve monasteries into lyceums for training the Meliot youth. Besides the monasteries, there exist about fifteen churches. My Meliot friend estimated the population at 2,000 ; but I should rather state it at *three*. The bishop of Melos has ample revenues. The Latin church had formerly a convent here ; but at present, it seems, the entire population belong to the Greek communion. To the active mind of a protestant missionary, more anxious to give the Bible than the monastery, more bent to spread christian education and intelligent piety, than to fix the vacant stare of ignorance upon the semi-pagan pageantry of the mass ; Melos presents claims to notice : she wants schools, elementary books for youth, the Bible, and some zealous men of Paul's spirit, men " determined to know nothing save Jesus Christ, and him crucified ! "

The Meliots are as fine a race as the rest of the Greeks, but the education of the females is there, as elsewhere, altogether neglected. The language is Greek, in a state of greater corruption than in some other portions of the country, but it is similar to that spoken in the other isles of the Archipelago. The books prepared for Melos must, therefore, be the same as for the rest of Greece; nor has the missionary or tourist any additional language to learn, before he can interchange thoughts with the natives. Though this island, like the rest, is extremely rocky, it yet produces abundance of melons, cotton, barley, grain, leguminous plants, figs, olives, grapes, and citrons. The houses are good, of a dark stone, and the fields present a vernal aspect; but the costume of the inhabitants does no honour either to taste or to art, either to the noble bearing of the male, or the softer attractions of the female.

As this was chiefly a tour of *investigation*, the missionary results are here given but briefly. In nearly all the Cyclades and Sporades, schools are now in operation. The details of the present tour are designed in part for general readers. How, indeed, *could* a traveller range among islands classically interesting, without occasionally touching on topics dear to every reader of Homer and Herodotus?—and who but a Vandal would wish *only* for missionary detail, though dear as a pious mother's blessing?

Quitting Melos, we encountered, in "these ever calm waters," a sudden and most severe squall. The Aegean is a treacherous friend, bland but insidious. The next island we approached was Spetsia; and here, after thanking Captain Hamilton for his politeness, I quitted the Cambrian for a tour among the adjacent isles, and on the continent of Greece. Here began those solitary wanderings in a land of strangers, a land of battle and of blood, a land for which Greek and Turk were, at this very time, most fiercely contending; — whose details will occupy, and I hope reward, the reader's attention for some time. The Cambrian I never saw more; she was wrecked on the island of Crete, and in her our navy lost a splendid frigate, but her talented commander lost none of his honour. A few years previously, we lost the Columbine near the very island I had now landed on; and I think I one day saw some of her guns. I know at least that the natives of the Aegean did fish up some of them. Alas! in the Columbine I had a young friend, an officer, Mr. Robinson. This gentleman and the Italian master alone perished with the ship. Mr. R. ran below for a bag of dollars after she had struck, and while there she filled! The brave young officer was never again seen.

It was getting night when I landed at Spetsia. The Turkish squadron had just been seen in those waters, and as the Cambrian was taken for a Turk, I was in the utmost danger of assassination the moment I set foot ashore. Three hundred eyes, and three hundred more, flashed fire upon me. But when I pointed to my boxes, and stated the benevolent object I had in view, their hands let go the grasped yatagan. I was the first to jump ashore.

After such a scene, such an ordeal as made my heart tremble, I was taken into the *καγγελαρία* or town-hall, and, by a small rushlight, letters which I had brought from Captain Hamilton were read to the crowd by a venerable priest. I was now no longer an object of mistrust, but a welcome guest. The priest formally put this question; "Who will give a lodging to the stranger?" An old man about sixty forthwith replied; "I will." With this worthy veteran I went home, and in the bosom of his family I lived ten days, enjoying the sacred rights of hospitality. Rites I should prefer to style them; for what claim had I, save that I was a helpless wanderer?

I shall never forget the first night I passed beneath the friendly roof of old Santos; such was the name of mine host. He introduced me to his son, his nephew, and even to his wife and daughter. It was the former who said, when Santos introduced me as an English priest, "impossible, he has no beard!"

We supped on some fish half broiled, sopped in oil, some good bread and some decent wine. After this the ladies retired to their apartment, and Santos, his son, and myself, had some general conversation. At last old Santos retiring, left the son and myself to sleep in the room where we were sitting, on the divan.

I blush to add what follows. I blush to say that, from ignorance of the real character and intentions of my new friends, I really did expect that night to have been murdered. And why? My reply will scarcely justify my fears. I saw that when my half-civilised island companion, a warrior about twenty-five, was disrobing for the night, he drew from his girdle the long knife he had used at supper, and placed it carefully on a table, close to the mattrass on which I was to sleep! Now, I own I did not like this. I had already laid myself down, and I watched with eagle eye every movement of Capitan Anthreas,—such were the young warrior's style and name. The knife looked ominous. "Yet," thought I, "surely they will not murder a poor defenceless stranger. Shepherd of Israel, who neither slumberest nor sleepest! I commend myself to thee."

The young islander next took off his girdle, his yeleki, or jacket, his slippers, and other parts of his dress, and advancing to a lamp, that cast a gloomy, flickering light on a picture of Panagia, or the virgin, he began his evening prayers. For about three or four minutes he half whispered the vespers of his church, at the same time repeatedly making what the Greeks strangely style *μετάνοιαι*, or repentances. And what, in the language of poor modern Greece, is a repentance?—an inclination of the body to or towards the ground; a bending it forward at least half way to the earth. Such is the havoc that monastic imbecility has made with the meaning of the scripture term *μετάνοια*, which imports a change of mind, a change from evil to good. During these repeated inclinations, my *compagnon de nuit* crossed himself as often and as earnestly, as though his salvation depended on that one act of puerile devotion. Captain Anthreas next took a long pull at a jar of water, and then throwing himself on the divan close by me, seemed to fall asleep.

My eye meantime often turned woefully to the sheathless cutlass that lay on the table. Would it had been at the bottom of the Aegean sea! "Here I am," thought I, "unprotected save by heaven, reposing by the side of an island warrior, of whose moral principles I know precisely nothing. That knife! that cutlass! those ominous weapons that hang around the walls!" Well; I resigned myself to the safeguard of the divine shield, and tried to repose; but I think I often said with Job, "when shall I arise, and the night be gone? I am full of tossing to and fro, until the dawning of the day."

My truant thoughts glanced to Malta;—my wife, my children, my friends, my affairs: then to England,—my kindred, my youthful days; then to the great affairs I had in hand,—my future perils, my hopes; and then, that knife!" At length I sank into a feverish slumber, and awoke next morning to tell my countrymen that my lot had fallen among, perhaps, the most hospitable natives of the Aegean.

To circulate books, I sojourned for a time in Spetsia, an island which lies off the promontory of Athens, and is, I think, the ancient Serphia. It is small, and seemed to be but thinly peopled. The town of Spetsia, which mostly skirts the sea, whence the name of the island is derived, consists of straggling dwellings, without order, and exhibiting but a small amount of architectural attractions. The general style is Venician, but within one sees a mixture of Italian and Greek. The ceiling of the apartments is tastefully painted and gilt. The house I resided in may be described, as a specimen of the rest. We entered it by a yard door, bearing no small resemblance to the back entrance of an English gentleman's residence ; and yet this formed the exclusive passage to the dwelling of my friend Santos, though he was, for the island, a man of wealth. Crossing a yard about twenty paces square, on one side of which stood an apartment, in which the females worked the loom à la Penelope, we entered the house properly so called. This consisted of a lobby, one facade of which was formed of the yenaikeion or woman's apartment, and the thalamos ; the other presented a square apartment, half carpeted, having a divan along the entire upper end. This served the purposes of sitting and eating room by day, and bed room at night.

The Spetsiot costume is common to Hydra and some other islands of the Aegean. It consists of a cotton shirt, Frank stockings, Greek slippers, dark, without heels. The *ὑποκάμισον*, or shirt, is followed by the *ἐσώβρακον* or drawers. Over these come *τὰ βρακιὰ* or brogues, the least elegant part of the island costume, and yet used in almost all the islands of the Archipelago. A close under-vest follows the brogues, and over this comes the *γελέκι* or jacket, often sleeveless, generally of some light material, as Salonian silk or stuff, but in winter of cloth. This vest is partially open and very wide at the lower end of the sleeves, when it *has* sleeves ; but of whatever material it consists, it is braided to profusion. The loins are always girt with the pretty zone, or girdle, while the φέσι, or red skull cap, completes the male suit.

The females of Spetsia generally wore, when I was there, yellow slippers. I used to watch the young daughter of Santos step across the yard, trippingly, and with the air of an Aegean coquette; and, as her slippers had no heels, being open all round her ancle, I occasionally wondered they did not slide off her feet; but practice is every thing. At the time I am writing, I question not that the ladies wear *red;* but under the Othoman yoke red slippers were forbidden to the Greeks by the laws of the empire: so were turbans; and I recollect the contempt with which some Greek gentlemen surveyed a dashing warrior, who once called at the house of good Admiral Miaoules, when I was a guest beneath his roof at Hydra, because this fine Greek Murat had added the turban to the rest of his gaudy wardrobe; for, as before the revolution the turban was forbidden, to wear it afterwards was almost tantamount to "Turkizing." Since then, the Turks themselves are laying aside the turban; and I smiled the other day at a Manchester manufacturer of hat galloons, &c., on hearing him express a hope, that the Turks would soon cast off the vile *fesi*, and take up the European *hat*.

Black is worn in Greece for mourning as in England. One day I was taking a walk with a young man about twenty-two. Observing that instead of the rather gay costume of the island, his raiment was all black, even his fesi, I asked him, "Art thou an anagnostes, or church reader?" "No," he replied, "I am in mourning." At this time I had not assumed any part of the Greek costume, and my guide told me, that had I been alone, the little urchins of the island would have run after me, shouting and singing a madrigal, which may be rendered—"Eat macaroni with golden forks." This ditty is the Aegean boys' usual song to foreigners; and a good natured traveller, instead of feeling anger, only smiles at the poor children's simplicity, and wishes to teach them the songs of Zion, and the dress of righteousness.

Human nature, with all its varieties, presents some interesting points of resemblance. I have elsewhere instanced this in proverbs. Let me here add, that one often hears the Maltese nurses singing to the little dark swathed bantlings, almost word for word, but in Arabic, our nursery rhymes, "Clap hands, Papa comes," &c. Thus,—

Banee banutzee !	Clap hands !
Tata geï !	Papa comes !
Col hosh a Gianni !	All for Gianny !
A Tonee sheï !	For Tony nothing !

My guide informed me that the island of Spetsia contains about twenty churches. The inhabitants are a fine race, tall, manly, and handsome; but the symmetry of their face is rather encumbered than improved by their long, shaggy moustachios.—These the Greeks unconsciously twist in almost all their fits of anger.

I cannot but cherish the belief, that the natives of this island, as also those of Hydra, Psarrà, Cassi, and a few others in the Aegean, are chiefly of ancient "*Macedonia* and *Illyria*." If so, the great apostle of the gentiles extended his evangelical labours to their northern ancestors. It is true they speak Greek, but the Albanian is their native tongue, and with this they are much more at home. From the fact that in the Albanian language, one finds many Latin terms, might originate the idea that their ancestors migrated from Alba in Italy, to Illyricum, and that they founded the Illyrian city of Albanopolis. Tacitus, however, mentions the Albani or Albanians of *Asia*; and, after all, it is possible the latter may have been the fathers—partly, at least—of the Spetsiots. At a very early period, the language of Illyria was not identified with that of Greece; and I please myself with the thought, that I heard on the lips of these most interesting islanders, that language, supposed to be entirely lost, in which St. Paul made known to Macedonia and Illyria, "the gospel of the Son of God." The very idea was a luxury I cannot describe.

But at what period did these natives descend into the sweet islands of the Archipelago? I regret not having enquired into their traditions. To other travellers is left the interesting question, only adding, that if prince Kantakuzene's history of the Turkish empire be within the reader's reach, it may perhaps be found, that in some of the disastrous wars of the lower empire, these children, if such they be, of Illyricum and of Macedon, gradually wended their way southward, and might take possession of these

Grecian isles about the fourteenth century. Intermarrying with the original Greek population, they took up also the language; for, as we have already stated, they speak both Albanian and modern Greek. So do the Hydriots, Cassiots, Psarrians, and, I believe, a few other islands in this part of the Aegean. A tragic tale is that of the Psarrians, but we cannot stay to detail it.

The family of Santos, including a female Turkish slave, taken recently in battle, consisted of ten members. In this island I saw other Turkish slaves, some of them blacks. One of the latter I one day met carrying a large bundle of brushwood. I asked her if she was unhappy? "Unhappy!" the poor sable captive replied, "why unhappy to be a slave here? I was just the same when among the Turks." So saying, she laughed in a vacant manner, and patiently passed on. The slave in the family of my host seemed pretty comfortable. Another Turkish girl, about fourteen, whom I found in the family of Sachtures, the Spetsiot admiral, was about to receive baptism.

What an evil is war! "How is it," I one day asked some natives, "how is it, that with so rich a soil, you allow almost all your island to lie fallow?" "Alas!" was their reply, "how can we do otherwise? If we sow, the Turks may come and reap. Besides, all our shipping, that formerly conveyed our produce to Europe, is now employed in war.—Do you think this calamity is to last long?—What say the Europeans?" Poor things! they were not sensible that they too were Europeans. It was under the influence of such a state of things, that one of these islanders exclaimed, as I showed him some bagatelle of British manufacture, "What a world Europe is!"

As one of the objects of these pages is, to furnish some idea of the *domestic* habits of present Greece, I shall notice several little events *tout à fait* trivial, but still bearing on that object. Yet why trivial? to man, what so interesting as man?

I smiled one day at Lascara, the daughter of my host. Her father, and uncles, I think, were conversing about her approaching wedding-day. It was to be the next Theophania festival. Poor Lascara stood and listened with as much *sang froid*, as though they had been canvassing the size of a walking-stick. I really think this innocent girl of fifteen had about as much idea of marriage, as of mathematics. I signified my surprise at some of their marriage customs. I disapproved the treatment of their wives, which does not seem to be sanctioned by the word of God, or by the voice of reason. "What age," they asked, "was Mrs. Wilson when you married?" I replied, "about nineteen." "Well," they said, "we marry much earlier." So indeed they do, and so do all the orientals. "You think," said the father of another girl, "that we do not treat our wives properly. Now there's Capitan Anthreas; he is going to marry my daughter; and, if he likes, he can take her with him in his next cruise after the Turkish squadron;—he can kill her, if he likes!" Reader, think better of these hospitable islanders. He said this with a smile, and all the company laughed heartily at his *badinage.*

One day, Mrs. Santos came bustling in from the woman's apartment, and brought her babe: "Here," said she, with obvious importance, "here is a fine little fellow for you, only two months old!" "Is not he a noble Greek?" said the father. "Perhaps," said I, "a future minister or legislator." "What shall I call him?" enquired the father, turning to me; "for we are not going now to name our children after a pack of saints; we shall, in future, give them great, ancient names, those of our ancestors." "Well," I replied, "call the babe Themistocles."—"What?"—"Themistocles?"—"Wilt thou write it me down?" I did so in good Greek; and, I have reason to think, that if the dear little fellow is yet in this world of mortals, he is bearing the honoured name of the Athenian legislator.

This recalls to memory a convert to the true faith in the island of Malta. He brought me his pretty babe to be baptized. "Its name?" I enquired. "Giovanni," replied the father. "Add Wickliffe," said I, "he was a holy man, and a great reformer." "Very well, sir," he replied; and I thus introduced into that island a name, at which some may hereafter tremble. "Forsitan olim."

I think it was the day after landing at Spetsia, that I unpacked my personal effects—coffee, tea, sugar, a tin travelling apparatus for boiling coffee on the road, a mattress to lay on the ground, with some other trifles. Old Santos was intently gazing at all this process: at last, he said, "Has thy wife put up any gin for thee?" "No," said I, "not a drop." "Not a drop," replied he, "why then she does not love thee."

After the Greeks have made their wine, the dregs are manufactured into an agreeable sort of pasty cake, of a brownish hue. This the Greeks style moostópeeta. Peeta means a cake, any sort of cake: moostópeeta means must-cake. On one occasion a piece of this cake was given to me. As I had never before either seen or heard of it, I folded it in some paper, and said, "When I return to Malta, I will show this to Mrs. Wilson." At this the family smiled, and their smiles recalled to my memory a similar scene in my own family at Malta, elsewhere narrated, of a Ninevite who called on me to discuss some religious questions. As I smiled at the Ninevite, so did the Greeks at the Englishman.

CHAPTER XVII.

VISIT THE GREEK FLEET.—DISTRIBUTE THE SCRIPTURES AMONGST THEM.—BRULOTTES.—THEIR CONSTRUCTION AND MANAGEMENT.—GREEK FASTS.—SIGN OF THE CROSS.—MISAPPLICATION OF SCRIPTURE.—ARRIVAL OF THE GREEK LOAN.—ITS IMPORTANCE.—SENTIMENTS OF THE PEOPLE RESPECTING IT.—CONVERSATION ON THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE.

I THINK it may be safely stated, that the navy of Greece, during her celebrated war of independence, which began in 1821, never exceeded eighty of the larger vessels. Forty of these I saw at Spetsia, and went on board of some of them, accompanied by my facetious friend young Santos. For each of these forty vessels I left two Greek Testaments, one for the brave captain, the other for the forecastle. This liberal gift from the British churches, the defenders of Greece most thankfully received. At the time I boarded the fleet, three of them were away on their struggling country's service. During my stay at Spetsia they returned, and the three captains—I think that was the number,—came on shore and begged I would confer on them the same favour I had shown the other part of the fleet. This request was, of course, readily complied with.

As Capitan Anthreas and myself were wending our way among these interesting vessels, I remarked that each was decorated with a large figure-head: one staring bust was dignified with the name "Alcibiades;" another was " Plato," as much like a sage, as a boatswain is like a cabin boy; a third figure head was Alexander, another Aristides, then followed Pluto, Ulysses, *et id genus omne.* "Are all these likenesses?" said I to my young captain. " Of course," he replied, with a roguish smile, and we passed on.

Eighty ships, then, composed the fighting navy of modern Greece; and these had to battle it against all the powerful navy of Turkey. What inequality! for of what class were the Greek men of war? Having been on board, I can reply. They were mere merchantmen, from two to five hundred tons burthen; carrying each about twenty guns, and manned by from thirty to a hundred and fifty seamen. Prior to the war, all these vessels had been engaged in commerce. They belonged chiefly to Hydra and Spetsia.

Capt. Anthreas took me on board a *brulotte* or fireship. Brulotte is a French word, from brûler to burn. The proper Greek name is πυρικὸν καράβι; yet these islanders generally used the French term. I will try to furnish some idea of a Greek fireship. Suppose first an empty hull, of about fifty or eighty tons burthen. Inside her is placed, by her broadside or beams, half a dozen kegs of powder, with as many barrels of tar, covered with dry brushwood, old tarpauling, and other combustibles. Through the hold from stem to stern, there runs a channel or canal, about the form and size of an English spout, containing a plentiful train of powder. This is covered with brushwood and other inflammables, until the hold is full. Aloft, she is rather rudely rigged, but safe and manageable even in bad weather. Her rattlings, cordage, masts and bullwarks are smeared with tar, and at her yard-arm ends grappling irons are fastened, fit to entangle her with the ship along side of which she may be run. She is manned with a captain and four sailors, and tows a boat astern for their escape.

Thus fearfully caparisoned, this terrible sea-horse, this *machine infernal*, stalks about generally at night, looking out for the Moslems. As soon as the fleet is observed, she bears down, silently, on some great first-rate, singled out as the victim. One of the men is at the helm, the rest are in the boat astern, with a match lighted. She dashes against the Turk. The hooks grapple her upper works. The match is applied to the train, at a hole astern. The steersman leaps into the boat. The boat sheers off. The train fires the brushwood. In half a minute the hold is a furnace. The flames ascend to the rigging, and in five minutes the ship becomes a mass of blazing elements. The enemy, unable to break away, or check the devouring flames, takes fire at once. The crew, some eight or nine hundred poor defenceless mortals, are either burned to ashes with the ship, or, leaping overboard, meet death in a milder form. Such are the fear and confusion, that on these occasions but few Turks could reach either a ship or the shore!

Only about three months before I landed at Spetsia, one of these fireships had burned a tremendous ship of the Othomans. I think it was that of the Admiral. The English papers were full of the affair. Little did I imagine, on reading the details, that I should board one of these fearful machines—that I should converse with the very men, who achieved the appalling feat: yet so it was. I walked out one morning with two captains, and in our progress they showed me the bronze cannon they had taken from the poor burned Moslems. "Other ships sank, said my companions, but as the fire had literally melted the guns, we could not fish them up."—"Many of my countrymen," I replied, "would sacrifice much to see what my eyes now behold." Yet one cannot but heave a heartfelt sigh, over the ashes of eight hundred poor Moslems, burned and drowned in the dead of night, and ushered into the presence of deity, without an acknowledgement of the Son of God. Ye children of Ishmael! may your rapid advances in civilization lead you eventually to the divinest science,—that of the cross!

It seems but natural, to enquire—whence the Greek brulottes? The name is French, and as the names of things generally come from the inventors, it may be supposed that Greece owes them to France. The invention of gunpowder is also given to modern times. Yet we find Anna Comnena, daughter of one of the Greek emperors in the time of the crusades, that is in the twelfth century, mentioning a sort of powder, or rather an inflammable composition, used by the Greeks against the western barbarians under the banner of the pope of that age. This is styled Greek fire, or unquenchable fire, πῦρ ἄσβεστον. Nay more, even the Sanscrit shasters of India forbid the use of fire-arms, under the term agnee-aster; and in China gunpowder was known from a period immemorial. From a passage in Quintus Curtius, it seems, that Alexander met with fire-arms in India. The "*feu gregeois*" of the crusaders, a phrase by which was meant Greek fire, appears to have greatly resembled that of the ancient Hindus; "a kind of dart or arrow, tipt with fire, and discharged upon the enemy from a bamboo." One of the very extraordinary properties of the missile was, that after commencing its career through the air, "it divided into several darts, or streams of flame, each of which took effect." When once kindled, this Hindu fire was inextinguishable, and so seems to have identified with the unquenchable fire of Anna Comnena. Whatever was the era of the invention of gunpowder, it seems certain that fire-arms are of a date most ancient.

On the whole, the modern Greeks cannot be regarded as a bigotted race. Most gladly would they shake off, but for the deleterious influence of monastics, an immense mass of superstition that enfeebles both body and mind. During my stay in this island, one of the *four* Greek lents came round; yet I was allowed broth, egg, and lemon at dinner, while the rest of the family starved on herbs, olives and parched beans. At night I pressed old Santos to allow himself a small cup of wine. He hesitated. "Oh!" said I, "take it; God is not a cruel tyrant, that finds delight to see his creatures torturing themselves to death. Fasting is permitted, but no where commanded in all the christian scriptures."—"Well; wilt thou forgive me if I drink a drop?"—"You need no forgiveness; if you did, I could not pardon you."—"Then thou forgivest me, so I'll drink it:" and the poor old man drank off about a wine glass. But now, mark the results of permitting *human* laws to displace those of the christian code: this very man, who durst not drink a glass of wine on Saturday night, I saw *next* morning playing at cards! "Thus do they make void the law of God by their traditions." I hope this is soon to cease.

I never saw the Greeks ask God's blessing at meals, but they all make the sign of the cross. "Why," I enquired of this kind family, "why not *pray* at meals!"—"We have prayers if a priest dine with us, but at other times we only sign ourselves." After this reply, one of the company said, turning to me, "pray how do *you* make the sign of the cross?"—"I never make it at all." In fact, I should have found but little satisfaction in the admission, that some of our countrymen do use this superstitious rite; so I only replied for myself. The Greeks account the Latin church to be in a most awful error, because Roman catholics do not sign themselves in an orthodox way! I have a book in modern Greek, which presents a plate of the human hand, making the sign of the cross in another manner! "Pray how is this?" Three fingers of the hand must be joined; and whereas the Romanists, in their wicked errors, touch the wrong shoulder first, a good christian must take the greatest care to touch the right shoulder! "*Risum teneatis, amici?*" Horace, I cannot "smile," I feel rather disposed to weep.

One evening I took up an Albanian Testament, and with the son's assistance, commented on some half dozen verses. Among others, these words of Jesus came up: "Many will say unto me in that day, Lord! Lord!" I, of course, should argue thence the necessity of heart-felt personal piety, as opposed to mere empty forms; but my Greek auditory found a singular loop-hole:—"That means the Turks," said they; "for the Turks are always saying, Lord! Lord!—Alla! Alla!"

When I was at Nauplia, near Argos, the first instalment of the loan arrived from England, to pay the poor starving Greek navy and army. What a bustle this created in all Greece! How often have I witnessed interesting scenes, the result of this loan! The sight of beautiful English gold almost threw the poor penniless natives into extacies. Soon after its arrival, I was travelling near Elis, when I met three armed Greeks. "Sir," they enquired, "is the loan arrived?" "Yes," said I, "the brig lies at Nauplia." Not a word more did the poor fellows utter; but, seizing each other's hands, they formed a circle, danced for a few moments on the green sward, and then, bidding me farewell, "εἰς τὸ καλὸν," they set off for the golden fleece. An old lady, who once sailed with me about twenty miles in the Aegean, said, "So you've sent us some money from England."

"Yes," I replied, "is it not generous in my dear country?" "Why, it may be," she drily answered, "but I've no doubt you'll expect much more than you lend us!" Now, as I was not a bondholder, I felt I was under no obligation to shiver a lance with this modern Amazon; so there the matter was allowed to rest; for if our object is to win the Greeks over to the love of gospel truth, it is wise not to touch needlessly on irritating topics.

On one occasion my kind host drew his purse from his bosom, and, showing me eight or ten English sovereigns, part of the loan, remarked, "Your island alone has assisted us in our struggle for independence. Without this loan, we should have perished." In this simple remark there are volumes of affecting truth. The nation was famishing, foodless, friendless, helpless; and the poor soldiers especially, with their families, presented the very image of want! Near Tyrens, prince Maurocordato gave me a soldier, as a guide and protector in a part of my travels; but I was obliged to buy this poor fellow a pair of light shoes, such as all the guerillas of Greece wore to run in, when chased, or in chase; for my armed guide was almost barefoot.

"Well," replied a friend, who heard the remark of Santos, and my reply, "we now fight the Turks with their own weapons. The Othomans are buying up your English gold, and sending in its stead their own base coin. So we have set up a mint to manufacture coin still baser, and we have agents at Constantinople to dispose of it." It might not be good policy to let me into this secret. At all events I *know* this Greek stated only what was fact; for in another island of this fair sea, I actually entered a mint, which I shall shortly have occasion to describe.

The Greeks, like our French neighbours, are ungallant enough to salute gentlemen before ladies. "We English," said I, "always take the ladies first." "Well;" replied one of the party, "we *never* do." Perhaps the Bavarians may introduce a politer etiquette; nor can I explain to myself the anomaly in that of our polite Parisians. The day before Fieschi's attempt on the life of Louis Philippe, when fourteen hapless victims fell before the "machine infernal," I heard a sort of master of ceremonies publishing the coming fêtes. He began, "Messieurs et Mesdames." The Greeks are equally ungracious to females; but then, the Parisians succeed Louis XIV., the Greeks have been taught in the school of the Moslems.

While at the house of Santos, I had a visit from Thoux, a very intelligent physician. He had been in the war, but was now practising at Spetsia. He informed me that he was the very man to whom, when Monemvasia was taken from the Turks, the head of the garrison consigned the keys. Monemvasia is a strong fortress and town, on the south-east of the Morea, almost parallel with Navarino, where the brave Sir Edward Codrington fought the celebrated battle. Our Malmsey wine, I think, derives its name from Monemvasia. With Thoux, I had much interesting intercourse on education, religion, and on the actual state and prospects of the Greek language. As the modern Greeks have lost the infinitive mood, I proposed that an attempt should be made for its recovery. “How?”—“Thus,” I replied; “we say in modern Greek, for, I will go and have a good supper, ϑέλω ὑπάγει, καὶ ϑέλω ἔχει ἕνα καλὸν δεῖπνον; now, why not say, ϑέλω ὑπάγειν καὶ ἔχειν, for we thus speak with equal plainness, while we secure the infinitive, and render the repetition of ϑέλω quite unnecessary.” I think this suggestion did not originate with me. I have an impression that Koraës had adopted the usage. At all events, in some of the works I have published in modern Greece, I at least have used these infinitives, and in one, a quarto Greek commentary, I have, in a note, presumed to recommend it to the classic land. In other respects the press I had for about eight years in untiring employ, has contributed in some humble measure to the reformation of the sweet language of Greece; and I hope the note in question will not be utterly disregarded. It is a singular fact, that just at the time when I brought out the quarto Greek commentary on the three Epistles to Timothy and Titus, a learned native published one on the very same Epistles! yet neither myself nor Koraës had any notion of each other's intentions or occupations! That learned Greek, seems to have felt, like myself, that the study of these scriptural canons, the only canons of divine authority, would assist in elevating the heart and character of the native priesthood. Yet, I think what a Greek merchant one day said to me is true ;—"Your book is spiritual, that of Koraës political" Ample will be my recompense, whatever its real worth, if that humble effort but aid in *the revival of the church of Greece.*

It is with much satisfaction added, that the episcopal brethren at Malta from the diocesan church of England, have republished the Commentary of Koraës. They have given to Greece many other useful productions; among the rest, a Commentary on the Acts, edited by the Rev. W. Jowett, some elementary works, and a History of the First Three Centuries.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HUMORIST.—THE BISHOP.—RELICS.—THE ANGLERS.—BOOKS SOLD.—THE CRETAN SCHOOLMASTER.

I ASK forgiveness of my reader for once more introducing him to our Spetsiot humorist, Captain Anthréas; for I wish to depict *living* Greece, and to demonstrate her moral state even by trivial events.

Sunday came, and I heard this young warrior valiantly striking his lyre, and singing the following lines, part of a favourite war song of modern Greece, more skilled in songs than hymns.

"Φίλοιμον συμπατριῶται!
"Δοῦλοι ν' εἶμεϑ' ἕως πότε;
"Τῶν ἀχρείων Μουσουλμάνων,
"Τῆς Ἑλλάδος τῶν τυράννων;
"Ἐκδικήσεως ἡ ὥρα,
"Ἔφϑασεν, ὦ φίλοι, τώρα!"

I have often heard this song, the air of which, quite at the antipodes of the language, is very plaintive. In fact, almost all the airs of Greece are such. I have six, all martial, yet all in a minor key. The reader must bear with a prose translation of the lines just given, till he meet with a better. Each of the six lines of the Greek stanza presents four iambic feet, and would be pretty were it not vindictive.

My friends! my compatriots!
Slaves how long shall we be,
Of the vile Mousoulmans,
The tyrants of Greece?
The hour of vengeance,
Friends! has now arrived.

"Captain Anthréas," said I, "you should not sing songs on Sunday."—"Why, afendi?"—"It is wicked." —"But what must I do."—"Sing psalms."—"But I am not a psalmist; let our priests do that."—"You might, at all events, sing songs on other days, not on the Sunday."—"No, sir, I must work on other days, and sing on this."—"On Sunday you ought to sing psalms and hymns."—"Very well, but if I must sing, I shall expect your reverence will get up and dance!" As the young warrior made the last reply, he smiled in good nature. I own I had not a reply; at least I find none in my notes. The Bible says, "answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit." But I am not the first that has been nonplused by a humorist. I had better occasions for such conversation, as my good-natured banterer's repartees required, and those I hope I did not fail to improve.

During my stay in Spetsia, I had much intercourse with the acting bishop, of a most interesting kind. Before we separated, he also gave me much valuable information. He begged me to send him copies of all my books, and in return sent me a present of wine of Monemvasia, or Malmsey. He also presented me with a beautiful copy of the new musical notes of the Greek church; and, in a long conversation we had on sacred airs, in which I freely but kindly expressed my dislike to the actual singing of his country, as intolerably nasal, full of most unmeaning and unedifying repetitions; he stated that all must be reformed; in fact, that the process had already commenced, and he gave me the following *new* terms for so solfaying.

πὰ	*βοὺ*	*γὰ*	*κὶ*	*κὲ*	*ζὢ*	*νὴ*	*κά.*
d,	e,	f,	g,	a,	b,	c,	d.
pa,	vou,	gha,	kee,	ke,	zo,	nee,	pa.

I think it was the day after my arrival among these simple islanders, that old Santos engaged to show me, as a mark of high confidence and esteem, a rich casket of *relics*. I easily saw that the poor man attached mighty importance to this affair, for he repeatedly alluded to the feast I was to have, with a great amount of gravity. At length the casket made its appearance. The old man first most devoutly laid it on the table, then stepped back about a yard, and with his facial muscles expressive at once of veneration and fear, began crossing himself and bending half way to the ground. This lasted about half a minute. He then, with tremulous hands, opened a rich box, and lifted from it a casket either of solid gold, or silver-gilt, the former I believe; and yet the casket was about a foot in length, by eight inches in width. The material was obviously of great value. And now were we all allowed an inspection of the contents. With that I would have dispensed, but at all events I observed a decorous silence. "What was within?"—Reader! I can only reply—*bones.* Instead of praising "a hand of St. Jerome,"—"a shoulder blade of the Baptist"—and "a piece of the very wood of the original cross of Calvary;" I merely passed a decorous encomium on the precious casket itself. The day will come when good men, of all communions, instead of a slavish veneration for the poor relics of the pious dead, will rather strive to imitate their virtues. I wonder from what body or bodies those of Santos came; and it is painful to reply to oneself, not improbably from that of some pagan, or of some graceless victim of vice and of crime.

While standing by the sea-side, watching the arts of a poor fisherman who was angling, I saw him take a fine fish that floundered and struggled desperately. "What is the name of the fish?" I asked:—he kindly replied, "Kefalos."—"What dost thou bate with?"—"With leaven." Hence I learned that the Greeks, like the natives of Malta, bate with pounded bread and other material mixed, such as faded cheese, or old dried fish. Many a time have I seen the Maltese bring to the shore about a pound of bread, bad cheese and spoiled herrings, lay all down on a stone, take a smaller stone, and so mash the whole to a paste. The Maltese often, indeed generally, bate with simple bread and cheese. This Greek fisherman had, I think, only one hook, while those of Malta invariably fish with two. I have in my eye at this moment a ship-owner of that island, a short, thick, hard-faced, odd sort of being, who spent almost all his life in angling for mullet by the sea-side. Early and late might poor Tagliaferro be seen studying patience.

One day old Tagliaferro gave me a short history of his life:—" I was at first in a monastery. My brother was there too. I remained for some time, but became at length so disgusted with the vile conduct of the monks, that one day off I ran, and got on board a ship as a common sailor, without a penny in the world. By degrees I saved a little; that made more; I bought part of a ship. At length I became owner of an entire mercantile brig, and now I have several. But the monks shall never have a stiver when I die. Sad rascals, Signor Wilson—sad rascals!"

While I remained in Santo's calm little islet, the natives kept me on my feet almost all day for several days together, selling my books; and one day some three or four came together to purchase, when one of them turned to me and said, " Is not Greece a fine country?"—" Yes, beautiful."—" And the natives!" " The men, very; but not your females; at least not handsome in proportion."—" But our handsome women don't come abroad." I recollect once a French gentleman made a similar remark to me:—" The females of England who wheel about in carriages are certainly very handsome; but those on foot are generally *bien laides.*" I gave little credit to the remark of my French friend; but, after all, christian ladies in Britain have some charms that other nations equal not,—intelligence and goodness. Whatever befalls the graces, let them wisely keep to that, and they will always be lovely. " A woman that feareth the Lord, *she* shall be praised."

In one day I sold books to the amount of about *nine pounds sterling.* The principal books I circulated among these islanders were the Pilgrim's Progress, the Dairyman's Daughter, the Young Cottager, a large Tutor's Guide, a Treatise on Redemption, the New Testament, and others.

Standing one morning by the side of an open case of these books, I saw a man come up, about forty years old, with a very good-natured face. This individual was accompanied by a number of boys. I soon found that my visitor was a schoolmaster, and the lads were his pupils, or as the word μαϑηταὶ is rendered in the New Testament, disciples; for there it is spoken of the pupils of the adorable teacher of christianity. Well, the worthy dominie of Spetsia laid his hand on one of my books, and the following dialogue passed between us.

Teacher.—" What book is this ?"

Missionary.—" The New Testament."

T.—" That book I don't like."

M.—" Why ?—it is a good book."

T.—" And yet, you must know, I don't exactly like it."

M.—" But why, my friend ?"

T.—" Why !—for a very good reason." As he said this he good-naturedly smiled, and I smiled too, for I fancied it was all *badinage.* Yet I could not imagine what the worthy man was driving at. The dialogue went on.

Missionary.—"Pray say why you object to the New Testament?"

Teacher.—"Did not St. Paul write it?"

M.—"He wrote part of it."

T.—"Well; that's quite enough: you must know that St. Paul libels my countrymen, and I'm mortally offended at him."

M.—"But how is that?"

T.—"Why, I'm not a native of this island; I'm a Cretan."

M.—"Well!"

T.—"St. Paul has mortally offended me, *μὲ ἐσκανδάλισε*, because he boldly declares that the Cretans are always liars!"

M.—"He cites one of your own poets, Menander."

T.—"Well, after all, I don't care: for if St. Paul says the *Cretans* are liars, David declares *all* men are liars; so we're no worse than others."

After this he called all his disciples; told which books to purchase; and after each of them had bought two or three, the worthy Cretan thus addressed them. "Now, boys, go up and kiss the hand of this stranger, for bringing us these nice books from England." As a kiss is not a sign of servility, but of gratitude, I permitted them to kiss my hand. Once when I told this anecdote to a London auditory, I remarked that in idea I was disposed to transfer that kiss to the hands of British philanthropists, since I was but the almoner of their bounty—so indeed I felt it, and do so still; and may our dear brethren in the British churches have all the honour; or rather let us "give *God* the glory, for we are sinners."

Pointing to one of his pupils, as fine a youth as ever I beheld, about sixteen, my Cretan friend said: "Dost thou see this youth?" "Yes," said I, gazing on the fine form and elegant costume of the youth. "Well, I am sorry to say he's a *thief!*"—"I hope not."—"He is indeed."—"How is that?"—"Bah!" replied this facetious Cretan; "can't you understand me?—the lad's a *Spartan*, and does not *that* mean a thief?" There was a general laugh at my simplicity.

After this interesting interview, the master and pupils left me to other visitors. Till after an awful change of scenes, I never expect to behold them again. Farewell, ye good-natured islanders; farewell till then, and may our meeting be happy.

CHAPTER XIX.

KYRIA BOBOLINA.—COLOCOTRONES.—VICISSITUDES OF GREECE.—VISITS FROM SPARTANS.—GREEK HOSPITALITY.—PIRACY.—A VISIT TO THE BISHOP.

During my sojourn in the island of Spetsia, Captain Santos took me to visit the bearded lady, mentioned in another part of these pages. I there expressed my belief that this lady is the celebrated Madame Bobolina, so signalized by the part she took in the war of independence, but I am not positive. "She is sick," said my worthy host, "she will die; I want thee to go and talk to her about her salvation; and be sure to tell her to give much to the church, ἔχει μὲ τὶ, she has the wherewith." I staid with this interesting lady about a quarter of an hour, and endeavoured "to minister to a mind diseased," by directing her thoughts to the good Physician.

Her history is singular: she was to Greece what the maid of Saragossa was to Spain. I have reason to think her a Hydriot, but her husband was of Spetsia, and there she resided after his death. At the commencement of the revolution, this heroine exhibited an amount of zeal in the cause, that justly leaves the odour of fame on her memory. Whether dead or alive, at the time I am writing, is a problem I cannot solve, but believe she has long since "passed the bourne." Being a ship-owner, as so many of the Hydriots and Spetsiots were, and as *her* brigs, like the rest of their mercantile navy, could no longer engage with safety in commercial voyages, after the war with Turkey had commenced, Kyria Bobolina, like other private ship-owners, fitted out her vessels for war.

But her patriotism stayed not here: she, like the hardy Amazons of her ancestors, buckled on the weapons of war, accompanied some of her ships, and was, it is said, at the sacking and pillage of poor Tripolitsa, the Turkish capital of the Morea, and the residence both of the pasha of Peloponnesus, and of most of the richest Moslem families. I was at Tripolitsa soon after the pillage, and the streets seemed yet streaked with the blood of thirty thousand poor Othomans, who fell on that appalling occasion.

Kyria Bobolina had formed an acquaintance with Colocotrones, to whose son, Panos, she gave her fair daughter in the bonds of Hymen. When poor Tripolitsa was sacked, it is said that Bobolina was seen to enter the devoted town on a mule, not mounted like a lady, but like a bold chevalier; and after finding her way into the richest families, who loaded her mule with gold chains, bracelets, coins, and splendid portions of their wardrobes, to induce her to use her influence with the infuriated guerillas, and so save their devoted lives at least, she came forth with these untold treasures. Old Colocotrones meantime was lading his own mule, or mules; and rich, fearfully rich, were the spoils of that fell day.

Having thus brought Colocotrones under the reader's eye, I may stay a moment to notice him.

This renowned, but singularly erring warrior was, I believe, born either in Zante or Cefalonia, most probably in the latter island, whence was addressed to him a most interesting letter, never yet published, save in Greek, by my esteemed fellow-traveller, Mrs. Kennedy, a letter I shall shortly add. He is, I believe. of noble birth, but during certain family troubles, he acquired considerable wealth in Zante as a butcher. Soon after the first sound of the tocsin of war, he passed over into the Morea, and for a long time fought most nobly the battles of his country against her Moslem oppressors. His military fame was speedily established, and the fortunes of war placed him high in the scale of rank and of riches.

Subsequently, however, Colocotrones seems to have lost sight of his country, and to have been partially blinded by extreme cupidity and love of power. At last, after king Otho's enthronement, whom the Greeks style "Ὄθων ὁ πρῶτος," poor Colocotrones was tried for treason, condemned to die, but had his penalty commuted into twenty years' imprisonment, in a fort I once passed, about six miles from Argos.

I will now request thanks of the reader for a singular document. Only imagine a British lady, a daughter of Boadicea, addressing a letter of calm, dispassionate remonstrance, and in Greek too, to a martial descendent of Alcibiades! My fair friend was assisted in the Greek by a nephew of Sir Neophytos Vamvas of Cefalonia. The address purports to come from a native, and the original appeared in one of the Greek newspapers. At the time this document was given to the public of Greece, the whole country was absolutely ringing with patriotic songs in honour of Colocotrones. His errors were at that period known only to the few.

This address to the sturdy chieftain is from the talented pen of my excellent friend, just named, a lady who did much service in the cause of education and of truth, during her long residence in the Ionian Isles, where her late excellent husband was on the medical staff. Mrs. K. kindly placed this paper at my disposal for the present volume. She also translated into modern Greek, Mackenzie's La Roch, which I printed. The youth of Greece will long remember her assiduous exertions to see them trained "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

"It is said—and I enquire not into the justice of the accusation—that you are the enemy of your country. I would only from yourself demand—'is this true?' You have aided and succoured her when she began her struggles for liberty, and surely you would not wish to see her again plunged into that state of misery and suffering, from which you have attempted to rescue her!

"You have money and influence—why are not these freely given, towards accomplishing the glorious work commenced? Indeed, should we fail, a most melancholy blank will occur in the pages of history, which have been so long filled with the degrading accounts of our past slavery. We cannot, even if we should desire it, return to what we were before the struggle began: and, if we be unsuccessful—annihilation as a nation—as a people—must follow: or, if any wretched individual escaped from the general wreck, he must drag on a miserable existence, far from the place which gave him birth; and his exile must be rendered doubly galling by the reflection of what might have been his lot, had his countrymen been unanimous—had they been truly patriotic.

"The eyes of Europe and America are fixed upon us—and with no small degree of interest. But while these enlightened and blessed people sympathize with our sufferings, animate us by their exhortations, and rejoice in our victories, they must despise and pity the race, who, at such an awful crisis as the present, would permit jealousies and rivalries to enter into their councils. *Now* we should permanently secure what we have acquired; and when these plans are put in training, we should seek to extend our conquests. Were we unanimous, and acting with disinterested patriotism, those generous individuals who wish to assist us—but fear our dissensions—would step forth to our help with confidence. And let not the term 'individual' be despised. England has shewn her good-will towards us, by the exertions her sons have made, more emphatically than if her Government had taken part with us.* Taxes would then have been levied, and must have been paid; but the contributions, personal and pecuniary, are voluntary, and are the more to be valued, since they have been attended with personal self-denial and sacrifices.

"America has declared in our favour, and has been the first as a nation to acknowledge our infant independence. She has done well and justly, in thus acting, for it was toiling war, and perseverance, amidst every privation, that gave to her the sweet reward of liberty, and placed her on that footing, which has made her great and prosperous as she is. But while we thank her—and thank each individually—for these expressions of good-will—these merely, cannot aid us. A mere declaration of our freedom, cannot make us free! And are we free? If we are so, why the oppression which still hangs over my beloved and desolated country? A small spot is rescued from the hands of the enemy, but can we respire freely when we see them so near? And are they not exerting themselves to the utmost to subdue—to extirpate us? Armies are levied—a fleet is prepared, and a last effort will be made to overwhelm us in one common destruction!* And what are we doing, whilst surrounded by such imminent danger? Surely this is not the time for investigation into our individual rights; nor the time in which we can put in any claim for precedence! I ask not where is Leonidas?—where the heroes who fought on the plains of Marathon?—or, where the spirit that animated our ancestors at Platea? Alas! these seem to have been as dazzling meteors, which have darted across the horizon of our history, and are to be met with no more. But I *do* ask—and with earnestness I would enquire—what spirit of infatuation has seized us? Do not past sufferings conspire to teach us?—Do not present events warn us? In a more favoured country than ours—among a people more enlightened—the struggle for liberty has failed. And why? Is it because they loved not liberty? Is there a wretch so vile, so degraded, so lost, that he would not sacrifice his all—himself—for so dear a treasure? Yes! liberty is dear to all, though some have worshipped a phantom. In an account of one of the most ancient nations, it is most emphatically recorded: ‘*ἐν ταῖς ἡμέραις ἐκείναις ὀυκ ἦν Βασιλεὺς ἐν Ἰσραὴλ· Ἀνὴρ ἕκαϛος τὸ εὐϑὲς ἐν ὀφϑαλμοῖς αὐτοῦ ἐποίει.*’† And what was the consequence? Confusion and misery ensued. But does not this bear a parallel with the present state of Greece! and, if it thus continue, who can tell the result?

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* "The poor Greeks! And I, as a Greek, was deceived.—Lord Byron had gone.—Lord Cochrane was expected. The grand Loan was made—thus I was warranted in the position. Many of the Greeks said afterwards that the Loan was a great cause of evil."

“I beseech, I implore you, in the character of weeping Greece, to conquer yourself. Exert a noble generosity. Seek neither the applause of men, nor yet to be their ruler. Act in accordance with those, who are co-operators for the good of Greece. Let not the finger of scorn be directed towards us, by the nations surrounding. Let not our enemies triumphantly ask—what has become of our patriotism. Let each one—however high in influence, or however low—consider himself as composing a member of the body politic; and let him be cautious, prudent, and energetic; for if one member relax or disagree, the whole body must suffer.

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* “This was too true. Ibrahim Pashà came.—The tragedy was complete.”

† “In those days there was no king in Israel: And every man did that which was right in his own eyes.”

"Were we thus to act, we might, with great hope of success, entreat the aid of the enlightened and christian bodies of Europe. England is bound by certain political relations; and while we deplore, she cannot violate them. America is not thus bound; and she has declared in our favour, but the distance, and many intervening obstacles, prevent her from sending armies to succour us. But armies are not wanted. Greece's liberty should be effected by the sons of Greece! Many of our difficulties are pecuniary, and therefore we might apply for pecuniary aid: the hope of repayment is far distant; but surely the sons of America will not be backward in imitating the noble example of England, by raising voluntary contributions. With the money thus acquired, a regular army might be established, and with the aid of such disinterested Europeans, as have come to assist us, might be regularly organized, and taught submission to its head.

"In the plaintive language of an ancient, I would say, 'Oh that this people were wise!' What the result will be, is known only to the Sovereign Ruler of the Universe: to him I would submit our cause; and humbly hope and pray that he may dispose your hearts to unanimity, and cause to prosper the counsels of the rulers."

The fate of poor Greece is almost without parallel. How many the changes she has undergone! At first she rises from obscurest barbarism. Cadmus brings to the boors of Bœotia and of Helas an imperfect alphabet. It is studied, as Greece is now again studying her wonderful "alphabeton." Gradually the savages and nomades of Greece, under the civilizing tendencies of growing knowledge, became the fathers, and their country the cradle, of science. Ages roll on, and leave behind them the name of a Sophocles, an Æschylus, a Homer, a Plato, an Alcibiades, a Cimon, a Pericles. Glorious ages! but they glide by. Philip and Alexander of Macedon lay their hand on the land of the free. Athens and Sparta bow to a yoke not properly Greek. Still celebrity steps in the train of this fairy land, and Xenophon can yet record her glories, the glories of the setting sun.

At length the Romans spread their arms into the birthland of Demosthenes; the eagle of the eternal city flutters over Athens, pounces upon her temples, and Greece ceases to be free! The Romans rule the fair land for a few ages, and, as Horace sings, "captured Greece takes her victor captive." The "*molles artes*" of the classic soil polish even the Roman. In a little, the Romans and Greeks actually change names;—the former call themselves Ἕλληνες, and study the elegant language of Greece; the latter style themselves Ῥωμαῖοι, a name used by all until the revolution of 1821.

About this time the great apostle of the gentiles finds his way to Greece. I have, with feelings not to be described, walked in his track between Athens and Corinth, followed him up to Mars'-hill and stood on the very rostrum of the court of Areopagus, which remains to this day. A church was planted in Greece,—a church that retained its apostolic purity, till carnal ascetics, light-headed monastics, lucre-loving hierophants, lordly prelates, and scripture-neglecting professors, obscured the glory of the temple, and "ichabod" was read on every marble stone. In short, "the candlestick" was removed.

About the third century, Alaric and his Vandal horde rushed into Greece, and displaced the Romans. These were followed, in after ages, by the Venetians and Genoese, who held poor Greece under a venal *regime* for about four hundred years. During this period, the western patriarch made his encroachments on the purity and freedom of the Greek church; and rancorous and cordial as is the hatred of the Greeks towards their *ci-devant* oppressors, the pope gained over some thousands of the Greeks, especially in Syra, Tinos, and Peloponnesus.

Last of all came the Moslems. These knights of the flashing cimeter took Athens about the year 1450. Almost immediately after that, Corinth fell, and with Corinth all the Peloponnesus. I suppose it was about this epoch, that this name fell into dissuetude through all Greece, and the term Morea supplanted it almost universally. From 1450 till 1821, the Turks firmly retained their iron grasp of this fair but hapless land.

Sparta, like the rest of Greece, is now availing herself of the blessings of education, and gradually bowing her stubborn will to the sway of the gospel. *This* can conquer where Athens often failed. Yet I cannot but record my impression, that Sparta will perhaps be among the latest portions of Greece in admitting among her mountain fastnesses the humanising beams of evangelical truth. Always free, or professing herself so, she has yet to learn that "when the Son shall make her free, she will be free indeed."

One day while in Spetsia, a fine young Spartan youth came to buy my books. Little did I imagine, on first perusing the history of Lacedemon, that divine Providence had destined to me the high honour of giving into the very hands of her sons the life-conferring light of revelation. This dear youth bought of me a New Testament, a Spelling-book, the Pilgrim's Progress, and a small treatise on Redemption. As I gazed on the boy, and ejaculated heaven's blessing upon him and his hardy race, I thought, "well; it requires no aid from fancy or memory, to pronounce you a youth of an elastic and independent mind." Ah! how little did Lycurgus divine, that his distant posterity were to read the production of a poor persecuted English tinker! And as little did Bunyan forebode, that the Pilgrim would put on the Greek costume, and, traversing the snowy mountains and sunny vales of the classic land, guide her children into the narrow road!

The same day, I think it was, I had a visit from another, a very celebrated Spartan, who had accompanied one of the Greek *ναύαρχοι*, or admirals, in all his victorious cruises against the Moslem fleet. "Are you a Spartan?" said I.—"I am, sir."—"Then give me your hand." The brave palicari placed his hand in mine. I most heartily shook it, and felt that I almost revered this child of hoary Lacedemon. Reader! if you own a heart, you will forgive my enthusiasm. After my cordial shake of the Spartan's hand, a priest who accompanied him said, " Brother, kiss his hand." He readily obeyed the priest, and as he kissed my hand, a young captain present, smiling, said, " That Lacedemonian is a *thief!*" How easy to get a bad name! and how hard to shake it off!

Before I boarded the Greek fleet, I called on the admiral, to acquaint him with my intention. He received me most politely, and promptly assented. Intending to avail myself of all occasions for effecting my great object, I made the best possible use of this call. The admiral's name is *Georgios Kolandrutsos.* He was a fine, athletic man, about forty-five; and had a family, with some Turkish slaves. With an amount of enthusiasm I should in vain hope to transmit to paper, Kolandrutsos described to me some of his recent naval feats against the Othomans. His face glowed; his voice became sonorous; his words flowed with astonishing rapidity; and his gesticulations might have induced a cold northern to imagine the brave admiral under galvanic influence. I listened with great decorum, yet own that he naturally threw into his descriptions such a profusion of nautical terms, that I did not thoroughly understand him.

Meantime his household were showing me the usual attentions; and as a detail of these is that of nearly all visits to a Greek family, I will add some particulars. On entering, we leave our shoes, generally at the edge of the carpet, lay our right hand on the left breast, bow to the company, say “ καλ’ ἡμέρα σᾶς, good day,” and seat ourselves *à la tailor* on the divan. The master of the house pronounces some compliment ;—“ is happy to see us ; hopes we are well ;” and sometimes adds, “ σᾶς παρακαλῶ νὰ μᾶς ἀγαπᾶτε, I entreat you to love us.” Meantime I, as chief visitor, am seated cross-legged next the master. The lady and daughters are away, but will soon appear. A servant maid, a paramana, a daughter, or the wife, will now step in, bearing a small tray. On this are placed two or three glasses of water, a small silver salver containing preserved limes, pears, peaches, or other fruit, and a few spoons. The visitors each take, as she politely hands it round, a little fruit, and drink a little water. How much better all this than the eternal alcohol of Britain !

This discussed, another waiter enters, bearing in his right hand a string of pipes, perhaps half-a-dozen. These are each about four or five feet long, made of cherry stick, with *terra cotta* bowls. The bowl is brown, glazed, and often elegantly gilt. The mouthpiece is generally amber, sometimes amber and agate. As I took one of these τσιμποῦκια, or chibookis, as the Greeks style them, the servant presented it with his right hand, and laying the left on the bosom, modestly said, “ τῆς ὑγιείασσου,” obviously an elliptical phrase, which I may render, “ may it do thee good!”

We now begin a valiant pull at the pipe, but never spit. The pipe is held in the *front* of the mouth, and occasionally, not, I think, on this occasion, small plates of copper are laid on the carpet, in which, if your hands be tired, you repose the bowl as you smoke. A Greek smoker is the very antipodes of our taciturn German neighbours, who often hold about as much conversation as the horses in their stables. In Greece we puff and talk, and each with equal ardour. In fact, a pipe without conversation would be as great an anomaly, as a conversation without a pipe.

After smoking about ten minutes, in steps, probably, the lady of the family, accompanied by an attendant bearing cups of coffee. These cups are little larger than half an egg-shell: each is already filled with coffee, sweet as honey, but without cream or milk. The cups are of china, and each is placed in a gold or silver cup, of filigree-work; for they have no under rim, and cannot be laid down, unless placed in some species of stand. We now smoke on, sip one cup, perhaps two, converse, and after, perhaps, half an hour, the visit closes. We rise from the divan, slip on our shoes,—not our cap, for we retain it on the head,—exchange some friendly words, and so depart. Such is a Greek visit or call.

During my stay among these kind islanders, I was invited to the chancery, to hear a debate about a ship carrying the British flag, which had been chased and taken by a Greek cruiser, and brought into the Spetsiot harbour. I found she was a Maltese brig of about 180 tons, and the captain's name was, I think, Azzopardi, a very common name in Malta. The captain was there in person, and pleaded hard that she was not a good prize, and that the brig of war which boarded and captured her was, in short, a *pirate!* The Greek authorities of Spetsia had condemned her as lawful capture, because she was taken in the act of conveying a cargo of powder, shot, or other effects, to their Turkish foes.

I shall not soon forget the appearance of this assembly, and their very words, though I find them not in my note book, are still vividly fresh upon my memory. The apartment we were in was rather low, and stood on the sea shore. The Greeks assembled might be about fifty, mostly seated cross-legged on the ground, and I among them. Their island costume was striking. Some of them were dressed in English broad-cloth, though cut up into Greek articles of dress; and their red caps strangely contrasted with the produce of the British loom.

The debate was rather angry. Could it fail to remind me of the contentious scenes of the Iliad and Odyssey, where the wrathful heroes hotly dispute about the cutting up of an ox, or the possession of a captive. "I'll have Captain Hamilton about your ears!" said the Maltese captain. "Captain Hamilton is our good friend!" replied old Procopius, the priest who read my letters on first landing. His words yet ring in my ears, and I know not why; "*εἶναι ὁ καλός μας φίλος*; he is our good friend." So indeed he was. That talented officer of the British squadron stood the friend of Greece, when her numerous foes among the English made a friend a mighty acquisition. Still Captain H. must do his duty as an Englishman, and I rather think the brig was eventually adjudged to be no good prize. This was, however, in another court.

The poor Greeks appealed to me for my opinion; but it became me to stand on neutral ground. One thing I well know; the merchants of England,—not all, however,—in the Mediterranean, drove a lucrative trade with Turkey at this time, in the supply of munitions of war; but when their *vessels* were captured by Greek letters of marque, why, we had a powerful squadron to prove, by very *striking* arguments, that the prize was not lawful; and thus "the prey was taken from the mighty, and the *lawful* captive was delivered," while "piracy! piracy!" rang through England's press.

I deny not that the waters of Greece, during her most distressing war of independence, did at times swarm with pirates. I have occasionally preached to from sixty to eighty at a time, imprisoned in Fort Emanuele at Malta. To five or six, who were exiled to Van Diemen's Land, I also gave a letter of introduction to an English minister of that penal settlement; and it is possible that they may now have children in that distant land, who with their descendants may long remember, with patriotic ardour, that their fathers were natives of the classic land. Two of the pirates of Greece committed murder; but only two that ever I heard of; and they expiated their crime on the tree. It was one of these, a native of Parnassus, who composed, after his condemnation, and sang on his way to the gallows, the singular madrigal I have given in another portion of this work. Poor Greece! thy foes greatly traduced thee!

I retain to this hour a most vivid recollection of the pirates I addressed in Fort Emanuele. I see them at this moment;—their haggard forms, their island costume, their agitation as I spoke to them on the grace of Him, who said to the dying thief on the cross—"This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." My heart bled for them.

The Greeks are quite alive to the renown of their fathers. On visiting Thoux the physician, we had much conversation on this and more important concerns, and he kindly presented me with two silver coins found by himself, one at Sicyon, the other at Mantinea. I think it was the same day that the bishop, when we were discussing the expediency of improvements in the church of Greece,—in her doctrines, her discipline, her mode of singing,—told me of certain changes in contemplation, and sang me an air on the old, with another on the new system. This new system was in the press, and I saw some of the sheets. Though I felt the condescension of this simple bishop, yet I honestly expressed to him my painful impression, that his country had changed rather the characters than the airs. To explain my meaning, I then sang, in one of our sweetest sacred airs, that charming little ode in "No Fiction," by Dr. Reed:—

"Gentle stranger, fare you well!
Heavenly blessings with you dwell!

Blessings such as you impart,
To the orphan's bleeding heart.
Gentle stranger, fare you well!
Heavenly blessings with you dwell!"

But, alas! changes in singing are, after all, among the minor wants of poor Greece. She wants light, gospel light; she wants guides to point her to Calvary; she needs to be taught, by God the Spirit, that the best melody is the melody of the heart. Arise, christians, to her aid.

CHAPTER XX.

THE PORT. — GREEK CUSTOMS.—TURKISH OPPRESSION.— CONVERSATIONS. — MISSIONARY BOOKS SOLD. — SABBATH PROFANATION.— ADIEU TO SPETSIA.

On one occasion during my stay at Spetsia, in company with a native or two, I paid a visit to the port. We ascended a Turkish prize that had just been captured. Her crew, sixty poor creatures, had all been slain! The battle appeared to have been appalling; for her timbers were fearfully battered by Greek balls. On one vessel that we boarded, my friends showed me a ball which killed, just where I was standing, one Turkish slave and two Greeks. This ball came, of course, from a Moslem gun. My companions also informed me, that the remnant of the poor Psarriot nation, that was almost annihilated by the Turks in a single descent upon their devoted island, were about to build a town on the Pyræus, close to the grave of Themistocles. I also saw several Turkish prizes, almost entirely dismantled and broken up for the materials.

While residing with this kind family, I had opportunities of marking several customs. The mattrasses and covers used at night, are carefully folded up by day, and form a decent looking pile in some part of the room. If you drink a glass of water, the person presenting it, bows and says, “may it do thee good!” You sneeze, and if a layman, some one exclaims, “ὑγιεία! health!” but if an ecclesiastic, “σωτηρία! salvation” In Malta every sneeze is followed by “aviva!” The people of this island generally commune four times a year; but all must first confess, including children at ten years of age. When a friend or neighbour dies, these islanders do not plainly tell you so; for instead of saying ἀπέθανε, he is dead, they say, ἐσυγχωρέθηκε, he is pardoned! The ancient Greeks used to say, “he is gone to sleep;” and, as the death of a believer is *but* a sleep, our Lord says of the brother of Mary and of Martha, “our friend Lazarus sleepeth.”

When some one in Spetsia used to me the phrase, “he is pardoned,” speaking of a death, I very naturally signified my *hope* that it might be so, but solemnly reminded my friend that such language could not be true of all. If a person yawns, it is usual to make the cross before the mouth. I well recollect a scene of this kind in Malta. A priest of the name of Caravellas, came to visit me, and one of my dear children was placed in his lap. While there, it began to gape, when the priest forthwith passed his hand rapidly from side to side of the child's mouth, with something like the agitation of a shuttle.

" What art thou at, papas?" I enquired.—" Making the cross."—" What for?"—" To keep the devil out of the child's mouth; it was gaping!" The Greek infants are " wrapped in swathing bands," like the infant Saviour, so are those of Malta. The latter, among the poor, are so tightly swathed, that they actually look like little mummies, and you may toss them about like so many moppets. They say that thus to bind the infant secures the legs, arms, and body from contortions.

A very intelligent native narrated to me the following fact, as a sample of poor Greece's wrongs under the partial laws of the Othomans. I record it because of the respectability of my informant, and in view of what some have stated as the comfortable position of Greece under the Moslem yoke. " They were quiet," it has been said—I recollect seeing in a Greek newspaper this remark: but it was " the quiet of the hare," that durst not stir in its seat, lest the hounds should pounce upon it. The law was parted; the Moslem was the pet; the rajah a pigeon. Occasionally a Turk would even try his skill as a marksman by firing at a Greek peasant. I fully believe, however, that the existing law, spiritedly and impartially administered, would have effectually punished such remorseless ruffianism; and much real friendship existed occasionally between Turkish and Greek families; yet, after all this, such events transpired as the one I am now to narrate on the authority of my Spetsiot friend.

" A Turk of Crete knocked one night at the door of a Greek priest. ' Papas,' said the stranger, ' I am travelling, thou must provide me supper; some bread, a fowl, a few eggs, and some wine.'

Priest.—' But I am a poor man—have a family. How am I to get them?'

Turk.—' If it is thy wish not to be slain, I counsel thee to make few words, and get what I command.'

P.—' I'll do what I can.' It was all got.

T.—' Now I've supped, thou must prepare me a mattress, papas, for I sleep here to-night.'

P.—' Then I must sleep on the floor myself.'

Other demands were then made, too revolting to be described; but refusal was death. ' If thy life,' said the Turk, ' is valued at a single pora, do as I bid.' Next morning came.

P.—' Afendi, I've got coffee and pipes ready.'

T.—' Well, papas, I've been treated pretty well, I think; I have had supper, a bed, pipe, coffee; but I have, of course, a claim on thee for money.' The money was paid!"

Such unprincipled oppression is the more galling from the fact, as stated to me by a native of this island, on whose intelligence I place very considerable reliance, that poor, afflicted Greece ought to have stood on a footing of greater equality with the rest of the Athenian empire. True it is, Greece is now in a new position;—Peloponnesus at least, and some of the Aegean isles, no longer bow to the Moslems, or tremble at the flash of the cimeter; but as the rest of Greece may sometime make a noble effort to crush the Turkish yoke, I will give my Greek informant's statement for the possible information of the diplomatic circle. A physician of Spetsia assured me, that Greece ought never to have been treated as a conquered province, far less ought she to have endured such heartless tyranny, as for four hundred years she groaned under; since she yielded to Turkish authority and protection as the result of a regular *treaty;* and he positively affirmed, that this document actually existed at the time I was in the Aegean, among the archives of the Patriarchate of Constantinople! True or false, no humane mind can contemplate the ruffianism I have detailed, without heart-felt aversion to the laws that sanctioned, or the police that winked at so atrocious a deed.

I was taken by Procopios, my venerable friend, to visit a tall, comely lady in this very island, who had been victimised in somewhat the same style. As I entered her apartment, she raised herself a little from the divan she was seated upon, and saluting me, told me how happy she was to see me. Into a minister's ear the tale of sorrow is very promptly poured, for from us the sufferer always exacts sympathy. We are expected to resemble our adorable Lord, " who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities." She told me her woeful history, and then the dialogue between us passed very much as follows.

Greek Lady.—" The vile Turks!—what have I not suffered from their oppression! In person, in property, every way they have most cruelly used me."

Missionary.—"All you say is really most afflictive, but let us thank God that Greece is now likely to be liberated from the yoke of bondage."

G. L.—"I wish them anathema—*ἀνάθεμα νὰ ἦναι!*"

M.—"Stay, my dear friend; you must not curse even your enemies. You must pray for the poor Turks, that God may turn their heart, and make them better. You must imitate Jesus, who said even of those who nailed him to the tree, 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.' Remember what Paul says, 'Render not evil for evil, but overcome evil with good.' You must pray for the Turks."

G. L.—"What you say is good; *you* may pray for them—you are a good man, but we have been so long enslaved, we are not fit to pray even for ourselves. We have need to pray that God would improve us, before we pray for others. And, then, how can we think of praying for the Turks, after all their villanies?"

M.—"I confess there appears something plausible in what you say; and were I as great a sufferer as you have been, dear Madame, I fear I might perhaps feel as you do; but it would be very wicked."

"To pray for our enemies," is, I have other reason to fear, a duty little understood by the bulk of the Greek nation. I recollect one Sabbath-day in Malta, I was instructing a class of little Greek boys, all about fourteen years of age. I think they were learning the "Parent's Guide," chiefly a translation of Watts' First Catechism. This part of christian doctrine came up, when the young rogues, one and all, most stoutly insisted that to pray for enemies is *not* a duty! A philippic of Demosthenes against the Macedonian could hardly have exhibited a more testy opposition.

While referring to this Greek Sunday-school, I will mention an anecdote or two. I was one day standing at the table, receiving the names of new scholars. Two brothers came up. "Well," said I to the first, "what is your name?"—"Leonidas," he replied. "And yours?" said I to his brother.—"Lycurgus," said he. What an idea! Only imagine, Leonidas and Lycurgus in a Sunday-school! Leonidas and Lycurgus under the tuition of an English missionary! The pupil of an English minister falling at the pass of Thermopylæ, or giving laws to Sparta! "Ah!" I have said, as I thought on those two dear boys, "if your celebrated namesakes had enjoyed your privileges—had they sat at the feet of Jesus, what a happy land Lacedemon might have been!"

The American missionary, Mr. Temple, had a number of Greek youths under his care, after the dreadful massacre of Chios. One of these wished to learn English. Mr. T. gave him a translation of our Lord's commission to the disciples, in which were the words, "*διώκετε τὰ δαιμόνια*—cast out devils." The poor little fellow hammered long and hard at the meaning of the verb διώκω. What it meant in his own language he knew very well; but, for the life of him, he could not determine what it must be in *English*. At last, he found out that διώκω, was translated in Italian, by *cacciare*, and this in English by chase, or hunt. So up he came at last with the following translation, " Jesus said to the disciples, go ye, and hunt devils."

I was painfully struck, on the second Sabbath of my stay among these islanders, to observe the gross profanation of the Sabbath-day. In fact, England is, in this respect, with all her faults, an example to the christian world. I remember counting when I was last in Paris, the proportion of closed and open shops; and I think it may be said, that two in every six stood wide open for ordinary business, on the day of holy rest. In Malta the market is, on this day, fuller than usual. A gentleman of Sicily informed me that *there* even the post-office, custom-house, merchants' offices, and other public places are plunged in secular concerns on this day, just as on others. Yet all these countries profess the law of Christ! The Greeks of Spetsia heard mass in the morning, and all was over for the day.

For myself, I trust I endeavoured to improve my time for the good of the natives. I find by my notes I had an invitation to dine with the acting bishop of the island, and that our subject of discourse was on fasting. Sorry I am to have made no record of the dialogue. When alone, I felt myself a solitary wanderer in a far away isle of the Grecian seas.

On such occasions, I generally turned to singing; and on this I sang, with that indescribable sort of melancholy felicity, experienced by sensitive minds in similar circumstances, away from the green pastures of the sanctuary, those sweet lines of *Addison :*

"When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps He leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

"Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens, and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around"

Deeply feeling that the island ought to have the gospel, and regretting that I had not, as elsewhere, an invitation to preach in any of the churches; I opened my mind to the venerable priest, Procopios, when we had some very interesting discourse, much as follows:—

Missionary.—"I hope, my dear friend, you will recommend the Holy Scriptures from the pulpit as often as you can."

Procopios.—"But we have scarcely any preaching at all in the island."

M.—"What a pity! The gospel should be preached to all, my dear sir."

P.—"True; but I cannot preach, unless I write my sermon, and commit it to memory—no easy affair in Greek."

Missionary.—"But can you not tell the people something simple and plain about the love of Christ?"

Procopios.—"That is not quite the way to preach. The Greeks must have *εὐγλωττία*, eloquence; and to write and get by heart such a sermon is hard work. I cannot preach properly without writing all. You may perhaps have heard that I pronounced the *ἐπιτάφιον λόγον*, funeral oration, on the death of Lord Byron; but, sir, I composed the whole and committed it to memory first."

M.—"My friend, forgive me, if I think you mistake the true character of preaching. I do not think you need all this toil."

P.—"But, sir, the people will have eloquence; besides, without writing, I cannot talk for half an hour or an hour—it is no easy matter."

M.—"But let us see: if a man feels deeply that we are lost sinners, by nature and by practice;—that God has pitied our forlorn state;—that he has sent his dear Son to save us;—that Jesus died on the tree to atone for our sins; and that if we repent and believe in him, in Jesus as mediator, we are saved from the wrath to come;—I say, if a man, if you, deeply feel these truths, cannot you speak of them without a book? Now if you can, what is that but preaching? We speak that which we do know."

P.—"I see what you mean."

M.—"I think, forgive my sincerity—that you do not sufficiently preach Christ and him crucified; that you do not explain the death of Jesus; that while you all allow he died for us, you do not seem to understand what that admission means; in short that you do not properly receive the atonement."

P.—"What you say may be true, but I think we understand the subject. Christ died *for* us. That is a plain statement; but I shall be happy to hear your ideas explained."

M.—"What I fear is this,—that while you grant that Jesus died for us, you neither understand *why* he *should* die, nor *how* we are made partakers of the *benefit* of his death."

P.—"For example."

M.—"You know that διὰ ἡμᾶς, for us, is a phrase capable of a lax explanation; hence we find that the substitution of Jesus as our victim, is expressed in the New Testament by two other phrases, ὑπὲρ ἡμῶν on our behalf, and still more explicitly by, ἀντὶ ἡμῶν, *instead* of us; which means that Jesus suffered death in our stead εἰς τὸν τόπον ἡμῶν, in our room or place. Now it was necessary that Jesus *should* die, because sin must be atoned for; justice must be satisfied; that God may be just to himself while he justifies the penitent sinner: and we are made partakers of his death by faith: being justified by *faith*, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The above report presents not, except in respect to the Greek prepositions, the *exact* language we used; but as my notes are full, and my memory, even to this day, carries some parts of our dialogue *not* now in my notes; the reader may rely on my having presented him with a true report of the sense. I have often reflected on this interview; and I really do think this worthy old islander received at my lips, for the first time in his life, a correct view of the vicarious sacrifice of the cross. Nor this alone; for I hope that, as the result of our conversation, he savingly "received the atonement." But the Greek mission has a character all its own; which generally postpones a knowledge of its saving results "till that day."

At length arrived the day for my departure from Spetsia. I was bent on a visit to the island of Hydra, which lay about twenty miles distant. Accorcordingly I took leave of my very kind friends, who "supplied me," like Paul, "with such things as were necessary," and I embarked in an open boat, and a small one too. During my stay among these islanders, I had sold, at about one-third the full price, including the books I gave on board the Greek fleet, 204 Testaments; 80 Pilgrims; 85 Spelling-books; and about 150 small books of different kinds. For all these I had drawn about £20 sterling.

Ye British churches! by *you* was this "grace" conferred on the sweet isle of Spetsia. I was your almoner. Yet by me you only paid your debts. From the learned ancestors of the modern Greeks, Britain received the writings of a Homer, a Plato, a Basil; and is repaying, in these latter days, her ancient obligations. Britain! art not thou destined, in the counsels of the Holy One, to dispense the light of heaven to many a land? An island "skilled in ships" is singled out in scripture as the peculiar nursling of heaven, and as appointed to illume a large portion of the moral world. Surely it is my country! It is this

> "Isle of the ocean; lion of the seas;
> Child of the waves, and nursling of the breeze."

And now, farewell, my venerable Santos, my good natured humorist, my affectionate mother! As for thee, dear, simple Lascara! may the holy book I gave thee for thy bridal-day, lead thee to the throne of the true bridegroom, in the beautiful house above! I have sowed in your isle the seed of the gospel;—and now I pray that God the good Spirit may cause fruit to abound, that I may not "labour in vain." Let but one soul be saved and I am amply indemnified.

CHAPTER XXI.

VOYAGE FROM SPETSIA.—NAMES OF PLACES.—HYDRA.—TOWN.—PORTS. — NATIVES. — ADMIRAL MIAOULES.—COUNT PALMA. — MONASTIC EFFRONTERY. — DOMESTIC AMUSEMENTS. — CHARACTER OF THE HYDRIOTS.

On the 4th of January, I quitted the island of Spetsia for the rocky cliffs of Hydra, lying about twenty miles to the north-east. Captain Santos put into my boat a loaf, some Archipelago cheese, and a bottle of wine. The weather was serene, the sky blue, the sea calm. The boat was rowed by two islanders, rather repulsive looking persons, of whom I knew just nothing at all. Now, in Greece at this time, as all were warriors, all were armed. Near Nemea, the site of the celebrated Nemean games, I saw even the very shepherds in arms. At this period people did that which was good in their own eyes, and I have seen human blood flow from the yatagan stroke of the ruffian kleft or mountain robber. Hence I too was armed. At Athens I bought my armour girdle, into which I stuck a brace of small pistols; but mark me well, I never carried either shot, or balls, or powder; nor ever once charged my pistols. In fact, I only wore them in terrorem, or as a scarecrow.

Will the reader blame me for making a display of my defensive armour to my Aegean boatmen? At all events I sat in the centre of the boat, with one of my appalling weapons of destruction actually in my hand. The boatmen were armed with cutlasses, and about five or ten miles from Spetsia I felt alarmed. One of them drew his cutlass, made a certain sign with it to his rough companion, and forthwith returned the weapon to his girdle. He was in front of me; his companion behind; I therefore forthwith changed my position, so as to keep an eagle eye on both; and as I had been eating a little bread and cheese, I kept the knife I had used open in my hand during the rest of the voyage, which lasted about nine hours. Yet I held the knife with a sort of *nonchalant* air; for I did not wish it to be thought I dreaded them. The reader will, however, easily perceive that against two armed islanders, two long cutlasses, my little knife and empty pop-guns formed but a poor defence. In fact, I felt my utter helplessness, and that I was completely a child of providence. But the missionary is immortal till his work is done, and I felt I could repose on the protection of heaven.

As we neared the bluff coasts of Hydra, I thought I discovered a Greek origin of our term *shallow*. I said to the boatmen, "had you not better keep an offing?"—"Oh, no!" one of them replied, "ϑὰ ’πᾶμεν γιαλὸ γιαλό; we shall sail close by the shore." The term γιαλὸ is pronounced yallò, and is a corruption of αἰγιαλὸς, the shore; and I still am of opinion that our term shallow is a cognate of γιαλό.

The classic reader will perhaps remember, that many of the Aegean isles receive their names from something in nature. Thus "Melos," an apple; "Avgon," an egg; "Hydra," a dragon; while this sea itself, was anciently styled the "Aegean Pelagos" or goat sea, whence, by a corruptive process, came the modern Archipelago. I allude to this singular nomenclature, simply because I think I can explain its origin. I remarked, in sailing about the Aegean, that its numerous isles, while in the distance, assume the most grotesque and fanciful forms imaginable. One presents the semblance of a neat pie in an oblong dish; another is the precise image of a broad plate with curled rim; a third is an egg, a fourth a pear or apple, while another closely resembles an ape or a cat. As you change your position by the working of the boat, these islands change their shapes; but almost always present vivid pictures of some familiar object. Hence, I presume, their names may have originated; for I am not conscious that my fancy is more redolent of vagaries than that of other travellers.

While on this topic, permit me to add a passing remark. It is humbly conceived that one reason of the *ideal* change from ancient to modern names, is the defective acquaintance of British tourists with the actual language of Greece, especially of its pronunciation. Thus, they find Constantinople is styled "Stamboul;" Egripos is "Negropont;" Agrellia is "Staggrellia;" Phlia is "Staphlia;" and Hymettus is "Monte Matto or Trelovonnon." "What a change!"

what barbarism!" Patience, good reader; all may be explained without much dishonour to the poor Greeks. Let us try.

European tourists would feel less embarrassment in tracing those etymologies, were they but possessed of two trifling qualifications,—a little more travel in Greece, and a good knowledge of the actual pronunciation of the Greek characters. For some of the above names, let them apply a simple rule, nearly allied to that by which we easily trace certain English names to the principality. Prichard, Probert, and Bevan, we trace to our dear brethren of Wales, by simply prefixing P or B to Richard, Robert, and Evan; and this P or B is for the Welsh ap or ab, a son, answering to mac or fitz. So the names of places in Greece, beginning with St or N, are often compounds, consisting of the classic appellations with the preposition *εἰς*, or *εἰς τὸν*, or *εἰς τὴν*. These names originate in this way: on coming near a town, I have asked its name, and have been surprised that, instead of simply giving me the *name*, the respondent has prefixed some particle as above. Thus, I asked the name of Agrellia: it was at a small distance, and *hence* the reply of my muleteer, "Σταγρέλλια, Stagrellia," which is for *εἰς τὰ ἀγρέλλια*, *to* Agrellia. Thus is formed Staphlia, from the ancient Phlia; Negropont, from the ancient Egripos; Naxos, from Axos; Stamboul, from *εἰς τὴν πόλιν*, *to* the city, meaning Constantinople, the city *par excellence*. But when I passed the celebrated Hymettus, on my way to Athens, the present name of that mountain might well strike me as the *ne plus ultra* of oddity. It is Τρελό-βουνον, Mad Mountain; and whence its origin? Reader, remember the Venetians long swayed the sceptre of Greece. In the Venetian tongue, Mount Hymettus became Monte Matto, meaning Mad Mountain; and the supple, good-natured Greeks gradually took up with this ludicrous name, and in time actually translated it into their own beautiful language. Hence the modern appellation, Τρελό-βουνον, or Mad Mountain. "*O tempora!*"

About six in the evening our boat entered the harbour of Hydra, just as it was getting dark; and I was kindly received by good Miaoules, admiral of the Hydriot fleet, at whose home I remained seventeen days, purely as a stranger, or guest, and a friend of afflicted Greece. Of this worthy veteran I shall have something to say. In passing from the boat to his residence on the hill overhanging the harbour, I observed some marriage candles on sale, together with some pretty tinsel garlands, used in Greece as nuptial crowns. The former are wax tapers, fantastically painted and gilt, but very pretty to the eye.

The island of Hydra is an uneven, rocky elevation, rising bluffly out of the fair waters of the Aegean, and is not, I conceive, above twenty miles in circumference. It is said to contain about four thousand houses, which would give a population of twenty thousand inhabitants. This sterile island appears not to have been inhabited by the ancient Greeks. The language, like that of its sister, Spetsia, is Albanian and Greek. The island has neither rivers nor roads. I think it was to this barren rock that Socrates was exiled by the fickle Athenians. It is not more than ten leagues from the promontory of Athens. The inhabitants are a robust and hardy race of mariners, less civilized, I conceive, but not less kind, than the Spetsiots, and are friends of education.

The town of Hydra lies close on the shore, but, like Algiers, it is perched on a hill, and prettily seated on the acclivity. In form, the town resembles an amphitheatre, backed by semicircular, rocky elevations. The houses are chiefly of stone, and some of them are handsome structures for such an island, particularly those of Miaoules, Condurriotes, and the Tombazi family. Within, the houses of Hydra are generally painted in pretty frescos. That of one of the sons of the admiral was elegantly papered in the arabesque style, or painted in fresco; but I cannot inform the reader whether this house was decorated with paper from France, or by the ingenious pencil of the Italian school. At all events, the effect was pretty, and I regretted any exhibition of bad taste in the artist, that compelled the eye of modesty to turn away. In the structure of the houses, I did not observe any display of architectural skill or design, and far less of any notion of the orders.

The port of Hydra is small, and but for the shelter afforded by the proximity of Peloponnesus, I should certainly pronounce it quite unsafe. Yet here, and in a small harbour a little to the east, rode that splendid mercantile navy I have already described; a navy of about forty brigs, that, prior to the war of independence, carried on a lucrative trade with the Levant, that gained for some of its owners a princely fortune during our war with France, from 1793 to 1814, and that achieved, during that between Greece and Turkey, from 1821 to 1830, victories and laurels scarcely less brilliant than the galleys of Cimon, in the wars of the classic age.

The interior of the island is not much cultivated for want of soil. Malta, it is said, received its layer of soil from Sicily. Were the Hydriots equally devoted to agriculture as to commerce, they might, perhaps, transport from Peloponnesus an equally fertile bed. I one day journeyed into the interior, in company with a son of the admiral. Just before, a number of splendid Arab steeds had been taken in battle from the fleet of Ali Pasha, and we mounted two of these fleet and spirited animals, accompanied by an Arab groom, a slave, or a prisoner of war. One object of our excursion was to inspect the ruins of, perhaps, an old pagan temple, which lies two hours' ride from the town. I found the island was, like Malta, chiefly a rock, and has only one town. My noble charger fell, but I providentially escaped unhurt. Had he fallen in one part of our excursion, both horse and rider had plunged into the sea; for, during no inconsiderable portion of the way, we ambled on a narrow rocky ridge, overhanging the ocean, which rolled about twenty fathoms below us! On a hill, an hour's ride from the town, are some very ancient remains; but I can give, I regret to add, no clue to their origin. The old temple might possibly have been the asylum of Socrates during his banishment.

After living so many days among the Hydriots, I think Pope's fine verses, so descriptive of Britons, will apply to these islanders.

> "A race of rugged mariners are these,
> Unpolished men, and boisterous as their seas;
> Them did the ruler of the deep ordain,
> To build proud navies, and command the main."

The natives seem to think so, for as I went round the port, and thoughtfully surveyed about twenty-five brigs lying at anchor, each carrying about twenty guns, manned with an average of about fifty brave fellows, with the new national flag of blue and white stripes gaily flirting in the breeze; Kyr Antonios, one of the admiral's sons, who kindly acted as my *cicerone*, remarked with a smile, "behold the wooden walls of Greece."

As my visit to this island, to further the great objects of my important mission, brought me under the hospitable roof of a man so celebrated during the war of independence—celebrated beyond any of his brave compatriots, it occurs to me that I ought to give the worthy patriot a formal introduction to the reader.

Admiral Miaoules was at this time about fifty-five, or verging on sixty. He was a tall, but chubby-faced man, of a vastly good-tempered contour. His physical bulk would have done no dishonour to a London alderman. When Admiral Miaoules subsequently visited England as an envoy, I read that he *danced* with the ladies of our court. Forgive me, my worthy friend, my excellent host, but had a gibbet stood before me, I should have smiled; for I wondered how in the world my most bulky friend, and a Greek too, could manage to trip " on the light fantastic toe" in a British court;—how he, who had passed an active life of fifty years in skipping from the rocks of Hydra to the ship's deck, and from the ship's deck to the rocks of Hydra, could hobble through the *poussade*, the *alemande*, and the *pirouette*, without capsising half the court.

Admiral Miaoules informed me the real name of his family is *Vokos*. I therefore asked him, " whence the name Miaoules?"—" Why," said he, " I had a ship so named,"—which means the mewler—" and from my ship the name was gradually transferred to myself; and now I always call myself Anthréas Vokos Miaoules"—Andrew Vokos, the Mewler.—" This," added he, " is not a singular case, for the Tombazi derive their name from one of *their* ships."

Admiral Miaoules was a genuine patriot. Innumerable hordes rushed into the melè of the revolution, merely as soldiers of fortune; patriotic indeed in a measure, but sacrificing their country's interests whenever they clashed with personal ones; but to Miaoules, all his countrymen freely allow the palm of disinterested patriotism. At the call of Greece, the good man rushed to the conflict; and when placed at the head of the nation's fleet, on the establishment of a settled government, he still exhibited the same devotion to its cause, the same ardour, the same valour, the same activity.

Miaoules, I think, could not read a syllable. Education, the angel of freedom to the slave, had overlooked this generous man. In stating, however, that Miaoules could not read, I am but recording my own impression. During my stay beneath his friendly dome, numerous letters arrived on his private affairs, and on those of his country; but I observed that he invariably handed them to Kyr Antonios, or Kyr Yoannes, one of his two sons.

Miaoules was a very facetious man. His *bon mots* were as constant as his *pipe*, and this was never laid aside long. A graver, or truer, or more faithful knight of the weed, I knew not in all my perigrinations through insular and continental Greece. The old warrior seemed particularly fond of singing about the fate of a Greek prelate, the bishop of Dramalee. Before I give this dolorous madrigal, I will record the legend, or rather fact, as told me by the ingenuous admiral.

Opposite Hydra, on the coast of the Morea, and not more than some thirty miles from the island, lie two towns, Castri the ancient Hermione, and Dramalee, or rather Thramalee, anciently Troëzene. From the left battery of Hydra, I had a distinct view of both these places, and also of the celebrated promontory of Sunium, twenty miles from Athens.

A certain bishop of Dramalee was addicted to very unprelatical diversion; he was vastly fond of fishing. One luckless day the bishop sallied forth, to enjoy the capture of the finny tribe about cape Sunium. Want of success, or longing for nobler spoil, our prelate pushed away to a good offing. A Barbary corsair was skulking under the cliffs, with a single sail hoisted; when, seeing the bishop's boat, up went all her canvass, and ere the prelate could regain the port of Dramalee, the infidel succeeded in cutting off his retreat, and, in short, captured him, and took him off to Barbary.

Somebody—some Greek versifier,—I dare not style him a poet—has reduced this dolorous affair to what he would style an ode. The first couplet is at the reader's service; and so is my translation of the whole.

"Ὁ 'πίσκοπος τῆς Δραμαλῆ,
Οὔτε νοὺς, οὔτε μυελός."

A prelate dwelt at Thramalee,
But neither mind nor brains had he.
This good man would a fishing go—
There's not much harm in that, ye know,—
Yet catching none but little fish,
And longing for a larger dish;
He launched far out for cod or mullet,
To satiate his anxious gullet.
Ah! luckless day! a Barbary barque,
Cruising about with purpose dark,
Nabbed our poor bishop at his sport,
And sailed away for Barbary's port.
So now, good prelate, will or nill,
You're set to turn the grinding-mill,
To mind the spit, to ply the ladle,
And rock the Moslem baby's cradle.

The last couplet, which I have so mildly rendered, stands thus in the original:

"Τράϐα τὸν χειρόμυλον,
Κούνια τὸν διάϐολον."

Admiral Miaoules is, I believe, a warm friend to general education. He always favoured my views among his countrymen; entertained me gratis during my long sojourn among them; and used to take pleasure in hearing his smallest boy, about twelve, read the stories of good children, in my Greek Spelling-book. By the way, one of these narratives I made from my reminiscences of some very amiable traits in the character of a then little daughter of my esteemed friend, Mr. N——, of Berner-street. The children of Socrates, hundreds and hundreds, have read dear, excellent Isabella's simple story, in many parts of Greece; and I feel persuaded that now, when she, like the dear children of the classic land who first read her story, is arrived at woman's age, she will forgive a liberty originating in a purpose so benevolent.

It is delightful to contemplate such a character as Miaoules. As the eye, gazing on a dry and barren landscape, delights to rest on some patch of verdure, which may chance to appear; so the mind, wearied with contemplating the selfishness and vices of the leading Greeks, turns with pleasure to Miaoules, for a striking proof that all good has not departed from them. To return to the description of this interesting person: Miaoules was born at Hydra, and educated on the waters; as are also his sons. His countenance is, as I have stated, good-natured, but it is one of the most difficult to describe, yet most strongly impressive. It inspires with affection and respect, and though there is no mark of greatness about it, yet you see there not only the kind heart, but the firm mind, and enough to convince you that it is the face of an honest man. His complexion is light and rather florid; his features strongly marked, the nose particularly large; and his eyes of a mild hazel colour. Strangers are always struck with his patriarchal appearance, and after ever so short an intercourse, go away satisfied that there is at least one honest patriot in Greece.

He was averse to the struggle's being commenced at the precise period it did commence, because he did not consider the people sufficiently enlightened to conduct it to a favourable issue; but when once the blow was struck, he embarked heartily in the cause, and has ever been forward in exposing himself, in sacrificing his fortune, in giving examples of obedience to government, with perfect disinterestedness of action.

Such is the man who commanded the Greek fleet; and so irreproachable is his character, that even in Greece, where the people are so jealous and suspicious of their leading men, that the least foible cannot escape them, no voice is ever raised against Miaoules. All parties unite in considering him pure and disinterested in his patriotism; and a doubt expressed of it, would sound as strange to a Greek, as it would to an American to hear the patriotism of Washington mooted for debate.

In the island of Hydra I had the unexpected pleasure of meeting a worthy Italian philellen, Count Palma. The count was one of the commissioners, who accompanied the Greek loan from London to Napoli di Romania; but had fled the latter town in consequence of a frightful endemic, that was fast sweeping into eternity its greatly distressed population, and to which some of the other commissioners had fallen a sacrifice.

The count, and a very intelligent young Greek, of the name of Latres, occasionally dined with us at the admiral's, where, with other natives of the island, I had many highly interesting conversations. With one old Greek, who had been thirty-eight years absent from this his native island, and had travelled a great deal, I had much discourse on the holy fire of Jerusalem. I forget his name; but one thing I remember—he was a stanch believer in this pretended miracle, this most unhallowed pantomime of the Greek monks of "the holy city." Perhaps the reader would be informed what this holy fire is. I am happy I can gratify him; for I have a full account of it from the pen of an excellent brother, who, not many years since, himself witnessed the mournful scene in the holy church at Jerusalem. It was furnished by the Rev. Levy Parsons, an American missionary, whose remains now slumber among the pious dead at Syra; —a man in whose testimony the utmost reliance may be placed.

"The afternoon was a memorable season. Every apartment of the church was crowded with Turks, Jews, Christians, and with people 'from every nation under heaven.' These assembled to witness the supposed miraculous descent of the Holy Ghost, under the similitude of fire." This ceremony is perpetrated every year in Easter week at Jerusalem, in memory of the day of Pentecost.

"It is estimated that at least 5,000 people were present. The governor of the city and the Turks of rank were there. A very convenient place was allotted me, to observe distinctly every ceremony. About twelve o'clock we witnessed scenes of a very extraordinary nature, highly derogatory to the christian profession. A body of Arab christians, natives of Palestine, were admitted to perform their part in the duties of the holy week. They began by running round the holy sepulchre, with all the frantic airs of madness—clapping their hands, throwing their caps into the air, cuffing each other's ears, walking half naked upon the shoulders of their companions, hallooing, or rather, shrieking to the utmost extent of their voices! This was the exhibition to 5,000 people, in expectation of soon witnessing the descent of the Holy Ghost.

"About 1 o'clock the Turks entered the small apartment of the holy tomb, extinguished the lamps, closed the door, and set a watch. I was determined myself to enter the holy sepulchre with the Russian consul, to see from what direction the fire proceeded.

"But," they replied; "the Turks will not give permission for strangers to enter."

"Shortly after, the principal Greek priest entered the holy sepulchre, attended by the Armenian patriarch, and also by the Syrian patriarch. The Greek priest, however, entered the second apartment unattended. Every eye was fixed as the time approached.

"As we stood waiting, suddenly there dashed from the sepulchre a flaming torch, which was carried almost instantaneously to a distant part of the assembly. I stood among the first to receive the fire, and to prove that, as to its power of burning, it contained no extraordinary quality. The zeal of the pilgrims to get a part of the fire, before its superior qualities departed, (as they say it burns like other fire in a few minutes,) endangered the lives of many. Several were well nigh crushed to death. Some lighted candles, others tow, with a view to preserve a part of its influence. Some held their faces in the blaze, saying; 'it does not burn!' Others said; 'now, Lord, I believe; forgive my former unbelief!'"

By such an unskilful employment of phosphorus, by such ghostly legerdemain, was my poor Hydriot friend convinced that the monks and Turks and Arabs of Jerusalem, have really the power of causing the Holy Ghost to descend. May a most merciful God forbear to visit them with his frown! But I own I have ceased to wonder at Turkish unbelief and contempt; for what but these can be the result of such unholy impostures?

It is a pleasing feature of modern Greece, and a promise of much future good, that the young men of this age rise vastly above those of ages past, both in polite literature and in honourable sentiments. Young Latres, Count Palma, the Admiral's family and others, spent the greater part of an evening together, in the course of which the conversation turned on those trifles of literature styled palindromes, that is, lines capable of being read both from left to right, and *vice versâ.* The modern Greeks have many of these, and call them *crab verses*, because they read both ways. I gave them an elegant Latin palindrome, composed by an excellent lady, whose faultless reputation had unjustly been blighted by the breath of scandal. She drew a fair moon behind a cloud, and wrote below it,—

"Ablata, at alba."
"Taken away, but bright."

On the laver of the church of Santa Sofia, built by the first christian emperor Constantine at Constantinople, there is another palindrome, containing an excellent moral for ministers, noticed in a former page:

"*Νίψον ἀνομήματα, μὴ μόναν ὄψιν.*"
"Wash iniquities, not the face alone."

Will the reader pardon my feeble attempt to paraphrase this pretty relic of antiquity?

'Tis not enough, O mortal!
To lave the hand or face;
Nor opes yon holy portal,
Save to a holy race.
Oh! wouldst thou chant the anthem,
The holy chant on high?
Take refuge in the ransom,
And holy live and die.

"In stream or orient fountain,
The Persian laves his hand;
In solitude or mountain,
The Arab laves with sand:
But vain is all ablution
At Rome or Mecca's shrine;
The pilgrim's deep pollution
Must wash in blood divine.

My young Greek friend, Latris, proposed several pretty charades; and if the reader will only picture to himself a circle of Greeks in an island of the Aegean, engaged in solving conundrums, I secure *one* object of these pages,—I pourtray the domestic recreations of the modern Greeks. "Now," said Latris, "who can solve this enigma?—Try your best."

"Εἰ ὠὰ νησσῶν ἐφίλεις,"

"Πόσῳ μᾶλλον τὰ τῆς χήνης;"

To every Greek ear, and even to my dull English one, it seemed as though Latris had said in the first line,

"'Ιωάννης ὃν ἐφίλεις; John, whom you loved;"

and there, in fact, lies the puzzle, for it makes nonsense with the second line. When, however, all had guessed and given in, given in and guessed, guessed and given in again, young Latris pitifully furnished the solution,—which is as I have first written down the conundrum; and means in English a most important maxim;—

If you love duck eggs,

How much rather those of the goose!

A most beautiful charade and a riddle, proposed by Latris, is altogether omitted, as I fear to pester general readers with too much of these domestic recreations of the Greeks; but one little *jeu de mot* of Count Palma I must not omit. He gave to the company the following well-known Italian word, as expressing all the qualities of a good wife. "*Amore*, love;" thus—

Amore — More — Ore — Re.
Love — Morals — Leisure—Wealth.

I seriously proposed the five P's of the English, as better qualities of a truly good partner for life, especially the first three;—piety, prudence, patience, person and property. Some might object to resigning the last two; and it is readily granted that a lady is not to be rejected *because* God has made her fairer or richer than other daughters of Eve; but still, I conceive that if called to choose between the first three and the last two, piety, prudence and patience must ever have precedence of person and property.

Before we retired, I asked Count Palma what he thought of Hydra. He very archly replied, "è una bellissima prigione;" it is a very beautiful prison. We spoke in Italian; but I was malicious enough to turn to the company and translate the reply, when they all smiled in good nature at the laconism of their Italian visitor. In fact, the count was detained in Hydra vastly against his will.

That the interesting natives of this island are more ferocious than those of perhaps any other isle of the

Grecian Archipelago, has already been hinted. Among other corroborations of this, I will state one or two facts. I was one day standing near the house of Miaoules quite alone, when I saw two natives on the hill close by, about eighteen years of age, and soon perceived that I was the object of their conversation. Both were armed, though but striplings; in short, all Greece was at that time in arms. At length one of them shouted to me at the top of his voice, "*φράγγο*! *φραγγοδαίμων*! Frankman! Frank devil!" By a certain shake of my head, I signified some displeasure, and called out to them, "come hither!" They exchanged a look and a few words, for half a moment; and then, one of them, drawing his yatagan or cutlass from his armour girdle, and motioning his companion to follow, bent his steps towards me. And now, reader, what do you think I did? You may well suppose that I chose the wiser part of valour, and took to my heels.

If I was a coward, please to remember the maxim of Lord Rochester, as good as any of Rochefaucault, "every man would be a coward if he durst." Besides, I do not like even self-defence, when to defend self requires the life of an unprepared sinner. I knew a colonel, a friend of mine, who once ran a burglar through the body; but the recollection of the event superinduced other sentiments than pleasure. The *lawfulness* of self-defence is *one* thing, the expediency *another*. At all events, I did not fight the young ruffians of Hydra; and, after all, perhaps they would not have injured an unoffending stranger.

The other fact I alluded to was told me by Count Palma. " Signor Wilson," said he one day, while we were walking together, " what a barbarous race are these Hydriots!"—" Why so?" was my enquiry. " I have seen what made my blood run cold."—" Pray what?"—" I was walking alone by the sea-side, when a number of young rogues dragged a poor feeble Turk by a rope lashed about his heels. He was a prisoner, and had been residing in the monastery as an invalid."—" How cruel! how very cruel! but what became of the poor creature?"—" I suppose they threw him into the sea, the young monsters!"—" But was the poor man dead?"—" No, Signor Wilson; he was alive, but very feeble, and could not long survive." During my stay in Hydra, a third event occurred indicative of the " boisterous" character I have given to these islanders. There had been a recent sea-fight between the Greek and Moslem navies, and one day the chiefs of Hydra assembled to effect an amicable division of certain cannons and other spoil, captured from the enemy. Misunderstandings soon arose; these were followed by much clamour and rude recrimination; till at length one of the chiefs drew his cutlass and wounded his antagonist. Poor Admiral Miaoules came home quite dispirited. " Kyrie Wilson," said the worthy man—" Kyrie Wilson, we must have an iron cage in the island."—" But, father," archly replied his son, Captain Antonios, " take my poor advice, and think no more about an iron cage; for if you get one, perhaps the villains may take it into their heads to make you the very first prisoner."

I think, moreover, the aversion of the Hydriots towards *all* Franks, is perhaps more ardent than in other isles. Beside the coarse epithet applied to myself, both the natives of Hydra, and those of the sister isles, contemptuously style all who venture out in a pair of English trousers or small clothes, tight-breeched Franks. In fact, it is a common thing among the modern Greeks generally, when they would contemptuously tell you how vastly inferior you are to them, to use this very unpolite address, " *δὲν εἴμεθα ἀπὸ τ' ἐδικάσου βρακιὰ*; we are not of thy brogues!"

After all, I should not hesitate to dwell among the Hydriots, were duty to require it. Let me also record to their honour, that they treated me extremely well; and in the course of these papers I shall have to introduce the reader even to an *English female*, whom I found in this rockey isle of the Aegean, and who had, in a great measure, forgot her native English, as the very natural result of so many years' sojourn in a land of strangers.

Much do I wish some zealous, active, devout missionary were stationed at *Troëzene* or *Cranidi*, on the opposite coast; for thence he might often visit this and the sister isles of the Aegean, and tell the natives of that divine Saviour, who can " make them free indeed." Napoli, Argos, and Epidaurus are close at hand; and Oh that these "isles of Elisha" may attract the eye and heart of happier christians in the British isles!

By a missionary, whether located in this part of Argolis, or only paying a casual visit, the 7,000 souls of Hermione, and the thousands of Troëzene, especial attention should be paid. Their language is Albanian, but he will have no difficulty on this ground, since they also speak Greek. For this portion of Greece both schools and books are greatly required. As Hydra, Spetsia, and some smaller islets lie so near this portion of Argolis, with the populous isle of Aigina not far distant; any missionary visiting Nauplia should extend his labours to this interesting locality. Hermione is situated on a hill at the western extremity of Argolis. Very early in the history of Greece this place was celebrated for its commerce and opulence. Here stood a temple to the Graces, and an abominable fane of Venus, and here was a frightful abyss, supposed to be the mouth of hell.* The natives live by the culture of the soil, and, like those of Spetsia, are simple and ingenuous. Troëzene is the birthplace of Theseus, and was celebrated for its temples, its vines, its olives, and myrtles. Were it but cultivated, its alluvial plain would become one of the most fertile regions of Peloponnesus, especially in corn and olives. Though this district was anciently infected by malaria, I think the missionary, or other traveller, need not fear now, for I never heard any intimations of its present existence.

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* Pausan. lib. ii., c. 34, and 30.

CHAPTER XXII.

WOMENS' APARTMENT.—FEMALE OCCUPATIONS.—EMBROIDERY, DOMESTIC DUTIES.—WASHING AT THE FOUNTAINS.—MARRIAGE.—SIR THOMAS MAITLAND.—COURT MARTIAL.—PROTESTANT CONFORMITY TO POPISH CEREMONIAL.—CELIBACY.—BETROTHING.—POLYGAMY.—THE DOWRY. — DOWRY CAP. — NUPTIAL PRESENTS. — NUPTIAL APPELLATIONS.—A WEDDING IN THE AEGEAN.

To the fair and modest sex is, in every land, assigned a certain decorous retirement, beyond what is expected of the husband or the son. The *γυκαικεῖον*, or female apartment of the Greeks, is, however, involved in a mystery far beyond that of most other nations. This originates in two things, modesty on the part of the female, jealousy on that of the male. The former one I value, but not the latter. Why cannot a Greek or a Turk confide in the principles of the softer sex? If they distrust with reason, let them educate their daughters. I have often asked myself this question: what is the value of that virtue, which demands for its preservation the gynæceum of the Greek, the harem of the Turk, and the grates of the convent? Heaven will attach but little worth to virtues that require so much vigilance; though it can and does value the purity that is guarded by *ourselves.* Who admires the innocuousness of a chained tiger?

Yet, let me not asperse the Greek female. I have wandered alone, or in company with two or three Greek palicars, for hundreds and hundreds of miles, from Porto Raftes to Athens, Eleusis, Daphne, Corinth, Tyrens, Mycæne, through the sites of three of the four Olympic games—Nemea, the Corinthian Isthmus, and Olympia; yet never did I witness an improper or indecorous act, or listen to an unchaste word from female lips. Once, indeed, yet I am confident it was all good-natured *badinage*, a Greek woman said to me, " Thou hast no *wife*, and I have no *husband*." If the lady really proposed a marriage, let us forgive her; perhaps it was leap year in Greece. Most Greek ladies have a *paramana*—a term which may require some explanation; so may her office. The modern Greeks instead of *μήτηρ* use *μάνα* for mother; and paramana is a compound of that word, and the preposition *παρὰ*, by. All Greek children, now, address their mother by the phrase *μάναμου*, my mother; and the females address the official friend in question by her nom d' office, paramana. " But what is her office?" Why, she is a sort of duenna to younger ladies, a companion to elder ones, and a tie-woman to all. She is not at all a menial. Perhaps one may most properly style the paramana a lady's maid. She does not, however, deem it beneath her dignity to wait occasionally on the other sex; and would sometimes step out of the sacred precincts of the woman's apartment to bring a change of linen into mine, which with the utmost *sang froid*, she would lay upon my couch.

Like the females of ancient Greece, the ladies of the present day do not appear much abroad, and do not frequent the society of men. Of course I am speaking of the middle and lower classes. It is among such that one finds the greatest approximation to classic manners and usages, and, as was natural, to classic language also. Young, unwedded females are laid under peculiar restraint. In most families they are not permitted to appear even at church till after marriage; nor, if there be strangers at table, can they sit at the family board, but must dine in the gynæceum, probably with the mother and paramana.

Before the war of 1821 against Turkey, the ladies of the isles of the Aegean or Archipelago were, even *after* marriage, generally forbidden to appear at the table when strangers were present. My late esteemed and worthy friend, Dr. Hennen, inspector general of hospitals in the British possessions in the Mediterranean, who fell a victim to the yellow fever at Gibraltar about the year 1828, gave me this fact. "I was dining," said he, "with a Greek of one of the Ionian islands. When dinner was announced, I offered the lady my arm to conduct her to the table. She shrunk back in apparent surprise and confusion. She, however, waited occasionally while myself and her husband dined; and after dinner, as I passed out of one apartment into another," said the Doctor, with obvious resentment of such treatment to a lady, "I actually saw her sitting on the carpet, and dining off the relics of our repast!"

Probably the new position into which the war of independence has brought free Greece—a position of great intercourse with western nations,—will quickly impart fresh hues to the manners of her inhabitants. Well do I recollect what was perhaps the very first instance of the lady of a family, in the island of Serphia, sitting at table with strangers. The party consisted of the host, named Vasileios, two priests, one or two other friends, myself, and the *lady* of Vasileios. Two things were remarked by the party, and indeed they were remarkable; first, that the lady dined with us—this was a perfect novelty; and next that we had animal food although on a day deemed by the Greeks a very rigorous fast. To a remark of mine that it is cruel and unwise to immure the female in the gynæceum, and that to follow the Gnostic and monastic whims about the piacular virtue and wonderful morality of frequent and excessive fasting, is equally antagonist both to Scripture and to sound common sense; I think it was one of the priests who nobly replied, "Yes, Sir, we must now sweep away all such rubbish, and all our old superstitions." Noble sentiment!—Heaven speed the plough!*

But *was* this an ancient custom?—yes, as old as the age of the Iliad. Young unmarried females were shut up then as now. Was it not in obedience to this jealous usage, this modest sentiment, that young Nausicaa, on a certain occasion, entreats Ulysses to walk *behind* her, lest the people should suspect the decorum of her deportment, or the purity of her principles. " Not one of us females," the damsel says to the warrior—" not one of us young females should appear in public with a man, without the permission of her father and her mother."*

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* His words were, "ὕλας τὰς παλαιὰς ἐκεῖνας δεισιδαιμονίας.

To a *missionary* this custom opposes some difficulty; and the only way to obtain a friendly intercourse with the Greek females, is the ability to say as Paul: " Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily, and justly, and unblamably we have behaved ourselves." In *any* missionary, but to one in Greece or Turkey *especially*, a trifling spirit would close every avenue to the society of females and of all children.

As to married women, or matrons of respectability, no one would venture from home alone. Either by a servant, a *paramana*, a well-known female friend, or a gentleman of high reputation, these ladies must be accompanied, or might pass for females of meaner sort, or even as demireps or worse. This usage appears to have a plurality of aims: to have a servant or paramana by her side adds to a lady's respectability; while the jealous lord at home, or at sea, or on his farm, sees in this custom a perfect security. Lady Mary Wortley Montague, " locked up in stays by her husband," as the Turkish dames at the baths of Constantinople seem really to have *thought* as well as said, for the ladies of Greece and Turkey never wear stays, was considered by those fair Byzantines as observing a custom of equal utility. At all events a paramana is ever to be preferred to the *cecisbeo* of

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* Odyss. vi. 285.

Italy and of Spain; but we of happy England know a life-preserver to female reputation and gentility better than either or than both—early christian training and faithful husbands.

This Grecian usage is very ancient,

> " Adstat ea in viâ *sola*? prostribulum sane est."
> " If seen upon the road alone,
> 'T is plain her modesty is gone;"*

and the women named in the *sacred oracles* are generally found in groups, in company with attendants, or in the retirement of their homes.

The ordinary *occupations* of females in Greece are such, in the main, as are every where assigned to the sex; but still, as anciently, they are constantly observed spinning and weaving. In travelling once through the sweet vernal vale of Samos, I bought a distaff of an old woman who was plying its giddy functions most diligently at the door of her cottage. Going up to her, I asked, "what art thou doing?"—"I am spinning," was her reply. Pointing to her distaff, I asked its name; "rocca," she again answered. This term the Greeks must have learned from the Venitians or Genoese, for this *is* its Italian name, and *not* its Greek one. The women of Malta are incessantly occupied in the same way. In fact, but for the twirling of the spindle, what must those people do for web and woof for their looms, or for thread to sow their ordinary garments?

The distaff is a stick about a foot in length. The

[illegible]

* Placit Amph. Act. iii. Sc. 2.

one I bought of the old lady was tastefully carved in the style of weapons from the South Seas. At the upper end of the distaff is fastened three or four ounces of hemp, so loosely as easily to be drawn out into thrums with the right hand, while the left holds the distaff aloft. The end of this thrum is fastened to a spindle, the length of the yarn being just enough to reach nearly to the ground while the rocca is held above the head. Seizing the thrum mid-length with the hand that holds the distaff, she takes the spindle with two or three fingers of the right, as a boy holds the button he intends to spin. She then gives the spindle a skilful twist, at the same moment letting it fall to the full length of the yarn, and holding up her left hand which still grasps the distaff. In about ten seconds the thread is spun. She forthwith rolls it upon the spindle, draws out a fresh length of hemp, and so repeats the process till her distaff is empty, or till she has spun enough for some immediate object. A shoemaker's wife thus prepares his twine; a tailor's wife his thread, and both ladies and their maids thus supply themselves with web and woof for the loom, and with the finest thread for their veils.

To these operations of the distaff and spindle repeated allusions are found in the classics. The following elegant stanza expresses all I mean, save that the verse required "*wheel*" instead of spindle.

> "Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound;
> All at her work the village maiden sings;
> Nor while she turns the giddy wheel around,
> Revolves the sad vicissitude of things."

Every one knows how very ancient is the art of needle-work, and how elegantly the ladies of oriental countries performed works of this nature, so becoming the retirement and delicate fingers of the sex. Of all nations the Greeks seem most to have distinguished themselves in this way; and of all Greeks those of Crete appear the most celebrated. We have the testimony of Virgil, for in describing the presents made by Aeneas to Sergestes, he remarks,—

> "Olli serva datur, operum haud ignara Minervæ,
> Cressa genus, Pholoe."*
>
> "Then he presents a beauteous female slave,
> By birth a Crete, and at her needle brave."

The Greek ladies of the present age are, perhaps, equally skilful at these elegant arts. I have seen many specimens, and have now by me two girdles, one belonging to my own dress, the other presented to me for my late wife; by a lady of Athens, both pretty, but by no means equalling what the "rosy-fingered" maids of the classic soil *can* produce. The ground of these girdles is a sort of shala, and the work consists of flowers of various hues, interwoven with threads of gold and silver.

I have already observed that to the ladies of modern Greece are assigned, moreover, the less ornamental cares and occupations of the family. This is a usage strictly natural, and therefore as old as the domestic circle itself. What classic mind can fail to be delighted with the domestic occupations of a good woman, as laid down by Solomon, in his incomparable Proverbs? How happily it shows the antiquity of the distaff, the more elegant needle-work, and the useful occupations of the kitchen and of the farm! I will transcribe the greater portion of the picture, and he who cannot relish its beauties, neither owns a taste that one would covet, nor deserves to be blessed with such a wife as Solomon portrays.

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* Anead. Liv. v.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She seeketh *wool* and *flax*, and worketh willingly with her hands. She riseth while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She layeth her hands to the *spindle*, and her hands hold the *distaff*. She maketh herself coverings of *tapestry*; her clothing is silk and purple. She maketh fine linen and selleth it, and delivereth *girdles* unto the merchant. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."*

From one picture in the Odyssey, in the sixth book, we find that the damsel Nausicaa and other maidens were like Solomon's beau ideal of a good wife. You will see them tripping to the fountain, too, to wash the linen of the royal family. In Greece I have seen such Nausicaas, especially in the island of Hydra and near the site of the ancient city of Heracleia in Cefalonia. I have also seen the ladies of Athens thus laving with their fair feet the soiled linen of the family. Yet must it be owned that these simple damsels and matrons permit more of the foot and ankle to play truant than is consistent with our notions of propriety. I have in my eye, even at this moment, three young women washing at a fountain by the road-side near Samos, to whom, if modesty had permitted my approach, I should have said; "my dear friends, I cannot think your mother Nausicca would have allowed a stranger to pronounce whether her ancles were handsome or plain." Poets might have sung, indeed, of the *βαϑύκολποι* Ἑλλκνῖδες, and painters may represent Diana at the chase with most negligent toilette and sluttish attire; but give me leave to hope, that want of decorum belongs, nationally, to savage life alone.

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* Prov. xxxi. *passim*, a beautiful piece of ancient poetry in prose.

During my travels in Greece I have attended two marriages, one in the island of Hydra, and one in Zeà, the ancient Keos; and birthland of the celebrated painter Apelles. Add to these facts many conversations I have had with the inhabitants of Greece during many years' intercourse; and probably the reader may admit that I need neither coin nor embellish. "But most writers embellish." I fear so; literary morality is not very scrupulous. As for myself, —"*soyez tranquille, mon amis*," I will tell you what I've seen. If you will not credit that, I give *you* credit at least for one thing,—for showing yourself a staunch disciple of our late governor of the Greek islands, Sir Thomas Maitland, whose too favourite maxim was, "I believe nothing of what I *hear*, and only half of what I *see*." Poor Sir Thomas!

I followed him to his grave, and I cannot refrain from here expressing my surprise, that Lord Lauderdale should so long permit an unhonoured sleeping-place for the ashes of that clever, though too positive ruler of a British dependency.

Before I notice Greek marriages, I ask permission to record my thoughts respecting a sentence pronounced at a court-martial during my stay in Malta, and at the instance of this talented but mistaken governor, Sir Thomas. This military trial resulted in the dismissal of two brave officers, my particular friends, from His Majesty's service; and the sentence is unrescinded to this day.

In the island of Malta are an abundance of what are styled religious processions. They keep the place in the state of a perennial puppet-show. The religion of our Roman catholic fellow-subjects is the religion of the five senses, a species of materialism. As the mind is left unfed, the eye and the ear must be supplied in its stead. Hence the processions of Malta and of Greece. I have often seen about three or four hundred of the monastic order out at once, parading the streets with music, banners, every variety of gaudy costume, the bells rapidly tolling, the monks and seculars singing, devotees dragging at both heels a tremendous weight and length of thick iron chain, in the vain hope of placating the Deity for some great sin; while every balcony is hung with tapestry, every window crowded with gazers, the whole street densely lined with pedestrian spectators, and in the rear of this pompous pageant five or six hundred devotees have closely followed in the line of march, repeating aloud some Latin response, some ancient Greek prayer, or something in the native idiom.

Among other festivals of this nature, is that in honour of San Lorenzo, in Malta. At this feast our protestant fellow-subjects are appointed to fire salutes and ring bells. In fact, they are made to participate in *many* of these papal pageants. I think it was in the year 1825, that Colonel Gardiner, of the engineers, gave the usual orders. Captain Achison and Lieutenant Dawson, as conscientious protestants, felt a just repugnance at the duty. They did *not*, I believe, "*refuse*," but requested the commanding officer to excuse them. I saw some of the correspondence. The worthy colonel did excuse them, appointing others to perform their part.

Sir Thomas Maitland was then in the Ionian isles. On returning, his Excellency placed these brave men under arrest. They were brought to trial and cashiered! For what? For hesitating to join in a ceremony, deemed, by themselves and others, idolatrous and sinful. Soon after this Sir Thomas died. Did the authorities of Malta find the native employes disposed to join in a *protestant* service at the interment? Not long afterwards we buried the next governor, the most noble Marquis of Hastings. I followed in that funeral procession. The natives in government service received the accustomed notice to do the same. What was the result? What I here state I *saw*. They filed off just about forty yards from the grave, and returned home, that they might not be contaminated by joining in the burial service of the protestant church! No notice, I believe, was taken of this! I could name several officers, personal friends of my own, who felt most deeply on all such occasions; and who actually procured leave of absence, on purpose to avoid the sin of participating in services, which their conscience could not approve.

Not long prior to the death of the Marquis of Hastings, I had the honour of an interview with his Excellency. He signified his most unqualified detestation of compelling the brave defenders of our empire to join in religious services against their concientious scruples, and abolished the practice; for I believe he justly felt it an infringement of the rights of conscience, to compel either protestants or Roman catholics to act against their religious principles. Soon after, it was revived, and remains, I fear, in force to this day.

To plead "obligation," on the ground of treaty with the Maltese, is idle. Let such treaty appear. I have, I believe, perused *all* the documents of the cession of Malta to the British crown; and fearlessly ask any man to produce anything beyond this: "You shall be protected in your dearest rights." I can protect a puppet-show, without joining the dialogue. I can protect a Bramin, without bowing at his shrine. But our governors are too prone to curry favour with the natives, at the sacrifice of christian principle. I have actually seen Sir Frederick Adam, our late governor in the Ionian isles, walking in procession with some scores of monks, supporting by his presence the bag of bones, called St. Spiridion; his entire suite of officers around him, each carrying in his hand an immense lighted taper; while the natives have laid their sick in the path of this singular representative of protestant royalty, to be healed by the passing of the shadow! For this astounding abandonment of all consistency, for this violation of individual conciences, there exists no law; and I humbly conceive it is destined to a speedy investigation, for such things ought not to be.

But to return to Greece. Nations fond of pageants, of novelties, of spectacles, would naturally give to the nuptial rites no small amount of parade. The two most celebrated legislators of Greece, Solon and Lycurgus, seem to have been greatly the friends of marriage and of marriage pomp. They legally compelled the citizens of their respective polities to bow at the shrine of Hymen. Dercillidas, a notable captain of Sparta, was insulted in the public assembly by a youth of Lacedemon, because he preferred a life of single blessedness. If the reader but remind himself of the obsequious respect exacted and enjoyed by the aged men of Sparta, it will be easy to understand how keenly Dercillidas must have resented the insult of a *sbarbatello*, a beardless boy. In fact, this was precisely the great penalty imposed on a celibate of the voluntary principle by the Spartan law itself.*

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* Plutarch's Lycurgus.

Solon, at Athens, seems to have entered the lists against bachelors with yet more Quixotical feelings. He enacted, that not one of them should be appointed to the dignity of archon, rhetor, or other government office of importance. At the present day, it is gratuitous to state, that no such laws exist; but the feelings of society have something of a kindred leaning. It is deemed the duty of all good citizens to worship at the Hymeneal altar; nor is a single man's status in society deemed marvellously great. I humbly conceive this feeling is correct, and tends greatly to the good order of society, the happiness of man, and the sacred cause of morals.

A plurality of wives was permitted to the ancient Greeks. The moderns can marry but one at a time. Yet a second marriage, or even a third is by no means disreputable. The priesthood, that feels itself bound and galled by the monstrous laws of celibacy, is too prone to cast disrepute on the married state; but the priesthood of grace can marry, provided this very proper step be taken before passing deacon's orders, after which the officious canons enforce a life of celibacy with all its physical and moral results. Such of the clergy as aspire to the mitre, must not marry at all; for human canons forget the divine canon—"a bishop must be the husband of one wife."

To the clergy of Greece second marriages are not in good repute. The reason assigned for this law or sentiment is the passage just cited, "the husband of *one* wife." On this subject I have occasionally interchanged thoughts with the priesthood of Greece, and in a quarto commentary which I published in Greek I have fully uttered my sentiments. "The language of Paul," I have said, "is *μιᾶς γυναικὸς ἄνδρα*, husband of one wife, that is of *one at a time*, as opposed to bigamy. But if the first wife die, it does not commit the rash and unnatural act of prohibiting a second. For example, I say to my servant, Themistocles, why do you muffle up so, I forbid you to wear two coats. By this I simply mean *two at a time*, not that Themistocles shall go naked when his first coat is worn out."

The monks and nuns of Greece are doomed to celibacy as a matter of course. And who can calculate the mischief done by the men who first placed this Platonic and Gnostic law among the ordinances of the gospel! What misery, what sin, what disorder have resulted in the prohibition of marriage! and how deplorable that men will not open a candid mind to the most obvious fact, that this very innovation of ignorant monks and semi-pagan ascetics, is most expressly predicted by St. Paul, as part of the future *apostacy!*[*]

By some almost untraceable vagary of the human mind, abstinence from honourable wedlock is still in Greece, as in the western pale, deemed the sublimest of virtues. If so, it is the sublimest of virtues to break the holiest of laws; for nothing in the world is or can be more obvious than this truism—that the law of marriage is both enforced in the inspired oracles, and most deeply implanted in human nature.

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[*] 1 Tim. iv. 1—5.

Thus has the Almighty laid down a double law, or rather the one great law in two codes. And how could a God of immaculate sanctity make and promulgate a law, the violation of which is the sublimest of virtues? Vamvas, a most intelligent minister of the Greek church, feelingly exclaimed to me one day, when this monstrous canon of erring man formed the topic of our conversation; "δυσυχισμένη ἀνθρωπότης!" "unfortunate human nature!" If tears rose to the good man's eyes, what heart does not sympathise?

The young ladies of Greece, it has been observed, are much confined to the gynæceum, or female apartment. Hence it results that that social intercourse, which forms one of the charms of western manners, I mean the intercommunion of young persons of both sexes, at dinner, at tea or in the evening party, is almost entirely unknown in the classic land, and still less among the Osmanlies.

When two young hearts, therefore, are to be united in wedlock, there is need of a go-between. This is generally a matron of reputation, whose *nom d'office* is προξενήτρια, *proxenetria* or mediatrix. The import of the term may be divined by the reader from our word proxy, which is a cognate, and from the fact, that the modern Greeks apply the term πρόξενος to a consul, who is a sort of international go-between.

These females are generally relatives of the parties, especially of the young lady to be married. It is also a fact, that they arrange matters beforehand with the parents of the intended bridegroom, without his being at all aware of his destiny. The marriage compact having been thus arranged, if the betrothed parties are too young, the ceremony is deferred for a season, yet the betrothed are not generally kept in ignorance of their intended future union. But when, as so frequently occurs, the parties to be wedded are already at marriageable age, in that case the contract is no sooner finished, than the happy couple learn the amount of the προῖκα or dowry, the state of each family, the age, appearance, &c., of each other, of whom a mere occasional glance can have afforded them but a faint idea, which increases the fever of curiosity, and both parties begin to prepare for the wedding-day.

In the early ages of Greece, the bridegroom, instead of receiving a dowry with the bride, gave one to her, with a certain sum of money to her parents. In still earlier times we find, that instead of money, the wife was secured by a term of service. This usuage, common to the east in general, is beautifully exemplified in the life of Jacob, who for his beloved Rachel, served her father fourteen years.*

But when the ancient Greeks advanced in the arts and manners of civilization, this order of things was reversed, and the dowry was given with the bride. Such is their usuage at this day. I am not sure that it is always observed, and perhaps civil society is in a preferable state, where neither law nor custom ordains either mode to the exclusion of the other, and preferable still more, when mercenary considerations are second to love,—when in weighing the endowments of an intended partner for life, we estimate her person or her principles at a higher value than the purse.

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* Gen. xxix. 15—30.

There is in the Hermione of Euripides, a beautiful parallel to the actual usage of Greece, as respects the dowry. Addressing Pirrhus, Hermione thus complains, that though she had brought him a dowry, and Andromache was but a slave and dowerless, yet he bore to the latter as much esteem and respect as to herself.

But if the lady brings a dowry, the bridegroom is at all events deemed a very ungallant poltroon, should he fail to make presents to the nymph or bride. These consist of jewels, girdles, vails, and other bagatelles that never cease to please a female; for, "can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire?" Sometimes the zealous bridegroom orders a cake to be made, which is rich in a plurality of senses; for he has it stuffed with twenty or thirty doubloons, as among us we sometimes dispose of the ring. This doubly rich cake is sent to the bride before the wedding, and on that happy day she wears the glittering gold pieces strung round her neck.

I was once staying at the village of Morcopolis, about six miles from Athens. In the family of a good-natured, ignorant priest I lived for some time. He had a daughter about thirteen. Observing one day that the red, small, close cap she wore was nearly covered with small pieces of coin, stitched close upon each other, somewhat in the style of a dragoon's capstrap, my curiosity was naturally excited; and to my enquiry, "whyhad she that money on her cap?" either the father or mother, I forget which, replied; "that money is for her dowry: all the money presents she gets, she hoards up till sufficient to change for a silver or gold coin, and this is strung with the rest on the girl's fesi. This she will do till her wedding." The fesi was, in fact, her bank, her fortune. Or, if the reader please, this poor dear girl wore on her head that sum, that precious treasure, destined one day to allure a lover and a husband. "She perceiveth that her merchandize is good." If Marigò be not yet a bride, and if a husband be for her felicity—which often is not the case,—heaven send her one to her wisest wishes; for her parents were most hospitable to me, a poor wandering exile in a land of war, of pestilence and of famine! I shall always wish some devout and zealous missionary to be settled among these islands, so near Peloponnesus. The Greeks love the Bible, at least they revere it, and have a right to peruse it undisturbed by the priesthood of Greece. For schools, too, the whole nation is sighing, and have evinced a willingness to hear the gospel preached. May the churches of Britain aid their highest and noblest hopes! To Greece England owes much. Now is the time to pay her debt.

Nuptial presents made by the bridegroom to the dear object of his affections, are an unquestionable remnant of ancient times, not in Greece alone, but throughout the east. Masinissa, king of Numidia, when reproached with having wedded the beautiful Sophonisba, daughter of Asdrubal, a sworn enemy to Rome, cruelly sent her a cup of poison. On receiving the fatal drug, Sophonisba courageously remarked;—"I accept this *new* nuptial present, which is not unwelcome, though Masinissa might have made a fitter present to his wife: at all events, tell him he might have selected, as the hour of my death, any other than that of my nuptials.[*]

Some tourists have fallen into the notion, that by these nuptial presents the Greek bridegrooms *purchase* their wives. Nothing of the sort. The presents are made, not to the parents or guardians, but to the lady herself. Nor this alone; they are spontaneous offerings. The author of the "Origin of Laws" has, therefore, fallen into a trifling error when he says; "C'est l'usage parmi les Grecs actuels, que quiconque veut se marier, *achête* sa femme par les présens qu'il est *obligé* de faire aux *parens* de celle qu'il épouse."[†]

The nuptial terms actually used in Greece, are much the same as in ancient times. The chief exception is, γαμβρὸς, now used for bridegroom; but even this, I conceive, is a cognate of γάμω to marry. But besides γαμβρὸς, we occasionally hear the classic νυμφίος applied to the bridegroom; while to the bride is almost invariably given the ancient term νύμφη or nymph. This endeared name she bears from a little before the marriage, to some small time subsequent to the close of the entertainments; which in many cases do not finally terminate for at least a month after the nuptials. Not that actual feasting or merriment lasts during so long a period; but because after the honeymoon, it is usual to compliment the new-married couple with an invitation to some of the relatives, when there is for a few days a renewal of festivities, during which period the happy pair, still happy I hope, are yet styled *γαμβρὸς καὶ νύμφη*, bridegroom and bride.

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[*] Tit. Liv. Lib. xxx.

[†] L'Origine etc. tom. ii. livr. 1.

During my sojourn at Hydra, while I was selling our missionary books, in the hospitable dwelling of worthy Admiral Miaoules, I was one day invited to a wedding. One of the parties to be wedded, was a relative of the admiral, by whom were provided the nuptial garlands, and a piece of silk about three or four yards long, which is thrown, in that island, over the shoulders of the happy couple during the nuptial rites.

Captain Anthréas Miaoules, one of the worthy admiral's sons, accompanied me to the house destined to be the abode of the future pair. I found that the admiral was to be *κομπάρος* or groomsman. In this house we found the impatient bridegroom, and a large company of both sexes in their holiday attire. On our entrance the bridegroom politely received us, and no sooner had we seated ourselves crosslegged round the apartment, with our back to the wall, than he himself presented young Miaoules and myself with raki, pipes and coffee. Raki is a spirit distilled, I think, from aniseseed, and seems to me to be the arrack of the Orientals. Of this the Greeks are much too fond, for I have often witnessed excess, and heard the drunken Greek most valiantly vociferating defiance to the foe in the war songs of the day, while under the influence of this drink.

> "Sparta, Sparta, why in slumber?"

After coffee, the men played several airs, all warlike, on the violin and tambourines. The females were as yet in another apartment, for the bride had not made her appearance. In this moment of expectancy, during which the wine circulated very freely, a scene occurred that even Hogarth's pencil would in vain essay to pourtray to the life. I know not whether on other minds it would have made the same impression, but to mine it seemed unique. In rushed some half dozen sturdy, noisy, merry fellows, bearing the furniture of the future tenants of the house. One had a load of pans and kettles; another a pile of mattresses; a third cushions for the divan; the next stumbled in under a mountain of carpets and bed-covers; two others laboured like Atlas under an immense chest containing linen, wearing apparel, and other property; while one clamorous, boisterous, jovial, chubby-faced fellow bounced in before us all, carrying some utensils that must be nameless.

Now shifts the scene. A couple of hardy-looking men arose, and danced in a slow, irregular step; then two other, and finally a third pair, while music played and bottles circulated with not much moderation.

As I sat and gazed, absolutely astounded at the novelty of the scene,—the noise, the giddy movements, the costume, the rude mirth, all this on a rock of the sea where Homer's heroes sailed and fought—some one turned to me and said, "Behold the brave men, who have just beaten the Turks." Alas! I have much ground to believe, that some of those very men fell subsequently beneath the flash of an Othoman cimeter.

After this, we all set out to fetch the bride, accompanied with music all the way along the streets. I remarked that as soon as the bridegroom entered the house of the bride, those within flung small pieces of money at him, an augury, I suppose, of abundance; while other friends threw upon his shoulders a number of silk kerchiefs, and handed him presents of gold coin.

This scene over, we all proceeded to the church, to complete the marriage ceremony. Though we marched in procession, yet I observed that each sex formed a separate party, we of the masculine gender accompanying the bridegroom, while the females attended the bride; and each party had a separate choròs or band, who played and *sang* too as we passed along the streets. One thing vastly surprised me: we went at the slowest pace the reader can well imagine. I suppose about one step in three seconds, or twenty in a minute! During all this time the bride kept her eyes on the ground, and had a native of China met us, he would probably have concluded that instead of a marriage, we were performing a procession for the dead. This I thought unmeaning, and not at all in keeping either with the joyous occasion, or the sounds of hilarity all around us.

We reached the church: we came to the altar, and the priest began his functions. The ceremony lasted about three quarters of an hour, and altogether was very interesting to me. The minister read, and then placed the rings on the hands of each party, while the comparos, or groomsman, adjusted them on the fingers with his own hands crossed. I stood close by the bride. She never raised her eyes. She was about eighteen, rather *en bon point* for her years, but pretty. About her person she wore a profusion of gold coin and other gauds, and on the whole elle me semblait fort charmante.

One part of the ceremony consisted in the mutual interchange of garlands between the bride and bridegroom; the tasting of a glass of wine, and casting around their shoulders the long piece of silk, to which I have already made allusion. The garlands were of imitation gold; but are sometimes of artificial flowers, while the rural population use on these occasions wreaths of real flowers. The silk, the garlands and rings are usually furnished by the comparos; but in some churches there are garlands kept on purpose. Those who choose to supply themselves with these nuptials crowns, keep them subsequently for some time suspended in their houses.

The marriage rites concluded, we all returned as we came, in solemn line of march, yet with merry drums and violins. On reaching once more the house, coffee, rum and pipes were served up; while ever and anon the ear was saluted with discharges of muskets and pistols. One act of the bride struck me as highly singular; on reaching the door she paused, made the sign of the cross close by the lintel with an immense pomegranate, after which she dashed the fruit forcibly to the earth at the door, and rushed in. The seeds of the pomegranate scattered on all sides, are an emblem of connubial fecundity.

On my being presented with a glass of wine, I enquired in what terms decorum required me to salute the marriage pair with friendly wishes. The reply was, "*νὰ ζῆτε, νὰ γηρὰσητε*"—may you live, and reach a good old age! This compliment I cheerfully paid, and added, "*νὰ ἔχητε πολλὰ παιδία μὲ τὴν εὐλογίαν τοῦ Θεοῦ,*"—may you have many children with the blessing of God. To this a Greek near me replied, aloud and with much sincerity, "Amen."

In the island of Hydra, the natives often repeat a sort of rude stanza, with which the admiral's son furnished me on this occasion. The poetry is truly wretched. I give it for no earthly reason, but as aiding my present attempt to pourtray the manners of a very interesting race of islanders.

> "Ἥλιος καὶ ϐροχὴ,
> 'Πανδρεύοντ' οἱ πτωχοί·
> Ἥλιος καὶ χιόνι,
> 'Πανδρεύοντ' οἱ ἀρχόνται."

Though scarcely worth the trouble, perhaps a translation may be looked for.

Sun and rain
May frown in vain,
The poor get married still;
Sun and snow
May threaten woe,
Yet rich folks wed, and *will.*

Between the groomsman and myself the following little dialogue passed: I asked, "have this bride and bridegroom seen each other before to-day?"—"Many a time: they are not of the most respectable class; it is the rich who are so fastidious on this point; but the war has made some innovations."—"I think almost all in Greece are betrothed in early life?"—"Not all; many marry at once: but they are of age when the contract is made."—"Were *you* betrothed?"—"Yes; at ten."—"Have you ever got sight of the lady destined to be your future wife?"—"Sometimes we never see each other till the wedding-day; yet, in other cases, the parties frequently get together, especially among the poor; but it is not respectable."

The classical term for marry is *γάμω.* But at the present day its honourable import is so far changed, that *γάμω* and *γάμος* are terms avoided, except by tongues that deal in grossness. I have many a time heard the vulgar apply the term *γάμω*, in a sense highly indecorous, and have been told of an *ἀναγνώστης*, or church reader, who even omitted the term *γάμος*, in publicly reading the gospel.

Instead of *γάμω*, therefore, we use in Greece two other terms to signify marry;—*ὑπανδρεύομαι* and *στεφανοῦμαι.* The former is a compound of *ὑπὸ* and ἀνήρ· the latter from στέφανος, a crown. *That*, therefore, conveys the idea of placing a female under the authority of a man; and *this*, of crowning her—as is done when the nuptial garland is placed upon her head.

From the parable of the Ten Virgins, it appears that in Judea, the procession "went forth to meet the *bridegroom*," not to fetch the bride, as in Hydra. The union of husband and wife, represents the union of Christ and his church. In the New Testament we find no prescribed ceremony for the solemnization of matrimony; but it appears very obvious, that in all ages the ministers of the church have given to the married pair their prayers and their blessings.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CHIEFS HAVE A FRACAS ABOUT SPOILS.—CANARIS.—NIKETAS.—A VISIT.—A POET.—BOOKS SOLD IN HYDRA.—TOMB OF A CHIEFTAIN'S WIFE.—A NEW YEAR'S CALL.—CLASSIC USAGES IN MODERN GREECE.—DREAMS.—OMENS.—FASCINATION.—BAD FAITH.—IMPRECATIONS.

In reading the venerable Iliad, I have occasionally been astonished at the frequent ebullition of coarse and intemperate abuse, lavished reciprocally by the heroes of the classic land, on coming to a division of spoils after battle. Farther east one finds a kindred anxiety after spoil. David's men quarreled on a division of spoils; but, like some of these Hydriots, "they were wicked men, and sons of Belial." 1 Sam. xxx. 22. From the inspired oracles one might cite fifty texts to the same purpose. The Romans used to sell the ill-gotten spoils of war, "*sub hastam*," at the point of the spear; whence it singularly results that in Italian, the term *subastare* means, at this day, to sell by auction. But of all wranglers about spoils, the heroes of Homer must take the first rank.

The same spirit survives the lapse of a thousand generations. During my stay in Hydra, the leaders of the war met about a quarter of a mile from the house of Miaoules, to make a division of some cannon, that had recently been captured from the enemy. A violent debate ensued, and from words they came to blows. At length one fiery chief drew a sort of stiletto, and inflicted a wound that appeared portentous. The admiral was very anxious the fact should not reach me, but it leaked out, maugre all his caution. Though the Greek war of independence produced many a genuine patriot, it would be an ungracious task to analyse the patriotism of the mass. To thousands in all countries, wealth is patriotism; as with hundreds about the altar, " gain is godliness." There are, perhaps, more Verulams than Durhams; more Wolseys than Noels. Or, should this impression seem groundless, we may, at all events, regret that all are not proof against sordid selfishness.

Yet the Greek revolution produced some eminent characters. Let my friend Howe speak:—

" I made them point out to me at Egina, the house of Captain Canaris. I wished to make the acquaintance of this intrepid fire-eater. I found him by the side of his spouse, playing with his son Milziades, an infant of three years old. He received me with frank courtesy, and made his eldest son present me with a newly-gathered rose, a sign of affection used in the Levant. Canaris is a man of thirty-two years of age, free, gay, and at the same time extremely modest. I never could induce him to recount me any of his feats. He is beloved by all his countrymen (Ipsariots); but envied by the Idriots, who have left him this year without a fire-ship. His firelock was hung up against the wall; this and his courage are all the riches of this intrepid man, who has burned four ships of war of the enemy. Last year, after having vindicated the burning of his native isle, by that of a ship of the line of the Turks, he presented himself at Napoli di Romania, poor and in want of every thing: when all around were making him some present, he said to the legislative body—"I would rather that you would give me another fire-ship, that I might burn some more of our enemy." Whilst I was in discourse with the husband, the wife was nursing at her breast an infant son of three months, called Lycurgus. She is an Ipsariot, of a handsome form, grave and modest—a Minerva"

Canaris was an extraordinary man. His countenance gave little indication of the noble soul in his breast. In his eye was none of the shrewdness of his countrymen. His lip never curled with contempt. His tongue was not that of a bully. On the contrary, his eye was heavy and soft, and in his features there was but a small amount of Greek vivacity. Yet some thought his countenance bespoke enthusiasm and wildness. Canaris was a patriot of grave and manly resolve; of unselfish ends; of fearless front in danger. In the lower part of his countenance, Lavater would probably have read all this, while the entire face betrayed that composure, that air of calmness and of self-possession, which goes far to form the general and victor. He seemed born to command, not by the splendor of externals, but by the master-mind that dwelt within him.

With Canaris, few Greek ladies would have been captivated—had these fair daughters of Javan been allowed a voice in affairs of matrimony; nor would a mere sciolist in the art of human study, have augured his mighty deeds, as he scanned the contour of the calm warrior's face; but Canaris exemplified the truth of the simple adage, "*Un fiore non forma la primavera*,"—a flower does not form the spring; and proved that a patriot may be a Murat without Murat's tinsel.

Yet Niketas is, of all the patriots I have known, the man I most admire. Of Niketas every one speaks honourably. I have written a story on the Greek revolution, still in manuscript, of which he is the hero. I call it "The Rumeliot Chieftain." In Greek it is already printed.

If Canaris is the Nelson of Greece, Niketas ranks as her Hampden or Cleomenes. Two persons of this name figured in the war, but our hero is, I think, named Niketas Tlamatopoulos. The Greeks generally styled him, for his bravery, ὁ τουρκοφάγος,—the Turk-eater. I should describe this patriot as of middle stature, and of a well-built frame. I think he was born about Thebes or Locris.

Niketas was among the bravest, the most unselfish, and the poorest of the Greek chieftans. Unlike the fiery and egotistical Colokotrones, he nevertheless married a daughter or niece of this restless spirit of storm, this brave but erratic patriot. On several memorable occasions, Niketas demonstrated the sublimity of his character. When once ordered by Colocotrones to join an expedition against a portion of his own countrymen, Niketas nobly replied;—"Send me even to the very frontiers, to repel the whole force of the Moslems, and I am eager to obey; but against my brethren I will never march."

Blaquiere saw a letter written by this steady patriot, after the signal victory over the Othomans at Racova. In this, Niketas fully details the affair, and then adds;—"But what is the use of all these victories, if our countrymen of the Morea continue to be wrangling amongst themselves, instead of seconding our efforts, and driving the enemy from our common country?" The same lament was uttered by that amiable and virtuous patriot, Lord William Russell, not long ere he fell a guiltless victim to the worthless Stuart: "I could wish," said he, on the scaffold, "that all protestants would live united, and not make room for the papal foe by their animosities."

Niketas shone not more for his courage, than for his generosity and disinterestedness. I think it was after the fall of Tripolitsa into the hands of the Greeks, that his soldiers loaded themselves with the most valuable spoils, in gold and jewels, but he contented himself with a plain snuff-box, not worth a florin. This trophy Niketas sent to his wife, with an affectionate note, describing its history. After order had been restored in the captive city, his soldiers, seeing their commander had reaped no spoil, vied with each other in attempts to force upon him a portion of their own. His kit was almost filled by their overflowing generosity; but soon after, a rumour was afloat that the Turks were advancing, when Niketas threw down his golden treasures, and went in pursuit of the foe.

The conduct of Colocotrones rendered that able general amenable to the Greek authorities, and Niketas being allied by marriage, was commanded to accompany or follow Colocotrones to the seat of government, and stand his trial. "The enemy," replied our hero, "is approaching: I must march to confront him; but the moment that sees my country out of danger, will find me on my way to Nauplia, to render to you that account of my deportment, which is now demanded of me."

I was in Hydra on new-year's day, and went to visit a rich islander of the name of Budures. I here have to record a scene, that very much interested my own feelings; and if the reader has a heart skilled to pity affliction, he will probably feel equal interest. Budures brought in a sweet little orphan girl, about four years of age. She had been found half buried in the sand on the coast of Crete, after that hapless island had fallen into the hands of the fiery Moslems.

"Ask her," said Budures, "whatever you please about her history." And now the pretty creature came up to me, and, young as she was, bowed herself down to the floor, and then taking my hand, respectfully kissed it. Our little dialogue, so far as respects the history of this dear little unfortunate's family, is thus recorded in my notes: only I find I have there written it in Greek.

"Whence art thou, my dear?"

"From the island of Crete."

"Where is thy father, my love?"

"The Turks killed him."

"Where is thy mother, my lamb?"

"They killed her too—*καὶ αὐτὴν ἐσκότωσαν.*"

"Where are all thy brothers?"

"The Turks killed them all."

"And thy sisters, my dear child?"

"They killed my sister too."

"And where are your servants?"

"The Turks killed them all."

"And how didst thou escape, my dear?"

"In the sand by the sea-side."

"Know thou," said Budures, addressing me, "she is very guilty of telling lies—*Λέγει ψέμματα.* She is also deceitful and disobedient. What shall I do to her?" Budures then turned to the little trembler, and remarked in fierce tones,—"Now mind! this is a priest; he will cut out thy tongue if thou tell lies." Ah! thought I, this is not the way to train up a child; this is not the idea that children should form of the ministers of truth: and so I gave my Greek friend to understand.

"Sir," Budures also said, "she is always anathematising the Turks for killing her mother." "That," said I, "is too natural; but, my dear, thou must not curse thy enemy; for remember what the Lord's prayer teaches thee to say: 'forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us.'" But if the priesthood show themselves so skilled in anathemas, and in distributing so liberally their comminations on their foes, what can we expect from the mass? The last remark of Budures to the poor Cretan orphan, was almost equally unjustifiable: "Look here, now, we are going to have this stranger for our priest; and if thou do not behave well, I'll send thee to him to be corrected."

Being new-year's day, I enquired in what form I must salute my Greek friends. The reply was thus given:—"When new year comes, you must say, Many years to you; and when a father has lost his daughter, Life to your honour or lordship."

Being in company one day with a number of inquisitive islanders, some of them signified great astonishment, that British capitalists should have so much money to lend. This remark was elicited by the recent arrival of the first instalment of the Greek loan. "Why," said one of them, "your country has lent not less than forty-seven millions within the last few years only." "Bah!" exclaimed another, "if our government had as much, we should soon drive out the Turks." "But," said I, "the first and greatest blessing you want, is education." "No," was the reply, "money is power." "Yes," said I, "but knowledge is *greater* power." And yet no knowledge can really make a country blessed, save that which sprang from the mind of Deity, and is recorded in revelation. That knowledge Greece is destined to have.

In the evening I had much conversation with Latris, on the subject of Greek poetry. This fine young man was reciting to me some lines, which he had recently composed on the fall of Nauplia. I gently found fault with the third line, as an offence against the laws of poetic propriety. "Forgive me, dear friend," said I, "but if Homer were reciting, I should smile at that." "Smile as much as you like," said our young poet, with the best grace, and struggling to be of the best spirit. I regret not having penned the line I criticised. He cited two modern poets in self-defence. One was the lyrics of Chrislopulos:—

"Ἔξω ἔξω τὰ ϐιϐλία·
'Στὴν φωτιὰν ἡ φλυαρία."

Away with books, whate'er their names,
Hurl their prating to the flames!

I proved that Latris was unsupported, on which he took up a volume of Hermelus with no better success. I wish all poets could bear the gentle lash of criticism with as much equanimity.

Anxious to disperse in this interesting island of the Aegean the life-giving volume of divine truth, for some time past I had been much engaged; and I find that during my stay I had sold as follows:—

Ancient and Modern Greek Testaments .	136
Modern, ditto	37

Pilgrim's Progress	91
Large Spelling Books	32
Small Books	1188

For all these volumes I received 147 Spanish dollars. About 500 Greek tracts I gave away. It is a happiness to my mind to record these facts; yet the reader will have perceived, that this volume is not a journal of my official proceedings, but a record of more general matters, as I am penning it for general readers.

Going out one day with the son of Admiral Miaoules, we paid a visit to the Hydriot *mint*. This was nothing but a poor dwelling, and the coining apparatus stood in a small dingy room, about twice the size of a horse's stall. Two men were at work, one of them a Turk recently taken captive. "But how is this?" I asked; "you are coining base money. It is also Turkish money you are making, and the pieces you value at about five English shillings are absolutely, as you yourself confess, not of more intrinsic worth than Othoman coin of the same nominal estimate." "That," he replied, "I can soon explain. Since we got English sovereigns as part of the loan, the Turks have agents hanging about, who are buying them up with the base trash of the empire; and so we are fighting them with coins as well as with arms." For me finance is too profound a science; so what could I reply, except to intimate a hope, that there might be nothing done to violate the high principles of equity and of justice.

During this walk, I had an opportunity of observing the operations of superstition. We stepped into a graveyard. My guide led me, with obvious but chastened sorrow on his face, to the grave of his recently interred mother; for an epidemic had cut off not a few, as my friend expressed himself. Poor Miaoules had lost a wife, and his children a beloved mother. “`*A ma plus chere amie, à ma mere ;*” to my dearest friend—my mother; is an inscription I once saw on a tomb in France; and my sorrowing guide seemed to re-echo the sentiment.

The modern Greeks have a firm belief in evil spirits, or rather malicious sprites; and use a variety of countercharms, to shield themselves against their invisible foes. One of the charms, which I saw on this occasion, I shall notice. Sitting on the grave, a low mound with a stone over it, I first read the epitaph as follows:—

> “ ’Εδῶ κεῖται ἡ Δοῦλη τοῦ Θεοῦ,
> Εἰρήνη,
> Γυνὴ τοῦ Καπ. ’Ανδ. Μιαούλου.”

That is; “ here lies the servant of God, Eirene, wife of Captain Anthréas Miaoules.” At the head of the grave I observed a burning lamp,—at least I think it was burning at that moment. “ Pray,” said I, “ my dear friend, what is this lamp for?” “ It is placed here,” replied my mourning guide, “ to keep off malicious spirits, and also to give my mother some light when she leaves her grave at night, to walk about.” This usage and kindred superstitions may be traced to a classic age.

One day I called on the papas, or priest of the district, to interchange some useful thoughts with the worthy man. Unhappily he was not at home, being just then in attendance at a funeral. At all Greek funerals, the priest in full canonicals heads the procession. At the grave he reads a number of prayers, a fact not a little puzzling, inasmuch as the Latin pale has in vain, many a time and oft, attempted to induce the Greeks to admit the pagan notion of a purgatory. But if the eternal destiny of the soul is unalterably fixed at death,—and this the Greeks most firmly believe—why do they pray for the dead? To such a question their reply is—"we thus signify our love to the departed."

The good papas being out, his wife did the honours of the house. She brought us coffee and pipes. "Thank you, dear Madam," said I; "I am a minister too, though not a priest; and it is my happiness to have a wife and three children; but they are four hundred miles away from me, far, far over the seas. We in England, like you in Greece, follow the law of Christ, the great head of the church, and become "the husband of one wife." I told this worthy *papathia*, παπαδία, or priestess, what good advice Paul gives to ministers' partners, and I cited my own wife as an example.

Patient reader, if thou hast a heart, indulge me in one fond remark. This very day I have been weeping over her endeared memory. It is now beyond three years since,—

> "Her spirit hath left me,
> To lodge in *His* bosom who bled to redeem;"—

but her face, her voice, her form, her labours, her love,—are all fresh in my too faithful memory.

The mental features of the antient and modern Greeks, bear to each other a close resemblance. They have a brightness, a perspicacity all their own, but are yet subject to vagaries almost equally unique. Hence, on the one hand, the science of ancient Greece; and hence, on the other, her fantastic and untoward mythology.

Credulity characterised the ancient Greeks, as it does the modern. Hence the observation of Pliny;— " It is astonishing to what an extent Greek credulity is carried."* Education,—christian education —is its only corrective, and that Greece must have. The divine faith of Jesus annihilated the once garrulous oracles of pagan antiquity, both in Greece and in Rome; but this light, added even to that of nature, has not at all diminished the credit anciently given to auguries, dreams, the evil eye, and apparitions of departed spirits. This credulity prevails even among the *men* of modern Greece; but among monks and females is so rife, as almost to rival the pagan ages themselves.

So great among the ancients was the confidence reposed in dreams, that their interpretation assumed the rank of a profession, as among gypsies of the present day. This science was held in the highest reputation. Plutarch relates that Lysimachus, nephew to Aristides, being extremely poor, used to sit before the temple of Bacchus, and gain his daily bread by interpreting dreams: and that Lysimachus made use of certain tablets or calculations, prepared expressly for that purpose.* The ὀνειρολόγοι, or interpreters of dreams in modern Greece, are certain old women, who gain no small amount of cash, especially from such young Greek maidens, as soon expect the visit of their espousing Lothario, or rather Imeneus, to throw around them the chains of wedded love. I have been informed by a learned Greek, that these old ladies principally interpret "by the rule of *contrary*:" that is, if the young girl dream that her Leonidas is dead, she may take it for granted he is still among the living. If she dream that here spoused husband, or rather bridegroom, came to marry her, but left her in disgust the moment she lifted her vail; the happy fair one must take it as gospel, that come when he may to claim his bride, he will be enchanted at the sight of her charms.

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* *Mirum est quo procedat Græca credulitas.* Plin. lib. viii. cap. 22.

Every reader of the classic page knows, that the ancient Greeks placed in auguries as much confidence, as though they heard the voice of the deity himself. That human victims were slain, to divine something from the palpitation of the heart, or other portion of the body, is a fact of equal notoriety. In like manner the modern Greeks have an astonishing *penchant* for auguries, and have retained nearly all the interpretations made by their pagan fathers, from phenomena presented to the observation, from words, from actions, and from certain movements of the body. Thus, when the right eye winks and the left recoils, it is a good omen. The "evil eye" is much in vogue; of which I shall hereafter record a singular exemplification. To sneeze was deemed an omen of evil, and thence the ancient Greeks used to exclaim, when any one sneezed, long may he live! or, God save him! This custom is most religiously observed still, with only a change of the word used as a counter charm. For example; a civilian sneezes, and, as before observed, immediately half a dozen sonorous voices exclaim, "may you be well, or happiness to you!" but if a minister of religion, the salutation is, "salvation!" In all lands the custom holds. In all Italy a sneeze always calls forth the "*avivia*;" and formerly some similar exclamations were common even in England.

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* Plutarch's Life of Aristides.

There is in modern Greece one remnant of classic antiquity, at which I have often smiled. A diviner or soothsayer was erst styled Python, also *μάντις* or guesser, and a witch *μάντισσα*, or female guesser. Hence, when children now play at guessing, as among us, they say to each other,—*μάντευσε*, guess or divine; as when they play at odd or even, a game which they call double and single. But what I have alluded to as singular, is the fact, that while English artists generally place a pair of bellows in the hands of a witch, in Greece this stormy utensil is absolutely styled *τὸ μαντεῖον*, the diviner, oracle, or guesser.

In all enterprises, the ancient Greeks anxiously watched for the first word they might hear from any one; and always considered it an omen of good, if the name of a deity were the first sound they listened to. Hence they invoked the name of Jove in all great undertakings, using the phrase, "let us begin with Jove;"*—a noble sentiment, a splendid maxim of conduct, when the God of the divine oracles is the object of trust. At this day the natives of Greece practice the same, not, I fear, without much superstition; for, though Jove is now forsaken for the name of the true God, yet this fact is perfectly consistent with an "ignorant worship" even of the eternal; and when we find that the virgin's name is about as much invoked as that of Jehovah, and both coupled with the childish sign of the cross; I fear the modern usage is not much of an improvement.

In the classic age, if one Greek pronounced an imprecation on another, the latter replied, "thy curse fall upon thy own head, but to me may it be for good!"† The same answer is customary still;—it is the form only which is somewhat changed.

To every one is known the extreme and painful credence, placed by ancient Greece in the fascination of "an evil eye" "We know," says Plutarch, "that some people *can* do harm in this way, especially when they look at children."‡ Theocritus adds, that to burst the malefic spell of an evil eye, the supposed victim used to spit thrice into his own bosom.

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* Aratus de Phænom.

† Herodotus states, that this usage reached Greece from Egypt. In Euterp.

‡ Plut. de Conviv. See Nicola Valletta of Naples.

"῾Ως μὴ ϐασκανϑῶ δὲ, τρὶς
Είς ἐμὸν ἔπτυσα κόλπον."

To burst the spell, by all confessed,
Full thrice I spat upon my breast. [†]

Nor is it Greece alone that had been, and still is, a victim to this idle theory;—Italy, Malta, England, are alike superstitious, though not equally so, because not equally bereft of the light of science and of truth. If among us a gipsy look earnestly at an infant, the anxious mother occasionally turns pale. Our term fascinate, though now of harmless import, comes from the Greek βασκαίνω; the labial b, or as *now* pronounced in Greece, v, being changed into the labial f, in its passage through the Latin tongue.

In Greece this superstition is still rife,—rife as ever. The countercharm, however, is different; for now, not the person fascinated, but the one who aims to cure him, spits three times either on the ground, or in the *face* of the victim; and this to burst the spell. With such kindness one might well wish to dispense, especially if the operator were an old campaigner and a knight of the pipe. To shield young children against an evil eye, the ancients hung various pretty amulets upon their necks; and hence, I suppose, originated the English baby's silver and gold bells. But a far simpler amulet often appeared among the classic Greeks;—no other than a small knob of *garlic*. This garlic is still appended; nor is it used in this way alone; for if any one, especially a distrusted stranger, should kiss a beautiful babe, or young child, with obvious admiration and peculiar interest; the bystanders exclaim, as a countercharm, "garlic, garlic!"

[†] Theocr. Idyll. vi. v. 30.

It is generally believed of the existing Greeks, that they are a people of bad faith, a people in whom confidence is generally misplaced. To the honour of the race, however, I must add, that I deem the Greeks above their reputation, and think they have been traduced by Italy and France, because they have nobly vowed to "stand fast in their liberty" from the patriarch of Rome, whom we style the pope. I grant, however, that Greece is often wanting in "honour bright;" but, if all that is classic is to be admired,—and some have almost thought so—in this they but resemble their sires. The Spartans were painfully lax in observance of an oath, and were even base enough to use it as an instrument of deception. Lysander did not blush to make a public avowal, "that children must be cheated by dice, and the enemy by oaths."* The Spartans, indeed, appear of extremely defective morals in this respect. Hence Euripides boldly styles them "traitors;"† while Aristophanes declares them to be "atheists:"‡ two most disreputable imputations.

The other states of Greece seem not to have merited this reproach, nor to have been taxed with so much laxity of good faith. True it is that the Romans speak ironically of "*Græca fides*," and roundly of

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* Plut. Vit. Lysand.

† In Andromache.

‡ In Acar.

" *Græcia mendax*," or lying Greece. Yet I cannot but think the too common adage, " Græca fides," applied in the sense of bad faith, claims an origin not at all to cause Greece a blush. Ausonius thus solemnly addresses Paulus :—" If it be allowed to use, not penalties, but Greek faith."* But in the lower empire the Greeks became vile ; for tyranny begets cunning ; the vices of tyrants originate the vices of slaves ; and what was honoured and great, becomes ingeniously vile. Philosophers of classic fame discountenanced even an oath ; teaching that honour and conscience give sufficient security. Plato declaims against any oath ;† and Isocrates councilled his friend and disciple, Demonicus, never to use an oath save on two occasions ;—to demonstrate his own innocence and honour, or to liberate a friend from danger. A higher authority says, " swear not at all."

Yet the ancient Greeks were shockingly addicted to oaths, even on the most trivial occasions ; and in this respect are imitated by their children at this day. With what frequency does a reader of the classics fall upon the asseverations, " by Jove ! " and kindred appeals to a bevy of demigods. So in modern Greece, I have been pained and annoyed a thousand times by the counterpart of these oaths. I was once distributing holy books in an island just off the coast of Peloponnesus. A priest took up one, and said with the utmost naivete : " This is an excellent book, *μὰ τὸν Θεόν!*" Another of the actual asseverations is, “by the Virgin Mary!” Koraës, in his admirable volumes, often exclaims, “by the truth!”

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* Memoria, &c. by Andr. Papadopulos, p. 56.

† Plat. de Leg. lib. vi.

The ancients used also to appeal to the spirits of the departed. Thus Demosthenes in his peroration: “by the heroes of Marathon!” In immitation of this classic usage, the Greeks of this distant age still employ various kindred asseverations, which I cannot persuade myself to record. I will not, however, omit one most unclassical expression I have ofter heard: “*τί διάβολος θέλεις; che diable voulez vous!*”

It were easy to carry on these points of resemblance between the present Greeks and their far-famed progenitors, but I add only another. One often hears, on modern Greek lips, the ungracious words, “may you never succeed!” or “may you never arrive!” And thus, when faithless Helen is far more angry than ladies ever ought to be, or gentlemen either; since anger can neither add a charm to woman's face, nor dignity to man's; she addresses Venus in this very unpolite wish:—“may you never return to Olympus!”*

On the whole, one cannot fail to be struck with the fact, that numerous customs actually existing among the Greeks, are traceable to the usages, the modes of thinking, the polity and mythology of their celebrated fathers. The sound moralist may hence glean a maxim of conduct; so may the senator, and so the divine:—since the usuages, and morals, and politics, and creeds of a previous age, so powerfully act on a far distant posterity, a philanthropist must watch with eagle eyes, over the principles of his own generation. It was this view of things, that induced me to pay the utmost attention to the education of my first children; for I was fully possessed with the conviction, that their deportment would be respected and imitated by the rest;—that their good or bad morals, their purity or vulgarity of expression, their neat or slovenly habits, their sweet or churlish tempers, would insensibly influence and form the minds of the younger children; for the latter as naturally respect and copy the former, as any existing age venerates, and studies, and copies "the wisdom" of a distant ancestry. To the missionary also this study is useful, as it enables him the more appropriately to apply the healing balm to those pagan wounds, under which poor Greece is even yet bleeding.

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* Iliad, b. iii.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE DRUNKEN BISHOP.—FIND AN ENGLISH WOMAN.—EDUCATION.—A STORY.—CAROLS. — FEAST OF THE CROSS. — FAREWELL TO HYDRA.—REFLECTIONS.

During my stay in the rocky isle of Hydra, I received and paid some visits, a brief notice of which will be carrying out one purpose of this work;—to give some insight into the domestic habits and manners of the modern Greeks.

I think I have elsewhere named a bishop whom I found drunk on the road, lying almost senseless on the ground; as also that he called on the admiral in this state, and gave him his blessing in return for a dole of charity. On this occasion the bishop asked me for a trifle of pecuniary assistance, when a brief colloquy passed between us, which I shall transfer to these pages.

B.—" You will give me something, no doubt."

M.—" But I do not know who you are, sir."

B.—" I am a high-priest, ἀρχιερεὺς, of the most-high God. I have had the honour of dining with the emperor of Russia. But now the world is changed; I am a worm and no man."

M.—" I too am a minister; but surely our conduct ought to become our profession. We should not live in sin, dear sir, but seek to do good."

B.—" To do good? how?"

M.—" By our consistent example."

B.—" I know all that very well."

M.—" But sorry I am to say your deportment belies your profession. I do not see you as I could wish."

B.—" You ought to see me; you wear glasses. You say *you* also are a priest; but I do not conceive how that can be, since you have no beard."

Some of the company now slid in a word, and one of the islanders, in replying to the last sage difficulty of our Hydriot wine-bibber, said something about a monkey's beard, and set the people in a hearty laugh by dubbing that animal with the title of " the Rev. papas monkey." I was greatly pained to witness such degradation, especially when I heard the worthy admiral ask this reeling prelate's blessing, and saw the latter kiss the sailor's cheek, at the same time muttering, " my blessing." The blessing of a drunkard!

A priest who was present informed me as follows. " This poor man has, for the last ten years, fallen into drunken habits. He was formerly a most respectable man; but now he turns every thing to wine and rhakee, and eats very little. He once signified his wish to become a Mussulman. He has traversed the greater part of Europe, and seen much of men and of manners." I seriously gave the people to understand my grief, that such a man should still wear the shepherd's robe, since he had not the shepherd's heart. Even in worldly affairs the "overseer" is expected to show "all fidelity;" for Xenophon speaks of "sending out faithful men to oversee;"* and the law of Solon relative to the sober court on Mars'-hill, concludes in these terms: "the council on Mars'-hill is the overseer of all, and guardian of the laws." †

To find a native of England, a female too, and wedded to a native of Hydra, with whom she had lived no less than twelve years on this distant rock of the Grecian waters, may appear extremely singular; yet such is the event I have now to record.

Anthréas Miaoules said to me one day; "If you will go with me about half a mile, I will take you to visit a woman of your own country. She is married to a native of this island, and has lived among us about twelve years. Her husband was once a major in the service of Prussia, of the name of Pandilles. She is young and fair, but he is old and churlish." We walked out together, and I think he left me with this lady. I sat down much affected and greatly interested, and we had much conversation. Such of it as suits general readers I will record.

"Good day to you; I hope you are well."

"Good day, sir, I am glad to see you: I heard you had landed on this island."

"You are far away from your dear country, Mrs. Pandilles."

"Ah! yes, sir; and I wish I were there again."

"Are you not happy?"

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* Cyropæd.

† Plutarch's Life of Solon.

"Oh, no! my husband is such a churl. I am very unhappy."

"From what part of England do you come?"

"I am a native of Stafford. The major married me at Gibraltar, and I have lived in this island a long time."

"Do you visit with the natives?"

"Never; I never go out; my husband, I suppose, does not like me to go out."

"Well; I must say, my dear friend, I am very sorry for you; but you must look up to God, and try to solace your troubles, and to be content with your lot."

"No, sir; I'll not stay in Hydra, I'll run away the very first opportunity. I wish to conceal myself in a ship, about to sail for the Morea, or down the Mediterranean; for I cannot bear my lot any longer."

"But if you ran away from your husband, would not that be a violation of the law, both human and divine?"

"But if I'm miserable?"

"Can you read?"

"Yes, a little."

"Have you any books?"

"I have a few old story books."

"But such reading must fail to afford you the best comfort. Have you not the word of God?"

"No, sir."

To this unhappy woman I presented an English Testament, after I had written on a fly-leaf the following affectionate memento:—"My best wishes for the eternal happiness of Mrs. Pandilles." I also gave her some good advice, and hoped my visit might prove a blessing.

She had, in a great measure, forgot her English. The poor woman was obviously fond of dogs and pigeons; and was surrounded by a bevy of both. To these she seemed to have transferred those affections, to which an old, churlish, jealous, griping husband could prefer no successful claim. When I said to her, "You have plenty of pigeons," her reply was, with a smile—yet it was the smile of grief;—"Yes, sir, I have plenty of pigeons, and they *make* eggs." To *lay* is a verb she had forgotten.

This was obviously an unhappy match. There was no union of minds. He was a Greek—she an English woman. She had not lost all her English feelings. How should she?

"*Non mutant animum qui trans mare currunt.*"

The human mind shall span the sea,
Shall pace the desert o'er;
Yet rarely shall it fail to be
The mind it was before.

'Tis not the vagrant pilgrim's toe,
Imprest on desert sand;
Erased by softest airs that blow,
O'er Mecca's balmy land.

I one day made a call on a native of Hydra, when I was received by a black slave, who had been captured on the shore at Mitylene, when the Moslem frigate was burnt in those waters, by a brûlotte or

Greek fire-ship. Two remarks were made in this visit, which my intelligent countrywomen would not deem very high praise; and yet I fear what was said is too true of the females of present Greece. "What is the reason," I asked, "that when I propose a question to any of your women, instead of a distinct and appropriate reply, they generally laugh, or give me an unmeaning smile?" "Because," said a Greek, "our women are so dreadfully ignorant."—"Well, I hope you now see the propriety of educating your girls; since their minds go far to the formation of your own. We in England give education to *all.*" Another native was labouring to pass his best eulogium on my Greek translation of the Pilgrim's Progress:—"Excellent!" he exclaimed; "even a woman may understand it!" I one day offered a Greek Testament to an old man. "Here," said I, "you have a child at home; take that for the young one." "It is a girl," replied he, and looked as if he had given me a whole Iliad of reasons for declining my generous offer. From Italy eastward to China, woman's mind is trampled on, and left a moral waste.

The company in the evening were vastly amused by a story of three Greek travellers. To the best of my ability I will transfer it to these pages, for younger readers. Is was told by young Latres.

A long time ago, three travellers were on their way from Epidaurus to Sparta. After travelling hard all day, and eating nothing, they at length reached a *channi*, or sort of inn. Here, being night, they spread their mats on the ground, but before going to sleep, one of them produced a large cake, which was to serve for supper to the whole party. "Ah! I'm dreadfully fagged and famished," said one of the travellers; "I could eat the whole of that cake myself." "So could I," said a second. "And so could I," added the third. After some canvassing of the matter, the three travellers agreed to lie down, and that he who could invent the most ingenious falsehood by next morning, should have the entire cake to himself. They might have found better employment, but I tell the story with all its defects.

At sun-rise next morning, up start the three travellers, half famished with hunger; and, seating themselves *à la tailor* on their mats, began the fearful contest for the prize cake. "Last night," said one of them, "I made a voyage to the moon."—"Last night," said the second, "I paid a visit to the paradise of Mohammed, and in fact, I returned just as you two were awaking." The latter felt sure of the cake, and both looked as if they could have devoured a dozen. At length the third began. "Well," said he, "this is rather singular. I had some little doubt, but find I was right after all. I thought one of you had set off for the moon last night, and the other to Mohammed's paradise; and taking it for granted you would never come back, I got up about two this morning, and eat all the cake myself." And so he had; so that his two simple companions, as a punishment for telling fibs, were obliged to go without breakfast.

To find Christmas carols among the modern Greeks, was to me very interesting. During my stay in Hydra, the season arrived which we call "Twelfth-day," so styled as being the twelfth day after our Christmas-day. This, before the Gregorian calender, was celebrated as the birth-day of our Lord's human nature. In Greece and Russia it is so still, for they obstinately adhere to "the old style." On the arrival of this Greek Christmas-day, I heard two urchins, about eight years of age, singing at the admiral's door. Going out, I found them both holding the corners of a tattered manuscript, and bawling out its contents at the top of their voice, which the poor little dears wished me to understand to be singing. Well, they did their best; so I paid them the compliment of standing to listen, and then paid the piper, which they doubtless accounted the best compliment of all. They had sung a Greek carol.

I was next invited to the Feast of the Cross. It was a singular ceremony, and obviously originated in superstition. There was a rather splendid procession of priests, the bishop at the head, who bent their way to the sea-side. A large crowd of men in holiday finery, and females in gaudy attire, accompanied the priesthood as spectators; while a still larger assemblage stood, some on the high, bluff cliffs impending over the sea, and others upon the seaboard. Cannon were roaring, as in a naval engagement. The newly-invented flags of the infant kingdom, blue and white stripes, waved gallantly in the breeze, from the masts of all the shipping. Hilarity sat on every face; and hundreds of vociferous lads and young folks rent the air with repeated and long-continued shouting.

On reaching the sea, the bishop hurled into the waves, first a cross, and then an image of the Panagia, or Virgin. The moment these trinkets reached the water, a number of adventurous men plunged headlong after them. It now became a struggle, while the spectators shouted aloud, and the two divers who secured the cross and the virgin, received a prize.

The object of this ceremony is to bless the waters of the ocean, and to render the Deity propitious to seamen. Does the reader remember the folly of Xerxes, who cast a chain into the waters of the deep, and chastised the waves because disobedient to his royal will? This Feast of the Cross is equally rational. In religion, and its rites, we are most safe, and most edified, when we adhere "to the pattern shown in the mount." When the Doge of Venice throws a gold ring into the bosom of the Adriatic, I think one discerns not only a counterpart to the Hydriot Feast of the Cross, but perhaps the origin.

As I stood among a large crowd, a native, of a very bizar countenance, and thick build, presented himself to public notice. This poor man was a clever mimic of voices and phrases, and hit off character to the life; and because he so ably mimicked Vamvas, now Sir Neophytus Vamvas, of the Ionian isles, the Hydriots had given him the knight's name as a subriquet. Placing himself in the midst of the large assembly, Vamvas waited till the cross should be plunged into the waves, when he forthwith pronounced in mock solemnity, and at the top of his sonorous voice, an harangue that set the spectators in a roar of laughter. "There goes the cross," said he, "and this day, O, Greeks! the light of orthodoxy shines upon all the nations of the earth. Let us be glad, for the day is great. We are here assembled, like the cat and the rats, to celebrate the epiphany of the cross. O, Greeks! let us be united—let there be concord and amity in our fleet, and among our brave palicaris. By concord and union, you will obtain liberty from the Turks, and the kingdom of heaven." In this singularly whimsical strain he went on for some time; and on this occasion I learned for the first time, that union among fiery warriors secures the kingdom of heaven.

I afterwards made this part of the poor man's mock heroics a subject of serious converse, and hope it was done to edification. One young man, indeed, stoutly defended the theology of Vamvas. "Concord," said he, "is a good thing, and may, perhaps, obtain heaven itself."—"Concord," said I, "is good; but eternal life is a gift, not a salary; and there may be concord among a band of burglars."

Soon after Christmas-day, the editor of a Greek newspaper, which had begun to appear in the island of Hydra, inserted a fable I had written for his journal, the design of which was to urge the Greeks to mutual candour, and submission to wholesome authority. This fable was seen by a schoolmaster, who posted up the hill on which stands the house of Miaoules, and begged me very hard to write another fable in favour of education. "Bah," said the admiral, "we shall do nothing with fables and laws; these savages of Hydra will bend to no authority; we must have an iron cage." "But, father," replied one of the worthy veteran's sons, "recollect my former remark; —if you get an iron cage for these desperate spirits, perhaps the rogues will put you in the first." "Very well," added this virtuous patriot, "I am content, provided it eventually give peace to our distracted councils, and do good to the country." Submission to authority is necessary to the happiness of all lands; nor can there be real liberty without a relinquishment of some portion of our natural freedom, unless we choose to range the desert; but Greece, at the time I am now speaking of, was a complete bear garden, and was constantly in danger of falling back into the grasp of Turkey, from which it had half effected its liberation.

I think it was on the last night of my stay in Hydra, that I vastly interested the natives who were at the admiral's levy, if I may so call it, by translating aloud the following rather imposing declamation from Chatfield's Appeal to the British public on behalf of the Greeks, who were now struggling hard against the Turkish troops and squadrons. Is it wonderful if a tear bedewed some hardy warrior's eye, to find that afflicted Greece had friends in England?—to hear me read the name of their own island? The passage I read them was as follows:—"The pœan of triumph shall sound from the barren shores of Hydra, to the snow-clad summits of Olympus; and the hymn of christian gratitude be raised in those temples, which are now profaned by the service of Apollyon."—"He names our island."—"He is a friend to our holy cause."—"What a change in our state! thirty years ago we almost fancied this island of ours, and the part of Peloponnesus that flanks our port, was all the world." These, and remarks like these, seemed to come rather from the heart than the lips of these interesting islanders; and I trust the incident led us to some profitable interchange of thought.

Farewell, kind friends of Hydra! To a poor, lone wanderer ye showed much hospitality. You protected me in danger; you listened respectfully to what a minister from a far-away isle had to tell you; you received the holy volume at my hands. May we meet in a better land!

To a devoted missionary, these Aegean isles present an aspect most inviting; and it is hoped the churches of Britain will put in the gospel sickle while the fields are so ready and so white to the harvest. Let but pure christianity have a footing in these islands, what may not be hoped for in Crete, in Cyprus, in Rhodes, and among the numerous other isles to the north of the Cyclades, up to the Bosphoros itself? Those islands stand in equal need of Bibles, of schools, and of school-books; nor less of holy men to show unto them the way of salvation. So long as Greece shall bow her head in reverence to carnal monks, and ministers untaught in the truth of God; so long as, in place of the Bible, she listens to the trashy legends of the dark ages; what can one expect but grovelling superstition on the one hand, and on the other, the bold speculations of men, who, though pent up in these sea-girt nooks, have access in their own language to the ravings and the poisonous productions of French theo-philanthropists. Man will not for ever be a babe, at the beck of a heartless priesthood; and as he is so prone to extremes, it must be ours, as missionaries, to pilot the Greek mind aright, by showing, that tyrannous superstition and genuine christianity are two things.

CHAPTER XXV.

PROCEED TO PELOPONNESUS. — GREEK MARTYR. — DESCRIPTION OF PELOPONNESUS.—A STORM.—EUROCLYDON.—HOUSE AT MARCOPOLO. —DOMESTIC SCENES.—DRUNKEN MONKS.—ON THE WORD TARES.—SERMON.—ROBBERY.—JOURNEY TO ATHENS.—DIFFICULTIES THERE. —VISIT THE BISHOP.—MODERN ATHENS.—ATHENIAN LADY.—MARS'-HILL.

THE reader is now to accompany me to continental Greece, to that portion of this celebrated land, styled Peloponnesus. During the middle ages, this classic name had been dropped for the name Morea; but free Greece is rapidly reassuming her ancient nomenclature, and Peloponnesus is once more the name of the birthland of Themistocles. The Venetians probably first applied the appellation Morea, which seems to have meant the land of sycamores; but to a people now free, the island of Pelops is a more endeared name.

The new kingdom of Greece lies between the 36th and 39th degree of north latitude; and between the 19th and 24th of east longitude; it is therefore a genial and delightful climate, and some parts of it might lay claim to a visit from English valetudinarians, in preference to Madeira or Mont Pelier.

One pleasing impression on setting foot upon free Greece is, that now the Greeks are no longer, except those in Turkey, exposed to apostacy. Formerly they sometimes went over to Mohamedanism. In case of apostacy, the Greek church requires a severe discipline, ere she again receive her recreant son. My former correspondent, the Rev. Mr. Williamson, late chaplain to the British Factory at Smyrna, transmitted a narrative of a case, which appeared in the Missionary Register for 1819, and which here follows:—

Athanasius, a fine young man, about four and twenty years of age, was the son of a boatman who carried on a small trade in the Archipelago. The business of the father being insufficient to require the assistance of the son, he was obliged, like thousands of his countrymen, to leave the land of his birth in search of a livelihood.

Athanasius fell, at length, into the service of a Turk in decent circumstances, and something above the common rank. The master, pleased with the conduct of his servant, and in reward of his fidelity, often proposed, with great offers, to elevate him from the degrading bondage of a Greek, to the privileges of a Turk. Every temptation was manfully resisted; till, on one fatal festival night, he was overcome. The words of abjuration once spoken, the deed is done. The next morning made the man a Turk.

He remained with his master about a twelvemonth; suffering many pangs of conscience, and having no alternative but to die, since he could not live a christian. Thus circumstanced, and, no doubt, urged by his own people, whose practice it is not to receive back to their communion any one who has apostatized; Athanasius resolved to sacrifice his life as an atonement for his crime.

With this intention he quitted his master, and went on pilgrimage to Mount Athos. At this place, sacred among the Greeks, he remained some months, receiving instruction, and preparing for death. On the expiration of his pilgrimage, he quitted Mount Athos, with the congratulations of the whole body of the Greek monks who reside there, on the prospect of becoming a distinguished saint. He arrived at Smyrna in the habit of a monk; and went immediately, with the approbation of the Greeks, to the Turkish judge; declaring his resolution to die a christian, rather than live an apostate. The judge wished to save his life, by persuading the Turks he was mad; but he persisted in publicly abjuring Mohammedanism, and asserting his readiness to die. He was confined, therefore, in a dungeon, and tortured; which he endured with the greatest firmness and patience.

The Greeks were afraid, that during his confinement, the tortures and extravagant promises and allurements of the Turks, would shake his resolution; and sent a priest to strengthen him to suffer death.

On the day of his execution, Athanasius was led out of prison with his hands tied behind. He walked firmly to the square, a very public place in the large mosque. There he was again offered his life, with riches, women, land and houses, if he would remain a Turk; but nothing could tempt him from his purpose. At last, a Turkish blacksmith was ordered, by the captain of the guard, to strike off his head: but, as a last attempt to induce the sufferer to live a Turk, the executioner was desired to cut a little of the skin of his neck, that he might feel the edge of the sword. This last attempt having failed, and Athanasius on his knees, declaring with a calm and resigned countenance that he was born with Jesus and would die with Jesus, his head was struck off at a single blow. The Turkish guard instantly threw buckets of water on the neck of the corpse and dissevered head, to prevent the multitude of expecting Greeks from dipping their handkerchiefs in his blood, to be kept as memorials of the great event. The body lay guarded and exposed, for three days. It was afterwards given up to the Greeks, and buried in the principal church-yard.

Peloponnesus naturally classifies itself into a changeful picture of mountains, vales, and rivers. This fact will, I think, be present to the mind of any attentive traveller in this far-famed region. The mountains, however, are not very high. Even those of northern Greece are not higher than about 11,000 feet, lower by 1,000 than the peak of Teneriffe. Mount Athos rises to an elevation of 4,000 feet. Aghios Elias, anciently Taygetus, to about 10,000.

The mountains of Greece are not, therefore, regions of perpetual snow, like the higher Alps; yet I have passed them when covered even in the summer.

The principal vales or rather plains of Greece, passed by myself, are those of Argos, and Tegea or Tripolitsa in Arcadia. They are both splendid localities, and I fancy the bond-holders of Greek scrip might consider themselves secure, if in possession of either. The principal rivers of Greece are the Eurotas, the Alpheus, and the Acheloüs, now generally named the Vasilicon, the Rhufias and the Aspropotamos or White River. Over the Alpheus I passed on horseback; the other two are respectable streams; but of the remaining rivers of Greece, so sung by the poets, so grand in idea, I used to drink of the water and then vault over them.

If then the reader draw a circle round the infant kingdom of young Otho, that line will extend about 1,000 miles. Three diameters make the circumference of the circle; which gives us, in round numbers, about 330 miles as the mean width of this infant realm.

To this realm I now invite the reader, and as we approach this magic circle, what a train of splendid reminiscences crowd upon the mind! No country has produced heroes so renowned. No land has been so fertile in sages. If battles were an honour, what region compares with Greece? Here Hercules was cradled. Here Homer sang. Here Solon legislated. Here Aristides exemplified high moral principle. Here are the "isles of Elishah," spoken of by Moses.* This is "the realm of Javan," given by Daniel to Xerxes.† The million and a half of souls we are about to visit together, are the distant posterity of "Japheth," one of the "three sons of Noah."‡ Here the zealous Paul, "apostle to the gentiles," travelled and preached and planted infant churches; and we shall trace the road he passed between Athens and Corinth. We shall tread in his steps. In fine, this is the land of which Isaiah said; "The Lord shall send his ambassadors to Javan, the isles afar off." § These ambassadors appeared in the time of the early Cæsars; and the noble attempt of the British churches to enter the same field, and to prosecute the same heaven-approved and heaven-predicted object, has originated these pages.

Intending to sail to the isle of Syra, the ancient Syros, lying between Delos and Paros; I embarked in a small Hydriot kelupa or sloop, about ten o'clock A. M. on the 21st of January 1824. The sky, black as ebony, foreboded a storm. The bluff cliffs of Hydra, the ancient Aristera, were enveloped in a dingy mantle of vapour. The fiery eye of our Greek captain ever and anon cast a prognosticating glance over the heavens; but, as ever is the case, other captains were weighing anchor, and up came ours. The parting from friends, the look of the sky, the fact that I was a lone wanderer, far, far away from my country and from my family, must have imprinted on my face the seriousness of my heart; for a young Greek came up, just ere we spread our canvass to the now howling breeze, and addressing me kindly said, "cheer up." I hear his soft accent still.

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* Gen. x. 4, 5.

† Dan. xi. 2.

‡ Gen. x. 1—5.

§ Isaiah lxvi. 19.

Scarcely had we cleared the port, when the tempest burst on us with all its fury; and this too in "the gently laving Aegean." Homer describes it better than Mr. North,—"the stormy sea;" in fact, all seas are stormy, and for sudden squalls, I suppose Greece is the very region. As our creaking and labouring sloop soon became the plaything of Neptune, we all held on above, or crept below. The wind roared appallingly. The billowy main was lashed to foam and fury. We soon saw it had been vain to attempt Syra, which lay about eighty miles distant, in the wind's eye; and our captain prudently put about, and bore up for the island of Poros, about twenty miles north of our course.

Now and then a tremendous squall of snow, and sleet, and hail, with sudden gusts of wind, almost confounded us; for our vessel seemed many a time to be on the point of capsizing. At length, after about seven hours' anxious sailing, we happily rounded the promontory of Sylleum, passed Calauria, and made the port or rather roadstead of Poros.

Poros is the ancient Hiera, and seems to me to derive its actual name from περῶ to pass; for, as the island lies close by the Morea, the anchorage is, in fact, but a *passage*, which is the proper import of Poros. I was informed that the inhabitants of this island were about 5,000; but just prior to my visit, an endemic had swept a large portion of them into the tomb.

Next morning the sky looked bright, and we once more weighed for Syra, to be once more disappointed. The Italians say, "one flower does not form the spring," and a bright sky is not always the companion of a calm. The most fearful storm I think I ever read of, is described by General Burns, and foamed beneath as fair a heaven, as ever smiled on the sunlit gardens of Italy. Fair as the Grecian sky was this day, I have seldom gone through a more exhausting tempest. For twenty anxious hours I never tasted food, and though I have buffeted many a long sea-storm, I think I never, for the time being, felt a greater sinking of spirits. The wind whistled appallingly through the ship's rattlings. Dismay was silently enthroned on several countenances. The billows rose fearfully high. One tremendous wave, I single out even yet, and remember it after years have glided by, as to all appearance, destined to shut us out for ever from the light of day. We watched its approach in silent suspense. It rolled on in majestic grandeur, lifting its tall, white, boiling crest high over the reeling vessel. Each seized a firm hold of some part of the ship's timbers or cordage. The wave that overwhelmed Lisbon could hardly seem more portentous in its approach. At length, with the roar of a hundred lions, with the violence of a foaming cataract, and with the shock of a falling Alp, the remorseless mountain of waters broke upon us, and almost lifted the keel of our creaking sloop fairly out of the sea. Yet, it rather rolled under than over us, and as we saw the billow on the leeward side of our gallant little ship, more hearts than one, I believe, looked up a thankful thought to Him, " who rules the wide-spread deep." Humanly speaking, I attribute our escape to the self-possession of one man on board. Just before the billow struck us, he leapt from his hold, and in a moment let go one of the sheets, which eased the sloop at the very moment of peril.

I think it was in this stage of our voyage, that this same man—a person of very gentlemanly manners, engaged, I believe, in commerce; but the very man, as he told me, who stabbed one of the Turkish admirals, only a little before, in a sea-fight—gravely proposed the question, " Who is the sinner?" Now I did not at all like this question. Jonah, near these waters, had been cast overboard, as the sinner who occasioned the storm; and I was among a number of superstitious men, where life had of late been held very cheap. I was also of another nation, another faith, and was distributing among them the holiest of books, which fact they might deem the very sin that brought the tempest. I own I felt on thorns, and to set them on a just scent, I replied very seriously, " We are *all* sinners."—Finding it impossible to stand on our course, the captain was glad at length to put about, and we made the island of Zeà, just before sun-down. Zeà is the ancient Keos or Ceos, the birthplace of the celebrated painter Appelles. I was glad to land, and extremely happy to creep into a small cabin by the sea-side, where a number of drunken Greeks, who kept singing and shouting, for a long time prevented me from sleeping. In their hilarity, under the influence of a spirit called rhakee, and wine, these soldiers took obvious pleasure in vociferating again and again, "We are Hellenes," a name of which all Greeks are greatly proud.

One, however, of these patriots stood aloof from the noisy party, and maintained a dignified reserve and silence. This was a Rumeliot, and wore the costume of his country, which is northern Greece. To

"His snowy camise, and his shaggy capote,"

if you add his red cap, red leggings, pointed shoes, braided jacket, pistols, yatagan, and other arms, you have in your mind's eye either a Rumeliot or Suliot. Both are brave and hardy men; and I was struck with the *sang froid*, with which this soldier of fortune stretched himself along a board for the night, in all his clothes, and in all his arms. This is the way they generally sleep.

The learned Scapula, Wetstein, Griesbach, Dr. Shaw, and others, have speculated on the import of the term "Euroclydon," used by St. Luke, to signify the wind in which St. Paul was so fearfully tossed before his wreck on the island of Malta.* I have an impression that the storm I have just escaped is the Euroclydon of the New Testament; that it is the same wind in which Jonah was tempest-tossed; and that Dr. Clarke is right in supposing it to be the *vento levante* of the Italians. Euroclydon I consider a compound of εὖρος, the east wind, and κλύδων, a wave or storm. Those who sail up the Levant, call it a Levanter. I think Dr. Shaw incorrect in the range or sweep of the compass which he gives to the Levanter or Euroclydon; since he brings it as far down by the east as the south-east: whereas the south-east is always styled the sirocco.* Most feelingly can I sympathise with the harassed apostle; for when this Euroclydon blows strong, it is but cheerless fare to stand in its way, unless with a boundless ocean around you, for room "to let her drive." Pent up in such a basin as the Aegean, I should never wish for another opportunity of making observations upon this tempestuous wind.

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* Acts xxvii. 14.

At Zeà, I left the Hydriot sloop, resolving to change my course. Here I found a young Italian, Signor Giuseppe, a soldier of fortune, from the republic of San Marino; and we embarked together in a small, clumsy, deeply-laden craft, styled a *saccoleva*, bound, I think, for Nauplia. The word saccoleva now imports a small vessel; but in the twelfth century it signified any very coarse garment. How this change was effected, I cannot tell.

But the winds were once more unpropitious; and after toiling hard at sea, we again sought shelter in the port of Zeà. Next day we left our lumbering saccoleva, and took a boat for Porto Raftes, about thirty miles distant, and about twelve from Athens.

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* See Dr. Shaw's Travels, p. 330; and Parkhurst in Verb

Porto Raftes, a safe riding-place, derives its name from a statue of marble, placed in a sitting posture on a mound in the centre of the port. This statue the Greeks call *ῥάφτης*, a tailor; and hence the name Porto Raftes, or Tailor Port.

After falling into the sea; after fatigues the reader might hardly credit, and fears too well-grounded; we at last sought and found shelter in the house of an old priest, at a village called Marcopolo, about six miles from our landing place. When I entered the door of this miserable dwelling, I was fairly wearied out. Here I remained six days; and some of the events of those days will be a little chapter of incidents, calculated, I trust, to depict the domestic manners and habits of the modern Greeks.

As we entered this singular abode, the priest's wife, I knew not wherefore, actually laughed with delight; and when I asked for her husband, her reply gave me an impression that the priests of Peloponnesus were not much employed in spiritual husbandry: "He is gone," said she, "for the cows; but you'll see him directly." At length papas Yannakes, for such were his style and name, reached home, and three horses were forthwith despatched for my luggage, comprising my boxes of books, of which I still had some left.

Let me describe this house. Imagine a single apartment, twenty feet by fifteen, mud floor, thatched roof, a hole in the floor for a fire of faggots, another in the roof for the smoke to escape,—when it could. We breathed an atmosphere of smoke night and day, for the air was chill enough to require a fire, it being the month of February. There was no partition in all the house; yet who does the reader imagine were the tenants? The priest, his wife, their three children, the old mother of the priest, or of his wife, two labouring men, an Italian, myself, a horse, some cows, and a bevy of noisy fowls. We all dwelt in one apartment, all slept in one place, and, I was going to add, all dined at one table; but table was out of the question, unless we must dignify with this name a round board, about four inches high, and fifty in circumference, around which, at meals, we squatted in the Greek style of sitting. Such was the dwelling of human beings, only six miles from *Athens;* the very throne of the goddess of architecture. Yet, I have no doubt, that to antiquity itself such abodes were but too well known, amidst all the splendour of the city of Pericles; as one sees at this day, in Italy, the stately palace and the wretched hovel in most unexpected vicinity.

Mrs. Priestess, as the wife of religious ministers is styled in Greece, was a very inquisitive woman, a true daughter of Eve. When I replied to one of her questions, with the information that I was a *minister*, she made the same remark that good Madame Santos had done in Spetsia; " how could that be when I had no beard?" She asked if I was married.—" Yes." —" Any children?"—" Three."—" Well, it is really very odd, all priestesses have plenty of children." She made for me and the family a soup composed of flour, water and oil. The papas and the rest then smoked, after which we all lay down to rest; but at midnight we were roused again by the arrival of the horses with our baggage. Few noises have delighted me so much; for I had a strong impression on my mind, either that the boatman had sailed off with it before my Italian companion arrived at Porto Raftes, or that he would himself persuade them so to do, and participate the booty. I felt thankful to God, and once more went to sleep, for after so many fatigues, repose was a cordial most welcome to my exhausted frame.

Next morning we had coffee and bread. It was raining hard, but I saw we had landed on a most charming part of Greece. "Well, papas Yannakes," I said to the priest, "as a friend to education, I hope you have schools in your village." "Schools!" said he, "no, indeed: the Turks prevent that. Every year since the commencement of the revolution, we are compelled to fly to the adjacent isles of the Archipelago, to save our lives; for the Othomans pay a regular visit. So we have no time for schools; nor can we easily get food, as our lands cannot be cultivated. Alas, afendi, these are melancholy times." I gave this poor minister some of our Greek catechisms and tracts. I also gave some to two monks from mount Pentelicus, and circulated others among different persons in the vicinity.

When I was dressing in the morning, the priest's wife, who I suppose had never gazed in a glass before, seized my small travelling mirror, and staring into it exclaimed, in a tone and with a gesture the most seriously comic, "Oh! what a fright I am! what a hag!" Her daughter, a girl about fourteen, wore the dowry cap; that is, her fesi or red skull-cap was partly covered with small coins, thus kept to form her dowry for the marriage day. This dowry the Greeks still style preeka.* While in Hydra, I one day saw a son of Admiral Miaoulas counting an immense number of such coins, just received in payment of goods; for such was the distress of numerous families at this period, that many poor girls were absolutely compelled to part with a long-cherished treasure, and with that, perhaps, long-cherished hopes of felicity. May all lovers of war feel anguish as bitter!

I was struck with the way of making a peeta, or cake for our table; but forbear to detail what only disgusted me; for, to be plain, Mrs. Priestess was not a paragon of delicacy. Before I rose from my mattress, I saw the priest get up, and was really amazed to see him wash his face and repeat his prayers at the same time; so as almost to fill his mouth with water, and make it gurgle in his throat. Is this, one naturally asks, is this the spiritual, reverent, devout, and prostrate adoration implied in that declaration, "God is a Spirit, and those who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth?"

Next morning, the priest's wife made a candle, and

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* Unquestionably from προὶξ, whence I suppose, our English price, through the French prix. Anciently a wife was *purchased*, and regarded as a slave; but now matters are somewhat reversed.

I observed that she devoutly crossed herself with the materials. To this sign of the cross superstition attaches unnumbered powers. We breakfasted on bread, butter, and blackbirds. A monk from near Marathon breakfasted with us; and absolutely drank wine till he was fairly intoxicated. When I asked the priest why a female member of the family was not at table with us, his reply was, "Oh! we cannot eat together; she is too old for that. The Greeks treat their wives rather brutishly. The monk kept swallowing down copious libations of wine; so indeed did papas Yannakes; and both urged me to do the same: "Drink, drink," they often exclaimed; but I told them that drunkenness is a sin. "Well," replied one of them, "that may be true, but I *like* drinking." The Greeks, even the priesthood, are slaves to the wine-cup.

When our monastic companion came at length to leave us, for the monastery near Marathon, his mule was caparisoned, he armed himself *cap-a-pie*, like Don Quixote, and mounted; but scarcely had he bestrid his beast, when down he came with a heavy thwack on the off-side. At length he set off, and I could not fail to signify to papas Yannakes my surprise and pain at a scene so shocking.

By one incident in this family I was greatly interested, as tending to explain a parable of our Lord; nor less as showing that Greece requires the light of knowledge, as a corrective to her superstitions. I observed Mrs. Priestess and the children appear very much indisposed, and enquired the reason. "Sir," said she, "we have eaten some *zizania*." This is the word translated "*tares*," in the gospel of St. Matthew *. They had unwittingly eaten this deleterious grain as genuine corn; and I observed that sickness, squeamishness, and head-ache were the painful result. My attention was drawn at first by remarking that Mrs. Yannakes held in her hand a cloth tied up at the corner, and that she was muttering something to herself with most mystical airs, while the children sat by her. "What art thou at, priestess?" I enquired.—"Oh me! in this rag I have got a little salt tied up at the corner; I am also eating a few grains, and so are the children."—"What for?" —"To burst the spell."—"What spell?"—"Somebody has bewitched us; at least she says so."— "Who?"—"I sent to a witch who lives close by, and she says somebody has done us this harm by the evil eye; and to counteract the spell, she told me to do so with the salt, and at the same time to repeat from the Euchologion, or prayer-book, the prayer against fascination. This is what we are doing now."—"But are you bewitched?"—"She says so, but it must be the zizania we have eaten; for that is a bad thing."

Zizania is, as was said above, the word rendered tares. The question is, what *is* this *zizania?* There is, in the north of England, a seed called *tares;* but of this I have eaten without the least injury. This, a species of *lolium*. or ray grass, cannot surely be the zizania of our Lord. Forskal, as cited by Taylor in Calmet, considers it to be *darnel*, and adds, that to the people of Aleppo this is a well known plant. "It grows among corn. If the seeds remain mixed with the meal, they render a man drunk by eating the bread. The reapers do not separate the plant, but, after thrashing, they reject the seeds by means of a fan or sieve." "Nothing," adds Taylor, "can more clearly elucidate the plant intended by our Lord than this extract. It grows among corn—so in the parable. The reapers do not separate the plants—so in the parable; both grow together till harvest." According to Johnson, "*darnel* or *lolium album* is the first of hurtful weeds." Its leaves resemble those of wheat or barley, but spring up rougher. The grains having scarcely any husk, are easily scattered among the corn where it grows. It seems that in the Arabic language darnel is actually styled zizania, and perhaps this term is a Syriac corruption of *zan*, which in Hebrew signifies sort or kind. At all events it seems highly probable, that the proper translation of zizania is darnel and not tares.

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* Matth. xiii. 25, *et sequent.*

I was much amused one evening at Marcopolo, by one of the domestic scenes. The priestess and her girl were laughing most heartily at the boy, who was in vain struggling as he sat on the floor, to draw off his sarouchia or leggings preparatory to bed-time. He pulled and tugged and jerked, till at last, on giving a desperate wrench, down he fell back on the ground, where he lay roaring lustily. The more they laughed to hear him cry, the more he cried to hear them laugh.—The dear little girl was sometimes naughty; but was always good the moment I spoke of putting her into my cap. There was, alas, nothing approaching to christian discipline, during all the days I remained in the family. How *should* there be?

One morning at six o'clock I preached in the church of papas Yannakes. The place accommodated about a hundred persons. The women were, as usual, separated from the men by lattice work, and during the address were rather turbulent. The text singled out were the words of Jesus, "Search the scriptures," and while speaking on this most important duty, I thank God that so much liberty was given me. At the conclusion of the service, papas Yannakes very kindly said, "may it bear fruit!"

In the night about twelve, I was robbed by my Italian *compagnon de voyage*. It has already been stated that we all slept in the same apartment The mattress of Signor Giuseppe was near mine, both being on the floor close to the wall. On the night in question I was awoke by an unusual noise close by my bed, and called out, "who's there?" The reply was in Italian, "Sir, will you drink a little water?" For attentions so polite and so dubious, I thanked my friend; but felt for a small blue box near my head, containing all the money I had received for holy books, about 400 dollars, and for a small *uncharged* pistol, which I invariably placed in my girdle in Greece, though I never had a grain of powder. This pistol I found where I had left it, on the lid of my cash box, and I soon fell asleep again.

Rising early next morning, I proceeded at once to inspect my box. The first ominous discovery was the key laid upon my clothes—I had left it the preceding night in my pocket. On opening the box, I soon missed a rouleau of fifty dollars. "Now," thought I, "this public property must not be lost by neglect." In a kind and gentle, but firm tone and manner, I taxed Signor Giuseppe. "I am," said I, "extremely sorry to charge you, but last night you were at my mattress, and if you refuse me permission to search your effects, I shall not travel with you another yard, but proceed to Athens alone. The feelings of a gentleman I am grieved to run the risk of hurting, but I am this morning *minus* fifty dollars, and who but yourself could have taken them?" In vain did my companion attempt to evade me: after many eloquent protestations of astonishment, he assented to my proposal. I searched all his effects, but in vain. We then stepped into the garden, and searched there with the same success. Why, after all, do I charge this gentlemanly and handsome native of *San Marino?* Because, while I was kicking among grass and weeds, I saw him advance to an old wall in a stealthy way, and then, as it appeared, for I only gazed obliquely, he adroitly disposed of something about his person. I had already examined himself as well as his effects, but to pursue the matter farther I really had not a heart, and so patiently sat down with my loss. At all events he had not turned assassin, which some of my own countrymen would have done.

At length came the hour of my departure for Athens, and I bid adieu to Madame Yannakes and her children. The husband went with me as a guide. Peace to that simple family! I often think of them with feelings that heaven approves, and with prayers that heaven, I hope, will hear. "I was a stranger and they kindly took me in;" and during my stay I made some observations on the wants and the sorrows of their country, to be subsequently turned to account. The most painful reminiscence of that cabin is the inebriety of the monks; and from my rebukes I dare not hope much good; for alas! what anodyne can the monastic system supply? or what antidote can cure the drunkard?

During the middle ages, Greece suffered most grievously from the dreamy reveries of the monks. There exists a Greek history of them in six or eight volumes. Six or eight volumes about monks! On such a theme, a single volume is one too many. So long as the monastic system lasts, truth cannot remain untainted; the gospel cannot reach the masses; the church will not be pure, and man will not be free.

On a rainy morning I set out for Athens. After conducting the reader to that city, I shall state some of my observations on missionary plans and operations for Greece; but must first detail a few of the events which occurred upon the road. My companions were the Italian, the priest and two or three other persons. My books and other luggage, borne by two horses, were slung across the ponderous packsaddle of Peloponnesus; while we all trudged afoot. Marcopolo is six miles from the city of

Minerva. At this time Greece was in deep distress from war and famine; and robberies were painfully frequent. The priest had, I believe, armour enough for us all; but I had nothing save my little uncharged pistols.

When about a couple of miles from Mount Hymettus, we saw approaching in the opposite direction about a dozen strong men, all armed to the teeth. With some trepidation we still kept advancing towards Athens. As they neared us, we observed them occasionally speak to each other, and look very earnestly at us. This appeared highly suspicious. At length they approached, gazed at us, and passed on, but after a short time they came running back; when one of them sternly asked what we had got in those boxes. "Afendi," said I, "I am on my way to Athens, with a letter of introduction to Kyreea Sofia Pangales from her brother, the British consul at Zeà. In these boxes there is nothing that can harm any one." On hearing this the men stood a moment, interchanged a few words in an obviously hesitating temper; but at length bid us good day and left us. Who they were I have not learned; but felt most thankful and happy to have been allowed to pass muster unmolested. My motive in naming the British consul, was to let them know that a public functionary was privy to my being in the country, and must eventually learn the fact, had I been either murdered or robbed.

On coming to the gates of Athens, we were rudely stopped by a couple of sentinels. "Who are you?"

was their enquiry. I told them.—"This is a time of danger to our country. You priests," addressing papas Yannakes, "are at the root of all the evil that befalls our land."—"Come," said I, "my good men, you ought not to speak so insultingly to papas Yannakes; he is my friend, and you may depend upon it I intend no harm to Greece." We were at last gruffly permitted to pass on; nor could I divine the motive for their treatment of us, till I arrived at the house of Madame Pangales. She read my letter and received me kindly; but plainly told Signor Giuseppe that she could not entertain him. "Sir," said the lady to me, "you must detach yourself from this person." I now learned that notice had reached the city, that Ulysses had apostatised to the Turks; that he was at Negropont, the ancient Euboia, not far from Athens; that with this fiery chieftain were a large body of Turkish troops; that this force was daily expected to attack Athens; and, finally, that there were in Greece two Egyptian spies, and my companion and myself were suspected to be the very persons.

My frequent astonishment has been, that in such a ferment the authorities or the populace did not at once seize us both, and hang us without the formalities of law on the "*furca*" or gibbet, which I saw standing ready for action not far from my residence. I soon learned that Signor Giuseppe was taken before the authorities, and that the suspicions against him were so strong, that within a few hours he was ordered to quit Greece or stay at his peril. Meantime my own history and person were canvassed; but as I professed to be from England, the warm friend of Greece, I was treated with a greater amount of courtesy. Early in the day, the *Eparchos*, or governor of Athens paid me a formal visit, attended by his suite. "Sir," said he, "I am come to pay my respects to you, as a visitor from England." I saw through all this polite delicacy, and concluded it best to come to the point. "Most Excellent," said I,—the style in Greece of physicians and public functionaries, "you are not, it seems, very adroit in the management of government secrets. Here you are informed that two spies from Egypt are in Greece; and yet, instead of acting in secret upon such intelligence, (pardon my freedom,) you divulge all; so that every old woman of Athens is just as wise as your Excellency. Now, how do you know but I am myself one of the spies you expect from Egypt?" "O dear!" the Eparchos politely replied, "we should not suspect such a thing for the world." I do not remember that any thing very pointed subsequently passed on this very unpleasant subject; and after the governor and myself had conversed for some time on other matters, he paid his adieus to the lady and her guest and retired.

On the second or third day after reaching Athens, I paid a pre-arranged visit to Talandiou Neophytos, bishop of the city. This was a tall, intelligent man, of polite manners, and of noble presence. He received me with great courtesy, and seated me on the divan next himself, with many of his clergy around us.

Soon after my entrance, pipes were brought and handed to several. They were the best I had yet seen in Peloponnesus. The bowl was red *terra cotta*, the stick apparently of cherry-tree, and the mouthpiece of amber, variagated as usual with circles of agate, or other stones more precious.

I introduced to the bishop the objects for which I had come to Greece. Scarcely had I done so, when he showed me a number of the books I had printed in Malta, which had already reached Athens, lying on a shelf; told me he had looked into them, and said some kind things as to their contents. I do not recollect that any objection was started respecting them. I explained to the bishop my wish, to place at his disposal a supply of Greek Testaments, and signified that he would greatly oblige me by ordering one to be given to each boy on quitting the school of Athens. To this he most promptly assented, and signified some admiration of the principles and objects of the British and Foreign Bible Society. After much, very much, most interesting intercourse, we separated with, I feel confident, mutual good feeling, and with some arrangements for the spiritual good of Greece, which I reported on my arrival in Malta, but which, partly through the long continuance of war, and for some other reasons, were not fully carried out.

In making my observations on Athens, at this period, how forcibly was I struck with the desolations of time and of the sword! Probably one half, even of the modern Athens, was a sheer ruin; and the inhabitants were dismantling, from day to day, house after house, now tenantless, to obtain the timber for lighting fires. The streets were extremely narrow, and generally clogged with the debris of ruined dwellings. When I ascended the acropolis to inspect the ancient marble ruins, those of the classic ages, I was pained to find that the elegant white marble of the Parthenon was actually broken up for munitions of war, and rounded into cannon balls. Happily, however, for the city of Pericles, it is now, like the young phœnix of Greece, rising afresh from its parent ashes.

With the *actual* state of Athens, few persons out of Greece are at all acquainted. It is generally described according to the accounts which were published before it became the capital of the kingdom; when it certainly was in a deplorable condition. It presented to the eye of the beholder only a mass of ruins, and one could perceive scarcely more than about twenty tolerably solid and regularly-built houses. Accordingly, when the seat of government was transferred to Athens, it was with the greatest difficulty that some buildings could be fitted up for the members of the regency, the diplomatic body, the secretaries of state, and other offices. But the appearance of Athens has, since that time, been materially changed. On the site of most of the ruins, buildings have been erected; and they are executed in entire conformity with a fixed plan of Athens. Several streets have been opened, levelled, and widened. The principal are Hermes-street, Æolus-street, and Minerva-street. Hermes-street divides the city into two equal parts, parallel with the Acropolis. Æolus-street crosses Hermes-street, and extends to the temple of Æolus, where a square of the same name is now in progress. Minerva-street, the broadest of all, runs nearly in the same direction as Æolus-street. Solid and handsome buildings have already been erected on both sides of Hermes-street, throughout its whole length. There are not so many buildings in Æolus and Minerva-streets; but there is every appearance that they will be completed within a few years. Hermes-street is already levelled, and, as well as many others, will soon be paved. Half of the old Agora-street is already paved. Hermes-street and Æolus-street divide the city of Athens into four quarters. Of the streets of the second class, the principal are, Metaginia, Palace, Agora, and Adrian streets.

To secure the health of the inhabitants of the capital, government has neglected nothing. Large sums have been expended in repairing and cleansing the ancient sewers, which convey the water and offal of the town into the great canal, which divides the city into two parts. The object of securing the health of the inhabitants would not, however, have been attained, had not measures been adopted at the same time for draining the neighbouring marshes. The overflowing of the Cephisus formed, in the grove of olives, and in the plain between the Piræus and Athens, several pools of stagnant water, the exhalations of which were extremely noxious. The government has had them all drained, the bed of the

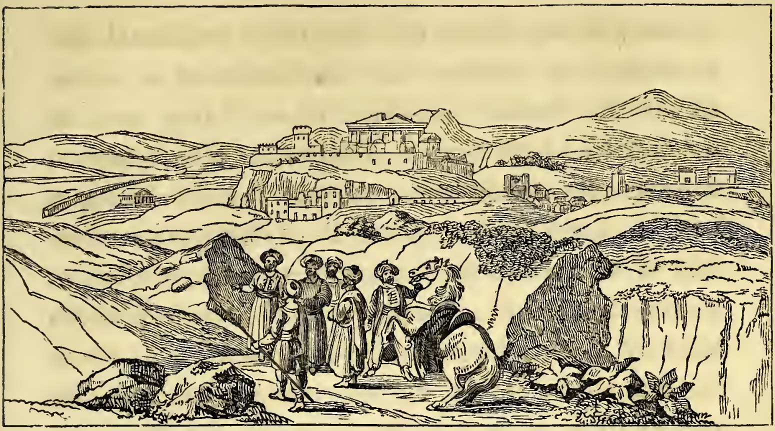
Cephisus deepened, and canals made to carry off the waters into the sea. These operations have, besides, restored to agriculture a not inconsiderable tract of land. There are in Athens twenty public wells, and besides these, the public buildings, and many private houses have water, copiously supplied out of the general aqueduct, on very moderate terms. This water, which is distributed in the city, comes from two sources; one at the foot of the Pentelicus, called the fountain of St. Demetrius, which is connected with the city by an admirable canal, of the time of the emperor Adrian, in perfect preservation, ten feet broad, and twelve feet high; the other source is that of Tachymachos, at the foot of mount Hymettus. There are in Athens a civil and a military hospital: the latter is remarkable for its solidity and handsome architecture, and stands on a very healthy spot. Since the removal of the government to Athens, several other public buildings have been erected; such as the barracks, the artillery-barracks, the mint, and the royal printing-office. The last is an establishment that does honour to the government; having nine typographic, and seven lithographic presses, and above twenty workmen employed in it. The palace of the king will not be deemed inferior to the edifices which formerly adorned Greece. In situation it is equally beautiful and salubrious.

There are in Athens thirteen churches, in which divine service is performed; twelve belonging to the eastern, and one to the western pale. There are two cemetaries, one belonging to the commune, the other to the American missionaries. What was formerly the Turkish school has been temporarily fitted up as a prison. Athens is also happy with respect to establishments for education. It is the seat of a university, of a gymnasium, in which the government has founded thirty exhibitions for poor students; of a Hellenic school, a city school, and a seminary for schoolmasters. Besides these, there are several schools supported by private persons: that, for instance, of the American brethren. The girls' school of Madame Polmerange, which had long been established at Nauplia, is removed to Athens. In this school fourteen girls are clothed, maintained, and educated at the expense of government.

In Athens manufactures are still very backward; and the same is the case in all the other towns in Greece. Foreigners have, however, founded some establishments, which promise well. The revenues of Athens have considerably improved. According to the statement of 1836, they had risen to nearly 120,000 drachms. These arise from the rent of buildings belonging to the town, from the excise, &c. We may farther observe, that when a census of the population was made for the first time in 1833, it amounted to scarcely 7,000 souls; whereas it is now 15,000, besides the military.

Athens stands on a spot greatly rich in remains of antiquity; but, as the government has not yet been able to grant any considerable sum to make excavations in places where, there is reason to hope, numerous antiquities might be found; the acquisitions hitherto made, are limited to incidental discoveries. In digging the foundation of a house, which Dr. Treiber and M. Origone lately built in the vicinity of the temple of Theseus, the remains of a wall were found, with part of the cornice of a column of the Doric order. M. Patakis, superintendant of the antiquities, caused further excavations to be made, with the permission of the owners, and a head, of good workmanship, was discovered. From the manner in which the hair is arranged, it seems cotemporary with the dominion of the Romans. Then a pedestal was also found, with three words of an inscription. On the same day, a female head, of exquisite workmanship, was dug out; and another head, which seems to have belonged to the statue of Nerva. To judge by the direction of the wall, it probably belonged to a monument in honour of a Roman emperor; for, on a close examination of the workmanship of the cornice and the three heads, we may take it for granted that they are of a later date than the classic era.

The soil of Attica, of which Athens is the chief town, is generally pebbly, sandy, and dry, but is still very fertile; and the climate balmy to a degree. In this magic locality are some of the most celebrated hills and mountains, rivers and ruins, that the world can produce; of which fact the sketch here presented will convey, in five minutes, a more correct and palpable demonstration, than the most elaborate and graphic details of an hour.



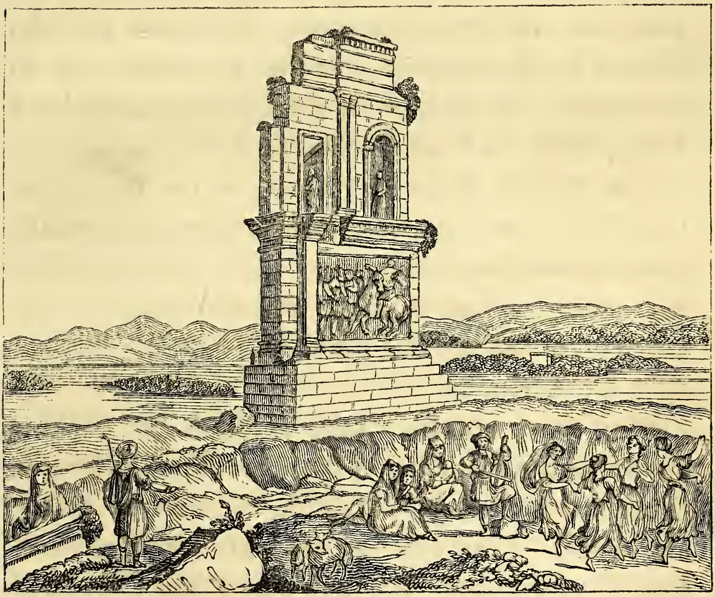
The first hill, commencing on the *left*, is Mount Parnes. Above this rises the chain of Brilessus. This, still moving to the right, is flanked by a small modern tower; above which stands the doric portico of Polygnotus. Next follow, in succession, the Temple of Erectheus, the Parthenon, mount Pentelicus, mount Anchesmus, and the lofty summit of Hymettus. Below Brilessus is seen the elegant and almost complete Temple of Theseus; and the eminence precisely to the right of this is the celebrated Mars-hill. Then follows the theatre of Herodes Atticus, a little below, to the right of Mars'-hill; and after the long arched wall, a little above, is the road to Marathon. To the right of the wall stands the grove of the Lyceum; below which is the modern city of Athens. The two remaining erections, still moving tht eye to the right, are the Gate of Hadrian, and the Temple of Jupiter Olympus.

The Athenian lady, at whose house I was hospitably entertained, was a woman of great good sense, about forty-five. Her husband was at the time out of Greece. We conversed on religion, and on a variety of topics, to which her mind was not at all unequal. Her exterior dress comprised the loose Greek slipper and party-coloured hose, the full petticoat, the braided bodice, with long open sleeves, not undecked with filigree, the skull-cap of green velvet, her long hair falling from beneath it behind, in two plaits, reach-to the calf. The house was but half finished: I remember only three rooms; the ondàs, or sitting-room, carpetted and divanned as already described at Spetsia, the room I slept in on a couch, and that where Madame Pangales reposed with her paramana or duenna, which opened into mine without the encumbrance of a door. In the presence of a missionary, no indecorum seems to have had even the existence of a thought. The evenings we spent in conversation, retired to rest about nine, and rose early in the morning. In the crude theology of the Greek church, Sofia Pangales seemed, by her remarks on a large volume of ascetic lore which she showed me, to have had considerable information; but she did not afford me just reason to conclude that she was versed in the way of salvation through the vicarious sacrifice of the cross, the Lamb slain for sinners, in the sense of a *victim*, a substitute, or an *atonement*. Alas! how *should* my poor friend learn this, "when the blind led the blind?"

The ruins of Athens I visited, of course; but to repeat the details of a thousand travellers, to lead the reader round the Acropolis,—

> "Where ever and anon there falls,
> Huge heaps of hoary, mouldering walls,"

would furnish nothing new; and though to me these ruins may be dear as the smile of my first infant, I waive the topic for other matters. As, however, my fair friend one day accompanied me to Mars'-hill, the celebrated scene of St. Paul's trial and sermon, as recorded in Acts xvii. 22—31, the reader will permit a brief reference to that visit, in addition to what was stated in an early part of this volume. Our visit was, in fact, both to Mars'-hill and the Pnyx. The scenery now before us, with distant glimpses of classic spots, was truly enchanting. To any mind of classic feeling, a moment's consultation of the sketch here annexed, will justify that expression. Mars'-hill appears in the preceeding sketch, and hence, in coming from the city, we crossed that almost hallowed locality on our way to the Pnyx. This is the principal figure in the sketch, and is, I believe, now styled by the Greeks, Philopappos. So my Athenian friend informed me, though I am aware of the fact, that some distinguish between these ruins, placing the Pnyx to the right of the large figure, near the road to Eleusis.

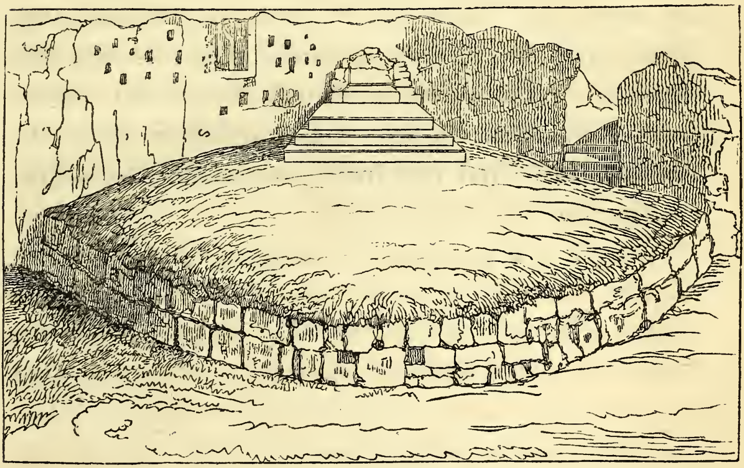


Commencing on the *left,* the first elevation is the island of Salamis, so extending as to cover the bases of mount Cylene and the Acrocorinthus, which are the next two elevations, and which ought to stand more in the back-ground. Mount Oegalus flanks the Pynk, the tall ruin standing out in the fore-ground. Oegalus ends off to the right of the Pnyx, after which the eye immediately reposes on the *Via Sacra,* or Sacred Way to Eleusis. Above this proudly rises mount Cithœron, followed by mount Corydallus, and a section of mount Parnes. The small erection to the right of the Pnyx or Philoppos, and of the Sacred Way, is the structure codsidered by some as the Pnyx itsclf.—From any elevated locality of Athens these celebrated objects form a bold and imposing outline.

The term philopappos, would, it is conceived, in vain be sought in the classic authors; nor can I discover on what authority a distinction is made between them. The word philopappos is tantamount to good granddad; but why it succeeded pnyx, or what is the import of pnyx, are problems not easily solved.

Mars'-hill, like hills adjacent, is a mass of stone, not high, yet difficult of ascent. Its surface is not much undulated; and its general character inclines to rotundity. The hill is by no means so high as the Acropolis, nor yet so spacious. On this hill the blessed Paul was tried for his life, for preaching those truths we now convey to the descendants of the Areopagites; and by God's grace one of these, Dionysius, the St. Denis of France, became a convert. On this hill the Amazons pitched their tents, when those redoubtable female warriors invaded Attica in the remote age of Theseus; and in later ages the Persians, under Xerxes, hence made their onslaught upon the Acropolis.

Why some travellers have asserted that on this hill are now no remains of the court of Areopagus, is to me a mystery, and makes me diffident as to my own notes. I can only say, that when Kyreea Sofia Pangales conducted me to one part of this celebrated hill, she pointed out a platform with frontal and lateral steps, and exclaimed, "νὰ τὸ ’Αρειοπάγος, behold the Areopagus." In presenting to the reader a sketch of this venerable platform, for which I am indebted to the Rev. Mr. Hughes,* it only remains to be stated that in calling this platform the pnyx, as that very able and amiable tourist has done, either he or my fair Athenian *Cicerone* must be in error. Let me be pardoned for the firm belief, that the sketch here given is really what I have named it—the celebrated pulpit of St. Paul. On the hypothesis that the Pnyx and the Areopagus identify, we are all right.



MARS'-HILL.

In a work that can be of small authority in such matters, I find a statement which is here added, because the author, though but a collector, must have derived his information from some traveller. That statement confirms my own. "There are still to be seen vestiges of their seats"—the seats of the Areopagites,—" cut out in the rock after a semicircular form; and around the tribunal, or seats of the judges, an esplanade which served as a hall."* Let the reader mark how accurately this citation describes what the Athenian lady showed me, on Mars'-hill, as the celebrated court of Areopagus.

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* Travels in Sicily, Greece and Albania; a work that amply rewards perusal; chaste both in style and sentiment, and full of information.

Behind the bema, or platform, are seen small recesses in the hill, probably the niches of Athenian idols, the "Gods many and Lords many" of pagan antiquity. Near this bema stood the "altar to the unknown God" seen by St. Paul. I find that the Greeks had a plurality of Gods styled "Gods unknown." What a delightful reflection to the Christian's mind, that he does not worship a God unknown, but "God in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself."

* Brown's Dictionary of the Bible.

CHAPTER XXVI

GREEK LADY'S COSTUME. — THE GIRDLE. — THE HEAD-DRESS. — THE VAIL. — THEIR ORIGIN. — GREEK LADY'S TOILET. — ANECDOTE. — STAINING THE HAIR. — EYELIDS. — ROUGE. — ANCIENT AND MODERN MODES OF ADORNMENT. — CONFESSION. — ANECDOTES.

The costume of Athens resembles that of Peloponnesus. Nor can I persuade myself that either has departed materially from that of the classic ages. With the dress of my Athenian hostess, I was much struck; and ere I quit Athens, the reader will permit me to attempt to trace out some points of resemblance between the Greece of this day and that of gone-by ages, as respects identity of costume, worn by a people at all times amazingly fond of "costly apparel and braiding the hair."

Though I have seen, especially in the Ionian isles, some women, whose attire was not much unlike that of Italian females, and approximating to that of our dear country; yet the dress of Peloponnesus is still delightfully classic in its character. To the long subjection of the Greeks to the Venetians and Genoese, we must, I suppose, attribute the anti-Grecian costume one occasionally sees. In general, too, the dress of women of the lower orders differs almost as much from what I shall describe in this chapter, as an English lady's costume differs from that of a ploughman's wife. The articles most remarkable in a modern Greek lady's apparel, are the *girdle*, the *vail* and the *cap* or head-dress.

The girdle anciently formed a most important part of female attire. In a considerable portion of Greece it does so at this distant day; for Greek ladies are still too fond of the toilet.

> "The maids in soft cymars of linen drest;
> The youths all shining in the glossy vest."

In the Ionian isles it has so far fallen into disuse, that it is chiefly at village weddings one now sees the girdle, and then it is worn by the bride alone. The men, however, have retained it, and those in the interior of the islands still use it as a purse. So do the Maltese. This use of the girdle is very ancient; for in the classic ages "he has lost his girdle," was tantamount to saying, "he is ruined." Horace declares that a man who has lost his girdle will run ten miles for a penny:—

> "*Ibit eo quo vis, qui zonam perdidit.*"*

And when the adorable author of christianity sends out his disciples, he thus addresses them: "neither take money in your zones, ζώναις."† What these girdles anciently were, how handsome, how important, how replete with mystery, in what way they were worn around the loins, some over the vest some beneath it; all this and more the curious reader may learn, in Homer,[*] Theocritus,[†] Ovid,[‡] and Callimachus.[§]

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* Hor. lib. ii. Epod. 2.

† Math. x. 9.

God's ancient people wore girdles, and the Greek term *zone* obviously comes from the Hebrew *zana ;* whence one may infer that Greece took her girdle from Judea. The girdle is worn by men tight about the waist. It was so worn by the Jews, to confine their flowing robes. Paul, we find, wore a girdle.[||] John the Baptist wore a girdle made of leather, a sort of broad belt;[¶] to answer to his prototype Elijah.[**]

I have already stated, I think, that while at Athens, Sofia Pangales presented me with two girdles. One of these is richly embroidered. On consulting the notes made in the city of Minerva, I find some anecdotes of the girdles, but forbear to transcribe them. The Hon. Mr. North, however, in his very elegant production, "Points of Resemblance between the Ancient and Modern Greeks," has, if I remember rightly, for I have not the volume, rendered my notes a work of supererogation.

The dressing of the head.—I once saw two Greek ladies arranging their *coiffeure.* One was about twenty-five, the other sixteen. They were seated *à la tailor* on the floor of their apartment, and I stood talking to them at the door. The ladies did not appear at all disconcerted at my presence. They combed the hair back, and to each side of the head.

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[*] Hymn to Venus.

[†] Idlyll. xxvii.

[‡] Heroid ii.

[§] Hymn to Jupiter.

[||] Acts xxi. 11.

[¶] Matt. iii. 4.

[**] 2 Kings, i. 8. Rev. i. 13.

The long ringlets that fell down the back, reaching, when they stood up, almost to the knees, they plaited into two tresses, two only, and these, when the coiffeure was completed, remained pendent behind. The fesi, or small cap, apparently of velvet, was placed on the head, *close*, and scarcely covering it to the ears all around. A yellow handkerchief was next bound round the head, just over the edges of the fesi; and the side tresses were interwoven with the soft folds of the kerchief, which finished the *coiffeure.*

This kerchief the Ionian ladies call the binder. The fesi and binder must be of different hues. The fesi is often red, or green; and the kerchief yellow, or of a delicate white. The kerchief or binder is triangular, like a half silk handkerchief; and this the ladies, ere applying it to the head, folded much as we do a cravat. The fesi is generally of silk, the lady's I mean; that worn by the other sex is invariably of felt. Unmarried ladies, and young wives, wear the fesi of a rose colour, and matrons and aged women generally wear it yellow, and always of cotton. The fesi *alone*, of whatever material, of whatever colour, would not become a lady; it is the additions that render the Greek lady's coiffeure an ornament After all, and in my sober senses, I do *not* think the head-dress of a Grecian belle at all prettier than that of an English lady.

The next article of feminine attire to be noticed, is the *vail.* This was classically styled the *κάλυμμα* or covering. I do not recollect ever hearing this term in Greece. In the Ionian isles the vail is styled the *κεφαλοπάνι* or head-cloth, while elsewhere I have met with the term *μάκραμα*, *macrama*, from *μακρὸς*, long, in allusion to the great length of the vail so worn. In the Ionian isles it reaches from the centre of the forehead, along the back, as far as the legs.

The vail is said to have originated in the modesty and bashfulness of women, in the earlier ages of Greece. But Ruth wore a vail; so did the earliest Hebrew females. However, the reader shall have an amusing anecdote, recorded by Pausanias. It refers to Penelope, daughter of Icarus, and accounts in its way for the lady's vail.

Thirty stadia from Sparta, says Pausanias, stood a statue of Modesty, placed there by Icarus for the following reason: Icarus had given his daughter Penelope to Ulysses as his bride, and wished to persuade the general to fix his residence at Sparta, but was refused. Failing with Ulysses, he directed the arts of persuasion to Penelope, conjuring her not to abandon him. Ulysses and his wife, however, were on the point of leaving him for Ithaca, when he followed the car and redoubled his entreaties. Wearied with these pressing invitations, Ulysses said to his bride; "well, it remains with you to decide for your husband or your father, for you may either accompany me to Ithaca, or return with your father to Sparta." On this it is stated that blushing Penelope made no reply, but simply drew down her *vail*. Icarus well understood all this, this silent eloquence of blushing affection, and permitted her to go with her husband. Greatly affected also by the embarrassment of Penelope, he consecrated a statue to Modesty, and placed it just where his blushing daughter stood when she vailed her face; "and," says Pausanias, "in imitation of Penelope, the vail was adopted by all females."*

There was, moreover, at Lacedemon, a temple dedicated to Morphe, or Beauty, and to Venus, in which were statues of these ideal deities, both being vailed. Nor will the reader probably require to be reminded, that the three Graces are always depicted in vails, to denote the modesty of the sex—one of woman's greatest charms;—with the same vail are the ladies of Greece decorated to this day. Yet, I should fear to hazard the bold assertion, that time has made no encroachments on the precise classical cut. Both on the continent and in the Ionian isles, the vail forms an essential part of the elegant and costly female attire. I have an impression that of all these seven sweet isles, Leucadia, at the present day, presents the prettiest vails. In luxury of apparel, the females of this island recall to mind the oriental taste. Full of grace, it gives a pleasing *relievo* to the fair forms of the Leucadians. Their vail is often splendidly embroidered. Of course I speak of respectable classes; for that of ordinary persons is at once bare of ornament and very coarse. In Leucadia the vail of *all* classes is white; and the reader of the classics may possibly remember, that those of Helen and Hermione bore the same resemblance to the chaste snow of Olympus.

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* Pausan. tom. 1.

The vails now worn in modern Greece are embroidered. Ladies from Italy to Turkey are, I think, alike remarkable for two things—skill at embroidery and inexpertness at the book or the pen. After all, I am not certain that my own countrywomen are inferior to the Greeks at this pretty art, though less employed at it; while in mind I will not degrade them by a comparison with the ladies of Italy, Greece, or Turkey. Yet, reader, *sois tranquille*, the foes of human improvement will in vain attempt to arrest the progress of feminine intelligence. Monastic sneers will not keep it out of Italy; synodical enactments out of Greece; or the mufti out of the harem.

Rarely is a Greek lady seen in public without her vail; and so it was anciently. Sulpicius Gallus was cruel enough to repudiate his wife for no other reason, than that she had dared to appear unvailed in public.* And yet, such is the bizar working of human taste, the glorious uncertainty of the law,—it was a statute of Sparta that *married* women should *vail*, but not *virgins!* Pausanias states, that when the legislator was pressed for a reason for these laws, his reply was: "The young women remain unvailed to *obtain* husbands; the married are vailed to *preserve* them." I wish our pronouns and genders were like the Greek and Italian; for then it would not have been at all requisite to add the very important remark, that by "*them*" is meant the *husbands*. My female readers will be wise so to act as to preserve *their* husbands. And what is your best vail?—piety, fidelity, *propretè personelle*, and a sweet temper. Add to these a neat attire, becoming your station in life, with " attention to the ways of your household;" and then, if you fail to preserve the affection, and constancy, and kindness of your husbands, be consoled, —they are not *worth* preserving.

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* Val. Max. lib. vi.

It has already been stated that I have seen, what hundreds in Britain would delight to see, a Greek lady at her toilet. The toilet of a Greek lady usually comprises the following articles; a cup of black powder to tinge the eye, and so give it a languishing air; odoriferous pomades; an infusion to dye the hair black, should it be required; to these luxuries add combs, brushes, a sort of bodkin with which to apply the black powder mixture to the eyelashes and eyebrows; sponges, towels, rouge, and the mirror, and then I think you have all.

The art of staining the hair, an art well known now to the females of our *own* island, is attributed to the celebrated *Medea* of Corinth. From her time, black hair has been held in the highest esteem in the classic land. The black, languishing eyes of Medea secured no greater amount of admiration, than is still levied by " the ox-eyed daughters of Greece." Ox-eyed is a classic term, designed to express, I suppose, the size and languor of a beautiful eye. In this taste Greece and China are at issue; for in the celestial empire a small eye is the perfection of beauty.

The use of *rouge*, and similar matters, to heighten the charms of a woman's face, is an ancient custom in Greece; of which fact the author of the Iliad supplies ample testimony. Penelope he describes as weary of the importunities of her suitors, and in this state of mind she avows to Eurinoma her intention of granting them an audience; when the latter replies; " Go, then; but first take the bath, and with proper colours impart to your countenance that brilliancy, which your trouble has defaced." * Most justly is paint discountenanced by the wise and good. One would wish a wife to be pious rather than fine, meek rather than dressy; to have benevolence in her eye, sweet temper on her brow, and honour in her bosom. Let woman's modesty be the rouge of her cheek, and cheerfulness the ruby of her lip.

" And when Jehu was come to Jezreel, Jezebel heard of it; and she painted her face, and tired her head, and looked out at a window."† We hence see how ancient is the usage. It appears from the testimony of Dr. Shaw, and of Dr. Russel, that what the Moorish women in Barbary, and the Turkish about Aleppo, now use for this purpose, is the powder of lead ore. The last-mentioned author has given so clear an account of the women's manner of using it, that the reader cannot be displeased with seeing it in this place. " Upon the principle of strengthening the sight, as well as an ornament, it is become a general practise among women to black the inside of their eyelids, by applying a powder called ismed. This is made of a substance called also ispahany, from the place it is brought from. It appears to be a rich lead ore, and is prepared by roasting it in a quince, apple,

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* Odyss. book xviii.

† 2 Kings ix. 30. See also Jer. iv. 30.

or truffle; then it is levigated with oil of sweet almonds on a marble stone. If intended to strengthen the eyes, they often add flowers of olibanum or amber."

The devout Clemens of Alexandria mentions the painting of the eyes, as practised in his time by the Alexandrine females.[*] Pliny also names the same usage as prevalent in Rome.[†] Juvenal states it to have been practised even by the males:—

> "With sooty moisture one his eyebrow dyes,
> And with a bodkin paints his trembling eyes."[§]

So, in fine, a short time before the seige of Jerusalem by the Romans, we find numerous men of detestable principles, practising the tinging of their eyes in that devoted city.[‖]

Solomon's wife is arrayed "in silk and purple;" but the Greeks are yet more fond of glitter than most of the people farther east. The female attire of Greece is indeed encumbered with ornament; yet a Greek husband approves it all. I was once giving to a young Aegean warrior some serious counsels on the subject of auricular confession. In reply, he told me an anecdote, which I here subjoin, for two reasons:—it exemplifies a Greek husband's fondness of a dressy wife, and it casts a slight wash of ridicule on that highly censurable and criminal thing, auricular confession. I do most seriously state my belief, that at the confessional more evil is learned than at a wake; and it is precisely there that the hearts of both monk and secular become more wicked and wanton, than even in the infectious penetralia of a convent. There is truth in this, or there is truth in nothing.

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[*] Pæd. lib. iii. cap. 2.

[†] Nat. Hist. lib. xi. cap. 37.

[§] Sat. ii. line 93.

[‖] Joseph. De. Beb. lib. iv cap. 9.

"Well," said the young Greek, "I'll tell thee a story about confession." My reply was, "say on;" and on he went as follows. "There was a young fellow in our town, who went to confess; and, said he to the priest, 'spiritual man, I am come to confess.' 'Very well, kneel down.' 'You must know,' said the young man, 'that last night in passing a tailor's window, I saw a beautiful piece of stuff, and thinking it would make a nice dress for my wife, I reached out my hand to take it away,—to *steal* it; but mind, I did not take it, for I could not reach far enough.' 'No matter,' said the priest, 'you *tried* to get it, and that is all the same as though you *had* it.' 'Is it so, old codger,' thought the young fellow; 'is it all one to try to get a thing and really to get it? come, that's pretty good doctrine for me!' Well, the absolution must be paid for, so the young fellow pulled out his purse, but before laying the money down on the table, he went round to the end next the door. Laying down the florin at his end of the table, he thanked the monk, and bid him good morning, feigning to go and yet remaining. 'My son,' said the spiritual man, 'push the florin over, I can't reach it?' 'No matter,' replied the young man, 'no matter at all; for, as you *tried* to get it, that's all the same as though you *had* it, you know.' So saying, he walked off with the florin in his hand, leaving the monk not a little chagrined." Yet the monk was in the right;—the sin lay in the *will.*

"But," said my informant, "that is not all; I'll tell thee another story. Once on a time a Greek sailor went to confess. Now Jason was an odd fish; so was the monk. I'll give you their conversation. Monk. 'Ah! you old scoundrel! are *you* here again? some crime as usual, no doubt. How many times have you sworn since your last confession?'—'Guess,' replied Jason. 'Ten times?'—'Sail on.'—'Twenty?'—'Sail on.'—'Thirty?'—'Sail on; more canvass; the ship lags.'—'Panagia bless us! fifty then?'—'Sail on.'—'A hundred at a venture?'—'Ho! sail on; shiver my timbers! at this rate you'll never make your port.'—'Panagia! I don't know what to guess—a thousand times? have you sworn a thousand times?'—'Cast anchor; that's it, and a pretty long yarn it is. And now, spiritual man,' added Jason, 'what penance?'—'It's *thy* turn to guess now.'—'A visit to the holy well on the hill?'—'Sail on.'—'Scourging?'—'Sail on.'—'Five dollars to repair Panagia's altar?'—'The ship lags.'—'Must I present some marriage candles?'—'More canvass, Jason, you'll never make your port.'—'Love your soul! I don't know *what* to guess, or where you'll send me, unless I'm to go to purgatory at once.'—'Cast anchor!'"

So much for confession and confessors! I wish them better employment. There is much of iniquity and tyranny in the whole affair. It may sometimes lead to a restitution of stolen property, but does *that* result indemnify society for the endurance of this obtrusive system of ghostly *espionage*,—a system so subversive of all civil liberty, and so inimical to all domestic security and peace?

But I must return from this digression, and conclude the chapter.

To qualify this fondness for "outward adorning and plaiting of the hair;" to tell the females of Greece that there is a more "beautiful garment" than even Penelope wore; to point their attention to, and fix their affections upon, the robes of righteousness, the "wedding garment" of the gospel; and to induce them to adorn themselves "with a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price;" such are some of the objects of a missionary who visits Greece. This land of elegant forms and features must be content to range on the borders of barbarism, and "sit in the dust" of religious degradation; must continue to exhibit woman in domestic slavery, man bereft of humanizing companions, and youth untrained in knowledge and in piety,—so long as the females of Greece deck only the body, and leave the mind a wilderness.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES IN GREECE.—APPEAL ON EDUCATION.—MODERN GREEK PRONUNCIATION.—DEPARTURE FROM ATHENS.—EVILS OF PAPAL CONFESSIONALS.—ARRIVAL AT ELEUSIS.—REMARKS ON MYSTERIES.—MEGARA.—XERXES.—ARRIVE AT CORINTH.—THE STADIUM.—PAUL'S ALLUSIONS TO THE OLYMPIC CONTESTS.—ORIGIN AND VICISSITUDES OF CORINTH.—AGHIOS GEORGIOS.—NEMEAN RUINS.—CAVE OF THE N. LION.—NAUPLIA:—SCENES AND PROCEEDINGS.—MYLOS.—SCENE AT AGHIORYETIKO.

There are many indications that Greece is destined to rise from her ruins. The spirit of *patriotism* is one. Greeks are, almost to a man, fully aware of the past glories of their land, and most sanguine in their anticipation of her future greatness. I was one day pensively surveying the ruins of Athens, when a man in the attire of a boor glided up to me. "Sir," said he, "these are fine ruins." "They are so," was my laconic reply. "Yes," he rejoined, with a tone and an air of melancholy reminiscence, "those who made these things were men, ἦσαν ἄνδρες." The term he used, ἄνδρες, is still applied in Greece to brave and great men; and I conceive that the scripture expression, "there were *giants* in those days," imports the same idea.

The fact that Greece has now her *newspapers*, is a proof that intellect is not dormant. In Hydra, when I was there, "The Friend of Laws" was weekly issued from the press of that island. At Athens, soon afterwards, appeared "The Triptolemos," "The Soteer," "The Sun," "The Times," and "The Minerva." The style of these papers was truly elegant, a mixture of Doric and Attic, with a felicitous juxtaposition of terms, and combination of words, that might have done honour to the age of Xenophon.

The anxiety of Greece for *education*, is another "sign of the times." When at Athens, I visited the schools of that celebrated city. One was a Hellenic Lyceum, of which Georgios Zonarios was principal. In the library I observed the old philosophers and poets of Greece, together with some works on ecclesiastical subjects. By two little incidents I felt vastly interested;—a black slave boy was reading Æsop's Fables, and the urchins of the lower class were declining the word vathrakos, a frog. In the chancel of this Lyceum I was constituted a "Member of the Literary Society of Athens;" and to this day I carefully preserve my inaugural ring and diploma. The latter is in elegant Greek, and the former presents the owl, emblem at once of Athens and of wisdom. On my return to Malta, I received from the authorities of Athens a second diploma, constituting me an ἐπίτροπος, or Commissioner of the Athenian Society of Literati. By one of these, I think it was Psyllas, I was furnished with the only fact that renders at all questionable the antiquity of the actual sound of the letter *υ*. This letter is now sounded, not as the English u, but as our ee in *flee*. Yet this gentleman owned himself puzzled by the fact, that the poor of and about Athens sound it like our oo in *moon*, yet only in a few terms; thus *τρύπα*, *treepa*, a hole, they pronounce troopa, and for Keeriakee, Lord's-day, they say Kooriakee. When I was in Athens, education was, after all, but at a low ebb, for Greece was at war with Turkey; but it has already been stated, that *now* this city can boast of several most important schools, both missionary and others; while in all parts general education is rapidly progressing. Perhaps no nation in Europe exhibits a more ardent desire for knowledge; and if this feeling be prudently guided, piously cherished, and fully gratified, the sun of Greece will rise again.

Anxiously alive to this subject, I ardently long to draw to it such energies as British generosity can well supply. With this view, I add an extract from an important and urgent document, put forth by the British and Foreign School Society, who, next to missionaries, were the pioneers of education in the land of Solon:—

> " No sooner had that arduous struggle commenced, which so rapidly devastated the plains of Greece, than the sad condition of its inhabitants excited christian sympathy, and called into existence various benevolent enterprises on their behalf. For many years past, christian missionaries have penetrated as far as the country has been accessible; and as fast as the tide of war has rolled backward, they have scattered the seeds of intelligence and piety, trusting in their Divine Master for his effectual blessing. Fully alive to the peculiar difficulties of their work, these agents of be-

nevolence have invariably found it advisable to bend their energies mainly towards the instruction of the young; and the appeals they have made to British christians for assistance in this department of their labour, have been both frequent and powerful.

"Among the various institutions which have promptly answered these touching solicitations, the British and Foreign School Society has occupied a conspicuous station.

" The attention of its committee was first drawn to that quarter by communications received from Corfu, informing them that plans were maturing, under the patronage of the Government, for introducing Elementary Schools. Mr. Allen, the treasurer of the institution, soon after visited the east, and availed himself of every opportunity for diffusing a knowledge of the British system, and for promoting education throughout Greece and the Ionian islands. His Excellency, Sir Frederick Adam, the Lord High Commissioner, warmly espoused the cause, and by his personal attentions as well as by his correspondence with the society, evinced the deep interest he took in the moral improvement of the inhabitants. Under his patronage, several schools were immediately established, and in order to supply them with suitable lessons, it was resolved to translate those used by the society into modern Greek. A good translation of these valuable selections from the gospels and epistles, forming a compendium of the doctrines, facts, and duties of Scripture, was therefore prepared, and a large edition carefully printed. This volume, which is not quite so large as a Testament, has been extensively circulated, and is now generally introduced as a class-book into the Greek schools. Similar lessons were also printed on broad sheets for reading, spelling, and arithmetic; forming altogether a complete set for schools of mutual instruction.

" On the return of Mr. Allen, a correspondence was opened between the secretary and the Rev. J. Lowndes, of the London Missionary Society, then at Zante, but subsequently settled at Corfu. By his exertions, the manual, detailing minutely the mechanical operations of the system, was translated into modern Greek; and an edition of it, under the revision of Dr. Politi, passed through the press. Through the efforts of this gentleman, who had acquired a knowledge of the plan of education while studying medicine in Paris, several schools were formed in Santa Maura, Zante, and Cefalonia; and, in a letter to the secretary, he feelingly acknowleges the kind assistance he had received from the treasurer of the society."

The presses of Venice and of Trieste have done much injury to the faith of Greece. Telemachus, the Life of Napoleon, and Rollin's Ancient History, are exceptions to the general fact, that to interpolate useful books and give them to Greece crammed with popish nostrums, was at least one design of those presses. It must, therefore, be an object with British missionaries so to edit school-books, and all their publications, as to exert a counteracting influence. But above all, we must see to it that we supplant the trashy legends of ascetics with the plain, fresh, pure, saving truths of the gospel.

In founding a good system of education, the Greek government not only paid marked respect to the plans of missionaries, approving *ex cathedrâ*, and by name, many of my own elementary publications, but wisely arranged its own schools into "primary," on the excellent system of mutual instruction; "classical,"* or provincial academies; and a "panepistemion," or university, to teach grammar, French, geography, history, and other branches of science. Athens, as to literature, is the London of Greece.

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*Addison, I think, was the first author that ever used this term. It is now found through Europe, and even in Greece itself, from whose beautiful tongue the word was coined,—κλάσις.

One question among the Athenians, is the antiquity of their actual mode of sounding the letters of the alphabet. With men of considerable information I have occasionally discussed this point. "After the entrance of the Romans into Greece, and on the establishment of the Roman throne at Byzantium, the Attic pronunciation, dispersed through Thrace, was preserved entire and *pure*, both by the Byzantines and the other Greeks, and has so continued to this day." Such is the statement of a learned modern Greek, Gregorios of Venice.* This, it is granted, is but a comfortable begging of the question; but to the very rational remarks of another, the reader will pay much higher regard. A Cretan, Simon Portios, treats with severest contempt the foreigners who affect to despise the actual sounds as a barbaric innovation. Portios was a learned man, and, to own the truth, might be chagrined that the English and others should fondly prefer their own clashing and baseless theories, to the established usage of an entire nation,—a usage, as I can prove, and may live to do so, handed down from generation to generation.†

Before me lie the notes of one conversation I had with a Greek on this topic:—

Missionary.—"Do you think your country has preserved the classic sounds of your alphabet?"

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* In his 'Αρχαιολ. 'Ελλην. tom. ii. p. 312.

† Rizo, Cours de Litterature Grecque Moderne, edit. Geneva, 1828. I have by me a MS work on this subject, and wish some Macænas would order its publication.

Greek. —" Sir, I have scarcely a doubt of it."

Missionary.—" We English certainly do wrong in pronouncing your *living* language, as though it were a *dead* one. We do not use the French so."

G.—" We are Hellenes—children of the classic Greeks."

M.—" I have composed a defence of your pronunciation, tracing it to the purer ages, and hope to print it."

G.—" May it be so!"

M.—" What do you conceive will be the result of your nation's present struggles to correct her language?"

G.—" We shall have a mingled tongue; that is, a union of the Doric, Æolic, and Attic."

I gave this Greek a copy of Dr. Doddridge's Rise and Progress in Italian, which he very well understood; and soon after, a captain called and purchased of me two Italian New Testaments, which I sold at half a dollar each.

At Athens I left nearly all the books and tracts that remained of the boxes I brought from Malta, and after taking leave of my kind hostess and other friends, I left the city in company with an Italian gentleman, the Chevalier Colegno, who was going my way across Peloponnesus, to join the siege of Patrass, then vigorously defended by the Othomans. Among those of whom I took leave, was one I left to die. This was the amiable Count Santa Rosa, who, I think, very soon after, paid the debt of nature and of sin, away from his struggling country and the bosom of his friends. Of this estimable man, I find among my papers the following notice by an Italian, now a physician in England, whose name it might not be prudent to subjoin.

"Count San Torre di Santa Rosa was a man of great talent, education, and of noble character. In less critical times, he would have made one of the most excellent ministers. But when the question is that of to be, or not to be, when the whole of success depends upon energetic and prompt actions, delicacy and gentleness cease to be virtues; because, instead of becoming the source of common happiness, they hurl whole nations into ruin. It was thus that the gentleness of Lafayette caused the revolution of July to be lost for the friends of liberal institutions, and the mildness and delicacy of Santa Rosa begot the ruin of the friends of Italian independence.

"Whilst Santa Rosa was preparing for war, with the same calmness as if he was at the head of a long-established government, the friends of despotism and the place-hunters were trying all means to corrupt the army, to prevent the soldiers from joining their banners, and to check every where the energies of the Liberals.

"The junta of Turin was composed chiefly of weak, ignorant, and corrupted individuals. The ministry of the home department was intrusted to a kind of mountebank and place-hunter, a foolish, treacherous twaddler, called Ferdinando dal Pozzo, nick-named L'Avvocato Milanese, who, during the time that Santa Rosa was preparing for war, was endeavouring to concoct, with the Ambassador of Russia, Mocenigo, plans subversive of the liberty of Italy. The few strong-minded among the Liberals, such as my excellent friend the noble poet Ravina, were consumed with indignation. I remained three days in Turin. In my last interview with Santa Rosa, I told him; 'If you do not throw off your moderation, open the Treasury, and call the people to arms, you lose yourself and our cause for ever.' 'Friend,' answered he, 'I trust in the bravery of our troops, and in the justice of our cause; I'll send you word of the result of our expedition by estaffette.'"

Alas! how many estimable men have been embroiled and have perished, in the vain efforts of Italy to shake off the disreputable yoke of her sacerdotal tyrants! This yoke, and that of monachism were bitterly bemoaned by my travelling companion. "Sir," said he, in one part of our tour, "I hate confession; to that I owe my first ideas of vice, through the impertinent, coarse, prying interrogations of my confessor: nor would my mother ever allow my sister to confess, knowing but too well the corrupting influence and perils of the papal confessional."

Having now no boxes, we had but one horse between us; which in fact belonged to Chevalier Colegno, whose servant, a short, stiff, dark-mustachoed Greek, had another. We soon passed the gardens of the academy, now no longer the retreat of the sage, but the officinal of the husbandman, and thickly planted with olives. I first drank of the celebrated Cephisus, and then vaulted across its slow-moving waters. We walked for some time along the remnants of the "sacred way," passed the temple of Daphne on the road side, and that of Venus of Phyle, both in ruins, and soon arrived at *Eleusis.*

This city, once so celebrated, now scarcely a hamlet, was the grand theatre of those impure "mysteries," to which, as Macknight conceives, allusion is made by Paul in his epistle to the Ephesians. As I stood on the salt lake where these rites were so long transacted, a Greek boor said to me, on seeing me stoop to taste the water,—"The sea!" "No," I replied, "it is not the sea; it is only salt water.

Whence does it come?"—"That we don't know," was his reply. Here I gave the papas or priest, Nicholas, some catechisms and tracts, and begged he would carefully instruct the dear children of Eleusis. In thanking me for the gift, he signified his assent to my request, by remarking laconically, "it is my duty." May all ministers feel so, for next to the pulpit the school is their fort.

Of the salt springs I have named, on the surface of whose waters I noticed a wild duck, one was anciently consecrated to Ceres, the other to Proserpine, patrons of the notorious Eleusinian mysteries. None save the priests of the temple, of all whose splendours I only saw a large and well wrought marble altar, had the right of fishing in those waters.* But of all the rude and tantalizing crowds who, in ancient times, used to divert themselves in foolish harlequinades, behind the backs of all persons of distinction who attended the Eleusinian mysteries, to commemorate a similar rude reception of Ceres by an old Greek dame of the name of Jambe; not one remained to annoy myself.†

I have scarcely a doubt that the pompous, mystic, semi-pagan rites of the papal mass, originated in a very censurable imitation of the mysteries of Eleusis. Nor is the fact, that the mass was not fully concocted for many hundred years after the apostolic age, any proof to the contrary; for, the gradual maturation of this grievous innovation only shows, that in some cases corruption may be long in completing its work. If the reader consult the learned Macknight's Preface to the Epistle of Paul to the Ephesians, or Bishop Warburton's Divine Legation, he will not improbably entertain a like sentiment.

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* See Anacharsis and the authorities cited by the author.

† Strabo; lib. ix. p. 400. Suidas in *Γέφυρα*.

After a tedious walk of fourteen miles, and riding six, we came at night to Megara. This name the English, with a noble contempt of accents, pronounce Megára, but by the present, as by the ancient natives, it is sounded Mégara, the accent being laid on the first syllable, precisely as the ancient Greeks wrote the word. Of this very ancient town, standing over the high coasts of the waters of Salamis, I saw no remains but the walls. Its actual inhabitants were stated to me at about 3000; yet in all the town there was not a *single school!* I staid at the residence of Anagnostes Economopoulos, whose wife kindly lodged me, that is, provided me my meals, and allowed me at night to spread my mattress on the floor. It was thus I uniformly slept in my travels; and this had been luxury itself, but that I was literally devoured with vermin,—in plain English, with lice, during my entire journey in the Morea. These disgusting creatures had secured a lodgment in my linen, and for the world I could not free myself from their presence, unless I had burned all my wardrobe.

With my kind hostess I left some books, and promised more. Her children, I hope, have gleaned good from them. The poor thing was lamenting the absence of her husband, who was engaged in the war with Turkey. A neighbouring woman came in, told me her daughter was sick, and requested a small pittance of tea and sugar as a medicine. In Greece, as in Italy, tea is taken as a sudorific.

On our way from Athens to Megara, we passed the very spot where Xerxes stood, to witness the discomfiture of his myriads, in the celebrated action fought here between the Greeks and Persians. But in all this region not a soul did I see, to the best of my recollection. "Where is the disputer of this world?" Where were now the proud host of Xerxes? I asked where, and echo responded "where." Such is the glory of man. Such is the fate of conquerors. But here I was myself a victim; for on this spot, where Xerxes lost his *army*, I lost my *coat;* but who stole it I never knew to this day; nor will the pen of Clio record my loss, though to me, perhaps, as touching as that of Xerxes to the Persian.

From Megara we set off at daylight for *Corinth.* On the road we skirted the Corinthian gulf: a most delightful walk. At the head of the waters we occasionally obtained, as we turned a projecting angle of the coast, a splendid view of the towering citadel, high in the air, yet black and frowning. We crossed the isthmus of Corinth about noon. This, could one fail to recollect, was the site of some of those celebrated "games" so often alluded to by St. Paul. In his epistle to Timothy is a most elegant and endearing reference to these agonistical contests of the ancient Greeks: “I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give unto me at that day.” The “ course, ”or stadium, was now mapped out at my feet. Around this stadium thousands used to congregate, to witness the dexterity of the wrestler, the velocity of the racer, or the genius of the poet; and the *βραβευταὶ* or judges sat hard by, to award the prize to victors. How interesting is the allusion made to these facts by Paul, in addressing the infant church of Christ: “ Wherefore, seeing that *we* also”—not the agonistical candidates, but we professors—“ are encompassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight”—that might encumber us in our course —“ and run with patience the *race* set before us.” In another place this learned and zealous apostle addresses the very men, who in other ages assembled where my feet now stood, in beautiful allusion to these Isthmian contests: “ So run that ye may obtain”—obtain the crown of glory.

Such a ruin did Corinth, the once opulent, the splendid, the populous Corinth, now present, that I actually slept in a mere shed. I saw camels browsing the long, lank, rank grass, that grew in lower rooms of houses once tenanted by human beings, and clambering over the half-ruined walls, to graze in another apartment, after devouring the vernal luxuries of a previous chamber. All along the road, in the vicinity of Corinth, I marked the bones of camels, horses and men, both Turk and Greek, bleaching on the adjacent plains; for here had occurred one of the most appalling battles, that originated in the Greek revolution.

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* 1 Cor. ix. 24.

In surveying the ruins of Corinth, I was accompanied by a stupid priest, a miserable *cicerone*, but a yet more miserable guide of souls. I gave away thirty Greek catechisms and some tracts, which were uniformly received with respectful thanks. When I told my guide that, as a minister of Christ, it behoved him to teach the young, having a fearful account to render to God at last; his cool reply, as we stood beneath the ruins of the temple of Jove, or of the Sun, was "thou art a steward." What the poor man meant is still a problem. The term "steward" is the official name of a superior priest; and perhaps he designed to intimate, that I was officiously and gratuitously assuming the authority of an *economos.*

When at Corinth, I learned that its actual inhabitants did not surpass four hundred persons, male and female. What a contrast to its classic story! Corinth is said to have been built by Sisyphus, grandfather of Ulysses, about the age of David and Solomon. The site of this city, between two gulfs, that of Lepanto and that of Corinth, rendered it extremely rich as a commercial entrepot. As I stood on the isthmus, with the site of the Cenchrea on the eastern gulf, and that of Lecheum on the western, I distinctly saw the two gulfs by an oblique glance, without a change of position; nor did they seem beyond half or a quarter of a mile asunder, though in fact, not less than ten miles of land lay between them. The ancient riches of Corinth produced pride, luxury, and extreme lewdness; and as, in Malta, "una Siciliana" is tantamount to a female of base conduct, so anciently the term κορινϑιάζειν, to act as at Corinth, was equivalent to the grossest of terms. Venus, the favourite goddess of Corinth, had a temple here, which, in fact, was no other than a brothel. In a state of moral feeling so degrading, as to retain a thousand prostitutes in a public fane, one discerns the utmost need of that holy gospel, here planted by the instrumentality of Paul.

About A. M. 3724, this city acceded to the Achæan confederacy. Highly provoked with the Corinthians for insulting the Roman ambassadors, who, after the conquest of Greece, had ordered the dissolution of that league; Mummius the consul, in the year of the world 3858, took their city, and burnt it to ashes. The multitude of statues of different metals, melted and run together in the conflagration, composed the Corinthian brass, which was reckoned more precious than gold. About forty-six years before Christ, Corinth was rebuilt by Julius Cæsar, and peopled with a Roman colony. It quickly became the finest city of Greece.

About A. D. 52, Paul preached here eighteen months, with great success, and amidst no small persecution from the Jews, and planted a christian church here, which has continued, more or less, till the present time.

About the year 268 of the christian era, the Heruli burnt Corinth to ashes. In 525 it was again almost entirely ruined by an earthquake. About 1180 Roger, king of Sicily, took and plundered it. It subsequently fell into the hands of the fiery Othomans, under whose withering government this hapless city remained till 1821, which was three years before the visit I am now recording.

We left Corinth in a shower for Aghios Georgius, or, as pronounced in Greece, *Ayios Yeoryios.* Early in the day we passed the ruins of Cleone, of which ancient city I could discern nothing but some misshapen walls, that indicated the boundaries of this once busy scene. Thence we advanced to a ruin and to a locality still more touching,—*Nemea*, of which there only now remains a ruin of the temple of Jove, and even of this celebrated fane, three columns only retain an erect position; the rest, in drums of marble, with broken pedestals, friezes and other blocks, lie a magnificent spectacle around the bases of these columns.

Yet Nemea was once a noble city, crowded with human beings, all now past into the invisible state. This city, this very locality on which I now stood, was one of the four sites of the famous Olympic contests, celebrated every three years, in honour of Jove. Pausanias states, that at the Nemean games the Argives presided, and that the only prize was a crown. To this crown allusion is made by St. Paul: "Now they contend for a corruptible crown, we for an incorruptible." Corruptible or fading indeed it was, for it was often of laurel or parsley.* Soon after quitting the temple, our eyes fell on a most interesting object,—the cave of the Nemean lion. But the lion was turned into a lamb, for I saw inside this celebrated cavern a poor Greek shepherd and his flock. The destruction of this furious lion was the first labour of Hercules. The brute infested the Nemean woods between Philus and Cleone, and perpetrated appalling deeds. Hercules, it is said, attacked the lion both with his club and with arrows, but in vain sought the death of an invulnerable foe. He at length strangled his furious enemy, tore him to pieces with his brawny hands, and wore his skin as a triumphant memorial of the victory. It is at least supposable, that the Hercules of Grecian mythology is but a caricature of Sampson in the inspired record.

On reaching Aghios Georgius, we were compelled to wander about in the cold for some time, ere any one would receive us. The reason was found in the conduct of the Greek soldiers of the revolution. At last we entered a family, and observing the poor children crying for fear, I said some kind things to them, and succeeded in pacifying all parties. After supper, we lay down on the floor as usual; but during the night I was compelled to get up, as the rain and hail, for a full hour, came down upon my head through the roof of our fragile abode. I here left some catechisms with the family, for themselves and others, and some tracts for the village papas.

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* Pausanias, lib. ii. cap. 15.

Next day, after walking fifteen miles in rain and high harassing wind, we reached Napoli di Romania, about six miles from Argos. Having had to pass the tomb of Agamemnon, we intended to breakfast in this ancient receptacle of the ashes of "the king of men," but failed to recognise it. Here I found a Mr. Masson from Scotland, sent out, I think, as a pioneer of education, by some noble-minded ladies of North Britain. Mr. M. seemed an estimable man of talent, and was precisely the best Grecian of any man I have known from England. I have an impression that Masson is yet in Greece; and that he holds the post of a judge under the existing government. Here I also found Captain Hesketh, ill of the endemic that had just cut off so many in this town, together with my excellent friend Dr. Howe, from America. With the latter gentleman I took up my abode, while prosecuting a few enquiries.

Napoli di Romania is the ancient Nauplia, a name which, since Grecian independence was established, has been resumed. This town of Argolis is perched on the margin of the Aegean sea, and has even invaded the dominions of Neptune. It was built during the regime of the Venetians. Its low situation is unfavourable to health. Hence the endemic of which I have spoken, and hence the transfer of the court from Nauplia to Athens in 1834. High over the town, rises the almost impregnable fortress of Palamidæ, constructed by the Venetians. From the position of Nauplia in respect to the rest of Greece, this place may be styled the Gibraltar of the Aegean sea. From the latter the view of Nauplia is finely picturesque, especially in the fairer state of the vernal clime of Greece; but he who would preserve the dear illusion, is advised not to step into the town. The houses incline to ruin; the streets are narrow and filthy; and therefore the habits of the people cannot much assimilate with purity and decorum. A modern Hercules might cleanse the streets; but what shall brush away the ungenial miasma, exhaling from the adjacent marshes?

With my friend Masson, I spent some hours in conference on the state and wants of Greece, and after my return to Malta I sent up to him, still at Nauplia, a large box of the Greek Pilgrim's Progress, with other books for circulation. I also paid my respects to Prince Mavrocordatos, now at the head of affairs. He was meditating an attack on Patrass. We had much conversation, surrounded by his suite of attendants armed to the teeth. The prince had his arm in a sling, having been wounded; but to me it was shrewdly remarked that this sling was a mere feint, to postpone or put aside altogether the unwelcome day of battle. Prince Mavrocordatos, or Black-heart, as the term imports, received me very politely, and appointed a soldier to protect me through the rest of Greece.

One day a number of poor fellows, who had been wounded in battle, came into our apartment to have their wounds dressed by Dr. Howe. One had lost two fingers; a second had a ball wound in his arm; another had received a ball through his leg; and of another the heel had been partly shot away in a brûlotte. The poor fellow with a shattered hand could hardly refrain from tears, as Dr. Howe rocked his wrist to prevent indurition, and said with a touching appeal, "see what the war has done for us!"

In company with some friends, I passed round the fort of Palamidæ to the adjacent plain near Tyrins, to inspect the locality of a recent battle. I saw enough to justify the imprecation of the Psalmist, —"scatter thou the nations that delight in war." Here I beheld the skeletons of Turks and of Greeks slumbering together, neither oppressing nor oppressed. One head had the hair still fresh upon the scalp, and one body I saw almost entire. The clothes lay beneath the body, but whether these humbled remains belonged to male or female, prince or peasant, could not be determined. It lay among some nettles and a heap of stones. A friend of Dr. Howe having requested him, in a letter from America, to send him a supply of good human teeth, the doctor drew those of different heads that appeared in our path. It is probable, therefore, that some of our transatlantic friends are masticating their food, with the teeth of Turks and of Greeks slain in the land of Harpocrates.

During my stay at Nauplia, I was invited to dine with an officer of the Greek army, holding the rank of colonel. Very shortly before my arrival, a Greek had set up an eating house on the plan of those of Paris; but the whole fabric was a mere burlesque on its splendid prototypes, though highly commendable as the first attempt of the kind, I believe, ever made in Greece. Of this establishment I leave the reader to form his judgment from one little incident. A bill of fare having, to my utter astonishment, been placed in our hands, I observed that the names of the dishes were all written in Greek. As I ran my eye down these names, it fell upon an English dish, "ῥὼς-πῆφ, ros-peef," meaning roast beef. We called for roast beef: "very well," replied mine host of Nauplia. We waited rather impatiently about a quarter of an hour. "Are they slaughtering the beef?—are they marketing?" At length in comes the Greek with the roast beef; and what does the reader think it was?—a dish of tough harricoed mutton or goat, I know not which. Yet one may not wonder at a Greek's notion of roast beef; for even in France, if this dish is ordered, one sometimes hears the question, "Monsieur, voulez vous ros-bef d'agneau, ou de mouton?"—will you have roast beef of lamb, or of mutton?

In company with Mr. Millar, a pious but somewhat singular native of Vermont in America, and with old *Baba Chronis*, my Greek soldier, I set out from Nauplia for Tripolitsa. We had to cross the gulf to Mylos. This we did, but had no sooner landed, than I made the terrific discovery that I had left my box at Nauplia, containing all my money drawn for books, together with other things of value.

While Baba Chronis returned for this, I occupied myself in distributing tracts, and conversing with a croud of palikaris or Greek guerillas located here. Soon after I left Mylos, there was a hot skirmish with the Turks. Many of the soldiers were refused tracts, as my supply was now very small. All that long day I waited for the appearance of my box, and at night lay down with a heavy heart, under the impression that Baba had got the box and fled with it. Next morning Millar and myself often threw a longing glance over the gulf, but no Baba, and no tidings. At length, at ten A.M. to our inexpressible joy he crossed the channel, and delivered me the box with every thing secure. When Mr. Millar first saw old Chronis, he clapped his hands and capered just like a savage, whose scanty vocabulary cannot supply terms to signify his joy. These amusing harlequinades, added to his most bizar mixture of costume,—blue American trousers, small red Greek cap, suliot capote and arms,—were a scene for Hogarth.

Before quitting the vicinity of Nauplia, let me remark that here, or at Epidaurus, would be a good field for a devoted missionary. Epidaurus, Kranithee, Thramalee, and many other towns and villages lie in the vicinity. If a missionary made either Nauplia or Epidaurus the centre, he would have a circle around him peopled by immortals much in want of the gospel and of education.

Leaving Mylos, with our mattresses and other effects across a shaggy Peloponnesian nag, we arrived at *Aghiorygetiko* soon after sunset, but met a most inhospitable reception. Few know the heart of a stranger. Our soldier at length proceeded to break open a cottage-door. The woman within scolded, and I saw there was need of wisdom. Advancing to the door, I spoke kindly to her, calmly depicting our case and wants; and old Chronis now laid aside the janizary, and put in requisition all the kindest words and phrases his vocabulary could furnish. Two very soothing phrases in modern Greek are, *μάτιάμου* and *ψυχήμου*, literally, “ my eyes,” “ my soul,” but tantamount to, my love. These, old Baba plied with more policy than affection; and when I added that I would pay for refreshment, the reluctant door flew open, and we had a supper of onions, cheese, and butter stewed in a little water. After this, fagged and drowsy, we all lay down in our clothes and arms, and slept the night out.

Can I blame the tenant of this mud cottage?—Plunged as Greece now was in all the calamities of war, the numerous unpaid guerillas foraged at pleasure, and spared neither property nor honour. For a long time after we had seated ourselves upon the ground of this abode, not a female appeared save the mother; for no reputation was safe, and mothers even disguised the beauty of their daughters in disgusting rags and filth, to aid their escape. But when the females, hidden in very holes and corners, heard the conversation of a missionary, they crawled stealthily from their retreats, and even sat with us by the fire, which, as in all the poorer dwellings of Greece, was on the floor in the centre of the house.

At this stage I find in my memoranda a note, that a missionary tour from this place to Olympia, taking in all the adjacent towns and villages by a series of detours, might prove highly useful. In this idea, a subsequent visit, precisely upon this route, by the Rev. Messrs. Smith and Anderson, has sufficiently confirmed me. But, as they did not visit any places out of the direct line of route, the detours I planned may yet be made, and often repeated with a blessed result. The position of Mr. Lowndes at Corfu, an island off the Albanian coast, is not at all unpropitious to such an object, as often as time and circumstances may permit. Whoever makes this tour, must go amply furnished with copies of the Holy Scriptures, and other useful books, together with a good assortment of well-written tracts. Let him every night solicit shelter in some cottage, and spend the evening with the family in holy converse. His mules or horses will carry his books in boxes, and he may walk by the side, occasionally mounting the one most lightly laden, when "weary with his journey." During my own travels in Greece, I had in my pocket a small leathern cup, compressible like an opera-hat, which I used to dip into streams and rivers as I passed along, and thus "drank of the brook by the way."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ARRIVAL AT TRIPOLITSA.—DESCRIPTION OF THE LOCALITY.—TEGEA AND MANTINEA.—ELIGIBLE AS A MISSIONARY STATION.—A RENCOUNTER.—DEMITSANA.—ITS SCHOOL.—ERYMANTHUS.—ACHAIA.—ALBANIAN LANGUAGE AND TESTAMENT.—SCHOOL SYSTEM IN GREECE.—LETTER.—SHOT THROUGH MY GOWN.—CROSS THE RIVER ALPHEUS.—PYRGOS.—ROBBERS.—SCENE AT KATACOLO.—ANECDOTE.—REACH ZAKYNTHOS.—LORD BYRON.—RETURN TO MALTA.

Bidding a kind adieu to the friendly cottagers, we once more set out, and after about nine hours' travel, entered the large and populous town of Tripolitsa. To the eparchos of this place I had a letter. This gentleman politely assigned me quarters in a private house: the owner, however, made many and angry demurs, which rendered the commencement of our acquaintance very unsocial and annoying. But the moment I stated that whatever he provided for myself and friends should be honourably paid for, his manner suddenly changed to the extreme of obsequiousness. "Come in, sir; come in!" he bawled; and, rushing to the estia, or fire-place, he brushed away the previous tenants, with all the bustle and importance of a bashaw.

I learned from the governor of Tripolitsa, that though, at the commencement of the war, its inhabitants had amounted to about 30,000, there were not at this time half that number. These were all Greeks; but previously this capital of the Greece of the Othomans was peopled almost entirely by Turks, and these the richest of the land. Just prior to my arrival, the Greeks had possessed themselves of Tripolitsa, and had, according to some of the estimates I heard, put to death about 30,000 Turks, even roasting some of them alive. The governor informed me, that in this town there was even now one Lancastrian school and one Hellenic or high school; but of books they were almost destitute. The former was for four hundred children, and in the latter were taught Herodotus, Xenophon, and Thucidides In fact, it was uniformly to me a sort of moral phenomenon to observe, that on one day, the poor Greeks of the numerous towns would be fighting the Moslems, and the next building a school.

The name Tripolitsa, formed during the Venetian regime, is coined from two words which mean "three cities;" because here stood, in ancient times, the celebrated cities of Tegea, Mantinea, and Polantis. This Othoman capital stands midway between Argolis and Elis, for here I see Cornelius Nepos locates the cities I have just named. It is properly in Arcadia, the genial, rural, poet-sung Arcadia. Yet the large and splendid plain on which the town stands, is often covered with a dense snow, though the genuine Arcadian crook is seen in the hands of the shepherds. In January the streams are often frozen, and the plain is so thickly clad in snow, as not to admit the appearance of its undulations or its smaller shrubs, to break the uniformity of the chilly scene. When I was there, this " vernal clime" was very cold; nor is it infrequent that the thermometer ranges, in the months of December to February, between 17 and 20 of *Farenheit.* It is not improbable that this Arcadian plain rises two thousand feet above the level of the sea; yet in the vicinity are mountains still more elevated and precipitous. Arcadia is one of the *seven* districts into which Peloponnesus was divided by the Othomans. The other six were Corinthia, Sicyonia, Achaia, Elis or Argolis, Laconia and Messenia. But by the present government a new arrangement has made some changes of importance. The climate of Tripolitsa is pure and bracing; the town is not inelegantly built, and has a wall about ten feet high, formidable only to such belligerants as Turks and Greeks. Yet to take the town, internal treason seconded the arms of about 20,000 Greek palikaris or guerillas.

In the vicinity of Tripolitsa, one may even yet trace some remains of Mantinea and Tegea; but to feel the full force of the actual desolation of these now almost invisible cities, memory calls back their ancient glories. Yes, *here*, on the very spot where I now in vain look for Tegea, and only discern, even of Mantinea, the dilapidated walls, about eight feet thick, and not above three in height, with the appearance of marshy, sedgy land within;—yes, *here*, where I cannot meet a single human being;—*here*, two thousand years ago, stood the splendid, bustling, haughty children of Pelops, warm in life and proud in arms. Tegea was erst one of the principal cities of Peloponnesus, and her inhabitants obtained signal honours—such as war can accord—in the battle of Platea; nor less so in their conflict with imperious Lacedemon, and her haughty rival Mantinea. Tegea and Mantinea were often at war; rivals and foes, they divided Greece into factions. In the war against Persia, the inhabitants of this very Mantinea disputed with Athens the command of one of the wings of the Greek army.* Such they *were*, but *now*—oh! where are even their tombs? and where the Thebans, and Spartans, and Athenians, who once fought and fell where I now stand?

A place so large, so central to all the province of Arcadia as is Tripolitsa, becomes eligible as a missionary post. Here the gospel messenger may preach amidst a large population; promote the education of the young; and pay frequent visits to the towns and villages of Arcadia;—Demitsana, the ancient Erymanthus, Langathia, Tharà, Carytena, Leondari, Paulitza, Anthritsana, and numerous smaller localities, all within a circle of no great extent; and if he singled out as head quarters the populous town of Demitsana, the centre town of Arcadia, the *radius* of this circle would not much exceed forty miles.

Here, as in other parts of Greece, provisions are remarkably cheap: beef in Peloponnesus is scarce, but mutton and lamb are plentiful, at about two-pence per pound. Lamb is, in all parts of Greece, used when very young, and is exquisitely tender and palatable. Goat's-flesh is very generally eaten, and when slaughtered young, is equal to lamb. The kid is much spoken of in the Old Testament as an article of food. The loaf, weighing two pounds and a quarter, costs three-pence. Wine is generally two-pence per bottle. Eggs sell at two or three-pence per dozen, and fruit is abundant and cheap. Potatoes are not much in cultivation, but the want is not felt, as the staff of life is cheap.

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* Thucidides, lib. v. cap. 62; Herod. lib. ix. cap. 26 and 28.

On quitting Tripolitsa, our route lay all day among mountains, and the snow fell most of the way. Just after entering the mountain defile north of Tripolitsa, both myself and companions fully anticipated death on the battle-field of Theban warriors. The facts are briefly these:—Our muleteer was a churlish man, and had, all the way from Tripolitsa, exhibited a very refractory spirit. I rebuked him, and in so doing, unwisely styled the poor man a Turk and a barbarian. For this Mr. Millar very properly remonstrated with me, reminding me that I was among the men who had just put to death 30,000 Othomans. The muleteer refused to come on. "Then," said I, "I will drive on without you;" and so I did, hoping he might soon follow, as the mule was his own. I soon perceived that my mule was in company with about half a dozen others, so that we formed a respectable cavalcade, or rather mulade. These, as I subsequently learned, were laden with powder and ball, and were on the way to join the siege of Patrass, to the right of our route, yet bound for some time on the same.

So on we drove alone, but had scarcely entered the gorge or defile of the mountains north of Tripolitsa, when we saw our muleteer running after us at the top of his speed, accompanied by four or five other men, all bristling in arms. The mountain-pass we were now in, is, I believe, formed by a double range of mountains, the more remote chain rising higher than that near the town. Here it was, or close by, that Epaminondas fell, and here, it seemed probable, my own bones were destined to find their last resting place, close to the eminence where the Athenian infantry anciently took up their position, while the Theban bands were stretched along the adjacent plain.

The moment old Baba Chronis saw these armed men approaching, he looked thoughtfully at us, and then, without uttering a syllable, sat down on the ground, and rammed a second ball into his pistol. My worthy friend Millar turning to me said, "I told you what we might expect; you forgot, when you reproved that churl, that this is a land of blood, that in this very place 30,000 Turks have so lately bled." The force of this remark I felt. "Well," I replied, "at all events let us show heart: your arms are all got round behind you, under your capote; bring them in front, that the men may see we are not unarmed." So saying, I arranged my own little *empty* pistols in the most formidable manner I could, and thus exposed, for I had no other weapon, we stood and awaited the onslaught. If a silent prayer ascended to the ear of the God of armies, what could more beseem a rational and accountable being? At length our formidable foe came up, at a running pace still, and now came the crisis of our fate. Though expecting an attack, I feigned an air of complete self-possession and genuine *nonchalance*, and, addressing the foremost, whom we now suspected to be the drivers of the sumpter mules going to Patrass, "come my good men," I cried, "what a time you've been! It is now late in the day, and we have several hours' travel to Demitsana, chiefly among mountains." To this speech not one of them replied a syllable, but running *past* us, as they had done *to* us, they all commenced a bastinade upon the mules, drove them forward and began singing! We felt like Hercules after the death of the Nemean lion. It seems the poor men intended us no harm. Yet our own muleteer all this day showed himself so ill-grained, so obstinately unkind, that when we reached Demitsana at night-fall, or next morning, I discharged him and took two fresh mules in place of his.

At Demitsana I found one *public school*, conducted by the secretary of Colocotrones. I visited it, and also inspected the school library. I think there were not less than about 200 volumes, including the old Greek historians, poets and sages. This gentleman pointed my attention to Pausanias, and candidly balanced the evidence for and against the notion, that the very locality where we now stood is the Erymanthus of the ancients. "But," said he, "the cypress mentioned by Pausanias is no longer visible." I think he stated their having recently found the statue of a beast, as an evidence that Demitsana is the place where Hercules slew the wild boar. I was delighted to find the school and the library, but grieved at one piece of information. "Sir," said my worthy guide, "when Tripolitsa was attacked, we were short of paper for cartridges, and so tore up a great portion of this library, to obtain the material." Close by the town rolls a rapid river. "This," said he, "we call the Erymanthus."—"Indeed!" said I, "that is evidence enough surely; yet stay, have the people hereabout always so called it?"—"No, sir," was his candid reply; "we read Pausanias' account of Erymanthus, and seeing so many reasons in favour of this place, we renamed the river." I think, however, that here runs the genuine Erymanthus, for the stream has banks appallingly sterile, and bluff and high, and it struck me that the term Erymanthus is derived from eremos anthon, barren of flowers.

We were now in the province of Achaia, whence the name Achæi, so often used by the father of poets. Here, in St. Paul's time, Gallio was the Roman deputy; and though there were many Gallios, "who cared for none of these things," yet the grace of God so accompanied the proclamation of truth by that blessed apostle, that many churches were planted in Achaia in that early age.* The city of Corinth being comprehended in this division of Greece, we find the epistle to that church addressed, "unto the church of God which is at Corinth, with all the saints who are in all Achaia." To the next verse, a missionary *now* traversing these parts most cordially assents, in his ardent wishes to bring back to this land the gospel of St. Paul; "Grace be to you, and peace, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ." In this locality anciently stood "the house of Stephanas, the first fruits of Achaia, who had given themselves to the ministry of the saints;" and to comfort Paul in his bonds, this same Stephanas, with Fortunatus and Achaicus,—the former perhaps a Roman,—were sent from this land on an errand of mercy, and "made glad" the heart of a suffering saint of God.*

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* See Acts xviii.

Under the Turks Achaia was called *Livathia*; but that term will gradually sink to oblivion. It signifies fields. The name Achaia was very early given to all Peloponnesus, when *Achæi* was tantamount to Greeks. This division of Greece comprises several important localities. First there is Patrass, to which our muleteers were now conveying a supply of powder and ball. This town lies on the north-east coast of Peloponnesus, as we near the gulf of Lepanto from the south. It is the principal commercial city of Achaia, and very ancient. Its trade is very considerable, and its riches are such as entitle the place to rank high. Yet its port is so extremely insecure, as to compel vessels to fly off, in bad weather, to some of the Ionian isles for shelter. The population of Patrass is perhaps not below 10,000, and the town is defended by a castle. In 1451 this castle yielded to the arms of Mohamed II. and soon after I had parted with my companions, the Turkish garrison resigned the place to its original possessors. Vostitsa is another town of Achaia. The district of Vostitsa stretches coastwise as far as the site of the once celebrated Sicyonia. It appears, though a small town, to occupy the site of old *Aegium*. Where Sicyonia first reared its venerable head, there now stands the town of Vasilico, a name, possibly, traceable to its ancient *kingly* importance. This little town is perched upon an elevation. In place of the classic towns of Theranda, Phlius and Titana, we now find Xeela and Pheelia or Stapheelia. The latter town suffered most grievously from an incursion of Albanians, in 1770, when Greece so profusely bled, as the result of Russian demonstration, and the recreant policy of the autocrat.

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* See 2 Cor. i. 1, and 1 Cor. xvi. 15—18.

I had now disposed of nearly all my books, and could turn the rest of my journey, across the country to the west coast, only to the purposes of observation, and of colloquial intercourse with the natives. I could not refrain from smiling one day at the peculiarity of a compliment which a Greek paid to my translation of the Pilgrim's Progress. After perusing it for some time, he exclaimed,—“ Why, even a *woman* might almost understand this.” To frame this compliment he seemed to have laboured, and fancied himself to have pronounced a high encomium. “ The women,” I replied, “ of my country may know as much as the men, for we *educate* our females.”—“ May be,” said my friend, "but our women are nothing." Blessings on the generous females of Britain, especially of North Britain, in return for all their efforts to raise the character and influence of the women of Greece. To my pious and excellent friend, Mrs. Kennedy, much honour is due; for by her excellent example and pen was this heaven-like enterprise chiefly originated. But after all, in concern and in effort for the intellectual, moral and spiritual weal of Greece, the ladies of America stand foremost of the noble band.

A little off my line of route stood the desolate ruins of Lala, now a desert, formerly inhabited by a tribe of Albanians. I have omitted before to mention, that by Gregorios, an Albanian archbishop, my Greek Spelling-book was wholly or in part put into the language of that singular people; but has never, I fear, seen the light. The Albanian has not risen to the rank of a written tongue, nor has *nationally* attained even an alphabet. Sir J. C. Hobhouse and Major Leake give excellent vocabularies, but both use the Roman character. The archbishop adopted that of Greece, but it was found requisite to invent fresh signs, for certain sounds not used in the Greek. Under the superintendence of my brother missionary at Corfu, an alphabet, having the Greek as the base, was formed and cast, and with this was printed an edition of part of the Albanian Testament in that island. I have now lying before me a scheme of an alphabet drawn up by myself, including the Greek characters; but as the one adopted by Mr. Lowndes, which presents some departures from mine, may eventually be honoured by the choice of the Albanian nation, to present the latter to the reader might serve no practical object. Some notion, however, will be gathered as to the character of this tongue, probably the ancient *Illyrian*, by the statement, that to the twenty-four letters of the Greeks I was compelled to add eleven others, expressive of sounds peculiar to the language of Albania. The Testament I have named, printed at the expense of the British and Foreign Bible Society, has not found its way, I fear, to any great extent among this singular people; and it might be expedient for that excellent institution to commission some competent person on a special agency, both to accelerate its circulation, and to obtain the ideas of learned or influential men in order to its improvement and reprint. The edition from the press at Corfu I never thought a very inviting specimen of typography; nor, as this is but a maiden effort, will the remark be considered an ungenerous imputation on the ability of my colleague.

In one part of this province, Gastouni, died the young Lord Murrey; and a gentleman in the Greek army named Jarvis consigned to me the watch of this nobleman, requesting me to forward it to the Duchess of Athol. This I did, by a friend going to England, on my arrival at Malta; but I hope it is not ungenerous to signify my fears, that an old silver trinket, probably not worth more than 2*l.* was not the watch left by Lord Murrey.

In the few schools of Achaia was still kept up the old system of pedagogic tuition, to overthrow which I have devoted so large a portion of my missionary life. This consisted in teaching the pupils even the alphabet itself from a few tattered leaves of the ancient Psalter and the Octoechos, or chanting book of the Greek church. The following extract of a letter to myself, from the Rev. H. D. Leeves, then at Constantinople, may evince, that in labouring to supplant this usage, I neither erred nor failed. In fact these books *have* yielded the place to fitter agency. "I send you a bill for 140 scudes,"—about 11*l*.—"for the books you sent me. I have no doubt your Greek Spelling-book will very soon be in circulation, and you may send me as many more as you please, and as soon as you please. It seems very well adapted to its purpose. You will be glad to hear that in several schools, the little books from your press are superceding the old Octoechos, Psalter and Acts, in ancient Greek; and the absurdity of teaching their children to read in a language they do not understand, is beginning to be felt. You must, therefore, keep up your supply of *school books*, that the impulse given may be followed up." I had at this time in the press, a third edition of the Spelling-book, together with the Commentary on Paul's Epistles to Timothy and Titus, and a small Encheiridion of Geography.

Were a missionary located at Patrass, he might occasionally cross the gulf of Lepanto, and visit the old districts of Locris, Phocis, Acarnania, Aetolia, and Amphilochia. Here, no missionary has hitherto set foot; and yet all are, I believe, included in the last boundary line of free Greece, and in all these places are wanted the same gospel, the same schools, and the same books as in the rest of Greece. Surely some independent, pious, and active gentlemen will some day step out of our universities and colleges, and find their way, the gospel in their heart, and the christian primer in their hand, among these ignorant descendants of the Pelasgians. What is classic ardour worth—what is the value of an acquaintance with the poets of Greece, apart from the noble object of teaching their children a higher lay? Is there a duty more plain than that, of disseminating God's truth through the wide world? or a luxury more inviting than that, of interchanging thoughts with the tenants of the venerable soil of Greece, in the very words that anciently thrilled the hearts of excited throngs, in the senate, at the bar, and on the field of contest?

While seated on the floor at Demitsana, a priest came in, and was mean enough to ask me for money. "That is not a reasonable request," said I, "for I am of your order." This avowal led us to an interesting conversation on religion. I detailed to him the cardinal articles of our faith. "Well," said he, "you are not so heterodox as I imagined." I strongly recommended the Holy Volume, and both himself and the schoolmaster begged me to send them a supply from Malta, to which I assented most cheerfully. Notwithstanding my humble rank, the priest could not cease to aim at my purse; for as he retired, he said; "Then thou wilt not give me a trifle of money, eh?" This impertinent request I parried, by observing, "We have, of late, sent you so many sovereigns as a loan, I wonder you can imagine us to have any left."

Quitting Demitsana, we reached Aghios Yoannes, after five hours' march. To a watchful and most gracious Providence I owe it, that this march was not my last. I was walking about eight paces ahead of old Baba Chronis, listening to an occasional report of arms from behind a mountain, and anxious lest we were coming upon a party of Turks, or of Greeks and Turks in actual fight; when a piece was discharged just behind me. I started, and looking back, saw old Baba in the utmost agitation. I examined my loose gown, and found the ball had passed through it, just close to my thigh. "How is this?" I asked, trembling.—"Why, I don't know," replied Chronis.—"Whose piece went off?"—"Mine."—"How so?"—"I was carrying it *so* behind you, the muzzle turned to you, when the lock caught my clothes." I cannot persuade myself that my old soldier, for whom I had bought a pair of shoes at Tripolitsa, really designed my death; for, ere he could rob me, he had a second foe to kill,—my worthy friend Millar; so I allowed all to pass.

On skirting the base of the mountain, just before arriving at Aghios Yoannes, we learned the cause of the other reports; for here, on a plain, we suddenly came up to a wedding party. After resting, we went to see a portion of this gay company, engaged on the plain at jumping in the ever-occurring dance. They pressed me to join them: I declined. There were about a dozen fine young fellows, gay in attire, and decorated with their best armour. Mr. Millar fought two of them at swords, and they professed great admiration of his skill. I then observed a number of young urchins, who had gazed with open mouth at the swordsmen, form into parties, and fight the battle over again. Man is an imitative being: he is a creature of circumstances. How blessed when pliant youth have good example! In gospel times, a Quixotic Hercules or Theseus might have proved a Goliath of philanthropy, or a Sampson in faith. In Athens, a Wilberforce or a Clarkson might have been an oppressor of Helots. The young Greeks now formed a circle, and commenced a simultaneous chorus of dancing and singing. They pressed us to join them; and Mr. Millar danced an English hornpipe, whistling to the tune. This scene—this whistling and shuffling at the same time, was truly ridiculous; nor do I think our Greek captains much admired the exhibition; for they soon commenced throwing the discus or quoit. The readers of the Odyssey may perhaps remember a scene in the wanderings of Ulysses, not unlike the one just described; but I have not room for it here. The hero came a stranger to a village, as I now did, and, like myself, was pressed to join the light-heeled party in the dance.

From Aghios Yoannes to Pyrgos, our next resting-place, we wore away eleven hours. Of classic rivers, how elegantly, how *con amore* do the Greek poets sing! In this journey I crossed one of these, and one of most celebrity—the Alpheus. This river is now styled the Rufias, or Rofios; but near where we crossed, it takes the name of "Three-Rivers," as there is here a confluence of three streams. Though we had secured mules and horses for crossing, yet I observed that as the current was rapid and apparently deep, the whole party stood gazing on the bank, and "feared to launch away." At this moment a foolish idea crossed my mind, and under its Quixotical impulse, I plunged first into the stream. Through this turbid current we all passed in perfect security, and now we found ourselves in the famous district of Olympia, the scene of the notable Olympic contests.

Having nothing either to eat or drink, old Baba Chronis pressed me very much to allow him to seize a lamb, but this I forbade. To shake off his pillaging habits altogether was, however, no easy matter; and after we had travelled some time, and had sat down to ruminate in silence on the luxury of travelling with a famished appetite, Baba skulked off. In about ten minutes he returned, and presented me with some bread and a few crumbs of ill-made cheese. "Where have you got this?" I enquired. With the utmost *sang froid* old Chronis replied,—"I stole it." —"Where?"—"Do you see yon shepherd?"— "Yes."—"I took it out of his bag." On hearing this, I went off to the poor shepherd, and gave him some small coins, equal at all events to the amount of our theft. This was the first time I ever lived by thieving.

Pyrgos I found had no public school, though the inhabitants were about fifteen hundred; for, to two miserable pedagogic bear gardens, one cannot perpetrate the misnomer of applying the important term *school.* Besides the inhabitants, the village was at this time crowded and appalled by the presence of five hundred palicaris, about to join the expedition to Patras. In Greece, it may be observed, are several towns bearing the name of Pyrgos. In fact, the word simply means a tower, and to villages having a tower of any note, the name insensibly becomes affixed, as, in lands subject to frequent incursions, the tower is an object of importance. During my stay at this place, some ruffian soldiers robbed and attempted to murder two travelling merchants close to the village. I went to see the poor men: a surgeon was dressing the wounds of one of them. He was shockingly gashed in different parts of the body. When I saw the murderous disposition of these banditti of the palicaris, and reflected that I was next day to set off, without my companions; it occurred to me that, surrounded as I was by the very men I feared, a small exhibition of courage might not be altogether out of time or place. I therefore said loud enough to be heard, "Before those bad men take any thing from me, they shall take my life." Whether such a remark was discreet, is questionable; at all events, from the look of the soldiers, I had reason to suppose my bravery moved more pity than fear. Nothing was said in reply; and providentially I was not put to the test. Yet in my way from Pyrgos to Katacolo, on the coast of Elis, whence I was to embark for the Ionian isles, I passed the very spot where yet lay the blood of another man, murdered only twenty days before, by these same ruffians.

I reached Katacolo at dusk, and there found a small Greek craft ready to sail for Zante; but the wind being unfavourable, I passed the night on the floor of an old church of San Nicholas, on the site of the ancient *Pheia.* Around and near me, also on the floor, lay five or six Greeks and the priest of the church, a stupid-looking, bluff, clownish being, more fit, in appearance, to fell an ox than handle a book. In short, he and the other Greeks around me wore so much the air of assassins, that I often questioned whether I should ever see the light of heaven again. I however vailed my apprehensions, and passed a great portion of the night in friendly and religious conversation.

About midnight, the priest addressed me from his reclining place. His words were: "Holy father, tell us something about the fathers."—"Out of the Bible," said I, "I am willing to tell you something." From my notes I find he first began himself, pronouncing a sentence of dubious and of trashy import, which he added was out of the holy gospels. Without offending the listening Greeks by contradiction, I took up what seemed his best meaning, explained the scripture doctrine of repentance, and told them of the blood of sprinkling,—a theme which must often be singled out by the missionary to Greece. After I had finished, I made my appeal to the priest; "is it not so, old man?" said I, using the same term of respect by which he had addressed me, though we were neither of us probably above thirty, if so much. His reply was, "so it is." All the rest now assented to my exposè of the doctrine of justification by faith, and one or more said, "we have all one faith." Though this ignorant priest, to use the strong language of Job, was "a man whom I would not have set with the dogs of my flock," yet no man is insignificant whose judgment can command respect. It is better, in Greece, to implant truth than attack error. Let all missionaries remember this. Yet, since the latter mode of propagating the gospel is sanctioned by inspired usage, I should be sorry were any missionary to set it entirely aside. Fearing the intentions of my strange companions, I placed my uncharged pistols beneath my head before their eyes, under the impression that what cannot harm may at all events appal. But my fears, I verily believe, were altogether groundless.

At three o'clock next morning I was roused, and embarking, left Katacolo for Zante. When I left the old church, the priest said aloud, "may God *and the virgin* keep you!" My response was more scriptural; "may *God* preserve us all!" and so he most graciously did.

During our passage to the island of Zante, whose un-Venetian appellation is *Zakynthos*, an old captain told me, with amusing gravity, a story relative to one of my own countrymen, which is unquestionably traditional in Greece, but like other traditions,—foolish and false. Taking out of his bosom a sovereign, one of those which had recently come from England in aid of the Greek revolution, he said to me; "what beautiful money you have in England!" I assented. "Where do you get all your money, for you are immensely rich?"—"We work hard: we are a learned people, and you know knowledge is power." At this the old man shook his head most significantly, looked knowing, and shrewdly replied:—"All that may do very well, but I know how you get your wealth." "How?"—"By magic."—"By magic! how so?"—"I'll tell thee," said he with a cunning air, and told me the following story.

"An English magician once came to Athens. Going to the *disdar*, he said; 'there stands among the old ruins a broken column;—will you give me leave to take it away? it is worth nothing.' 'Not for the world,' replied the *disdar;* 'for if I did, my head would not be worth a *parà*.'—'Come now, returned the English magician, 'don't make a fuss about nothing; let me have it, and I will give you a hundred purses.'—'Not for five hundred.'—'Will you for a thousand?' This was too strong a bait, and the bargain was struck. The magician now stalked over the ruins, came up to the old column, pulled out a book of magic in English,* read a moment in the book, and then stepping behind the column, placed his hand upon a peg—for his magic taught all about it—when lo! the whole column opened, and inside, the magician found an immense treasure in gold, silver and precious stones. All these he scraped together, and off he set for London. *That's* the way you get your wealth." With such a theorist, it were vain to reason; and a good-natured smile had probably the same effect on *his* mind, as it so often produces on that of believers in transubstantiation. In both cases we may say, as Archbishop *Tillotson* in reference to the magic of the mass;—"to argue seriously against it, is to prove that an egg is not an elephant."

On reaching Zante, I was confined in the lazaretto for about nineteen days, because I had been in a land of epidemics. Devoured with vermin, I employed the first part of my imprisonment in acts of civilization. I had a small apartment, and near me lay the body of that celebrated, that talented, that erring nobleman,—*Lord Byron.* He had just paid the debt of nature and of sin at Messalonghi, and his ashes were peacefully slumbering. But I must bring these details to a close, only adding, that in the brig Florida, which conveyed his lordship's ashes from Messalonghi, I sailed from

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* When the Chevalier Colegno and I were examining an old marble altar at Eleusis, by aid of a *print;* two Greeks who stood by, seeing the exact likeness, exclaimed—"these English know everything."

Zante to Malta, with Count Gamba, Byron's last and beloved friend; and, after a second quarantine of twenty-five days, once more found myself in the bosom of my family.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LEAVE MALTA FOR CORFU.—A STORM.—VOWS OF LEVANT SEAMEN.—CORFU.—UNIVERSITY.—BARON THEOTOKYS.—PROFESSORS.—PSALITHAS.—ALI PASHAW.

To travel from place to place, in order to circulate holy books, and hold conversation with the natives; is one of the chief means of missionary efficiency in the classic land. Happy that man, who uses aright those ever-occurring moments, in time of travel, so favourable to the diffusion of truth!

On board the *Superbo*, a Maltese brig, I embarked one morning in December for Corfu, the chief of the Ionian isles. This kingdom of old Alcinoös is distant from Malta about 400 miles, and lies contiguous to Peloponnesus and Albania. The sky was overcast. The sea looked black. I foreboded a tempest, and my auguries were but too true. Yet, as the wind was fair, we arrived off Corfu in about fifty hours from Malta; but alas! not to gain our port on that fearful night.

I should in vain attempt to describe precisely, what can never *be* described properly—a tempest. We had, it seems, taken a false bearing, for land hove in sight, and on the lee too, at a moment when not at all expected. We supposed it to be Corfu. The sun was sinking in the west, and the sea ran mountains high. It grew dark. That dismal night! Many a storm have I weathered during my missionary life, but none, perhaps, so appalling as this. And this, too, in the "calm" waters of Greece.

With such a sea and a pitchy-dark night, to make for a lee shore had been insanity. We therefore put the ship about, intending to make for the Gulf of Venice, and weather out the storm in a clear sea. "They who go down to the sea in ships, who transact business in the mighty waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." We saw them this night; "for he commanded and raised the stormy wind, which lifted up the waves; and our souls melted because of trouble." About midnight, like Paul, "we deemed that we drew near some land." This was an awful discovery. It was now evident that the captain had lost his reckoning, for land was what we neither wished nor expected. With our mainsail in ribbons, the ocean boiling, the wind, rain, snow and sleet pitilessly pelting our poor crazy bark; we yet put her about again. Though a night of Cimmerian gloom, we had not been, I think, beyond some thirty minutes on this tack, when we again saw high looming land. This was dreadful! for we were land-locked, instead of being, as was hoped, in a good offing up the gulf of Venice. Yes! instead of riding there in tolerable safety, we were, as we found next day, among the Greek islands, with rocks on the lee and among others that styled, I think by Homer himself "the ship of Ulysses!"

The mate, who was a Maltese, now lost all his courage, all his tactics, and fairly cried long and loud. Not a tear did I shed; but my face was well bathed in spray, and snow, and rain, and sleet. When land appeared again, never shall I forget the speech of the mate. "Oh, captain!" he exclaimed, crying still like a babe, "Oh, captain! let the ship alone. Leave her to herself,—to the saint. Don't you dimly see those two headlands? That is certainly the entrance of the Corfu harbour! It is true we were not making for it, but rely on it St. Spiridion has had mercy on us, and is bringing our ship to port. Now do leave the vessel entirely to the saint. Oh! we'll all walk on our knees to the shrine of St. Spiridion, if he'll only save us and bring us to port. Oh, St. Spiridion! help us and deliver us from danger!" So saying, he again roared aloud.

I will here digress a while, to remark that St. Spiridion is the tutelary saint of Corfu. Like the ancient pagans, the Greeks and Italians have these demigods of their forefathers. To every classic reader, it is well known that the sea coasts, in ancient times, abounded in these topical deities, to which, as on this dreadful night, mariners used to present prayers and make vows. As the result of these *modern* vows, made in storms by an uninstructed, or rather falsely instructed population, I have seen poor seamen ashore walking through the streets dragging at their heels a fearful weight of chain! Others I have seen carrying about a rude painting, representing the storm they had eluded; and begging for the shrine of the saint *that saved them!* At other times, I have seen other modes of expressing either a penitence of the sins that entailed the storm, or gratitude to some ideal saviour, under the name of a saint. And all this among "christians!"

I remember once entering a church in the island of Cefalonia, seated on a hill overhanging the sea. To this church poor mariners often resort after storms. I remarked there what I have often seen also in papal churches in Malta; over the shrine of some favourite saint were ranged a number of arms, legs, eyes, pictures of ships in danger, and so forth; some in white wax, some in silver, and some in gold. What are these?—What mean they? These are oblations of gratitude, placed on the wrong altar. The offerers have been at the point of death in sickness, or have suffered under some local disease, or, in fine, have been in such a storm as that I am describing; and in their distress have made vows to the saint, which they fulfilled by presenting these limbs and rude paintings. Compare Acts, xix. 23—27.

But to return: The violence of the hurricane seemed momentarily to increase; the waves roared and foamed with terrific grandeur; the little brig "reeled to and fro, and staggered like a drunken man." The snow still fell; the mate still cried; the captain alone, of all the ship's company, maintained anything like self-possession. When the mate still pressed him "to leave the vessel to the saint," he made no reply, but, with a resolute mien, again ordered the sails round for a fresh tack. As I clung to something on deck, to secure myself when the ship rolled and plunged or shipped a wave, I well recall my mingled thoughts of dread and consolation.

The hours moved slowly on, while the fury of the elements remained unabated; and, in fact, to me the tempest appeared to increase during the greater part of the night. Providentially, our captain, unlike the mate, retained the most complete self-possession; and just as I had gone below, I suddenly heard—not, thank God, a crash of the vessel—but a number of voices, louder than the loud winds that roared around us. I listened,—" What is this?—What comes next?"—I again listened, holding on by the timbers: " Scapolammo! Scapolammo! we've got through the rocks, we've got through the rocks!" So indeed we had. Finding—as it appeared to me then, and still—that we were, on all points of the compass, land-locked, the captain at length ventured to near what seemed two headlands, with an opening between them. To the honour—not of St. Spiridion, but of a higher power, be it recorded, we *had* cleared this pass, and that in a boiling sea, and a pitchy night. In short, we had escaped immediate death, found ourselves in an open sea, with the horrid lee behind us. I mean the lee-shore had thus suddenly become our weather; so that the wind, though high as ever, ceased to threaten us with more danger than an ordinary storm.

We rode all night, rolling and pitching fearfully;

but not a life was lost, and “ no damage but of the ship.” When this danger commenced, we were near our port, but did not reach it again after the storm, for at least three or four days. Would the reader learn patience, let him weather a few storms on a lee-shore, or make a long harassing voyage. The Mediterranean has generally the character of a placid sea. My opinion of nautical affairs is not worth much, I suppose, though I have sailed some eighteen thousand miles; but at all events, my impression is, that this sea is by no means a pleasant one, save on account of its genial climate.

The island we at length reached was Corfu, where I spent about a month. This was once the kingdom of Alcinoös. I am not prepared to say whether some of the Homeric heroes, who hastened to the siege of Troy, did not come from this very island. From Ithaca, close by, one of the seven Ionian islands, of which Corfu is the chief and the seat of government, some brave fellows certainly *did* proceed to that memorable conflict: “ *οἳ ῤ ’Ιϑάκην*,” etc.

After Malta, rocky, iron-bound Malta, I was pleased and astonished at the rural beauties of Corfu. During a promenade into the interior, to mark the site of the palace of its ancient ruler, and to see some newly-discovered ruins; nature appeared lovely in the extreme, especially for the season.

The population of Corfu is about 60,000, and that of its sister island, Zante, about the same. As the Ionian isles, after the Roman and Vandal age, remained so long under the Genoese and Venetian regime, almost every heart in the republic was venal. Perhaps, without bearing false witness, it may be added, that of all these seven islands, now governed by a Lord High Commissioner from Britain, Zante is precisely the most genial, the most venal, and the most immoral.

As most of the remarks in the former chapters, on the domestic habits, costume and manners of the Greeks, apply to those of Corfu, I shall not, for the *present*, renew the topic; my intention being to present the reader first with some other particulars.

Soon after my arrival, I began to attend the Greek university, being introduced by my friends, the late Rev. G. Winnock, chaplain to the forces, and the Rev. I. Lowndes. This university owes a deep debt to its noble and munificent founder, the late Lord Guildford, who did me the honour to call on me in Malta, when this same university was our theme. The first lecture I attended was delivered in Greek, of course, and *to* Greeks, by Crandianòs, professor of mathematics. I remarked that the Greeks used the letters of the alphabet for both known and unknown quantities, so at least it struck me. One interesting youth, about fifteen,—he told me twelve, but "*Græcia mendax*," &c., worked a problem, and drew his diagrams on the black board with great adroitness. This youth was from Yoannina.

The first time I dined with his Highness, Baron Theotokys, president of the Ionian senate, I met Assopios, professor of general history and of Latin in the university. I had seen Assopios make an attempt, in the professional chair, to read Homer both by accent and quantity. This, I fearlessly pronounce, never can be done. At the Baron's hospitable table I pressed Assopios to prove his theory,—to show me its antiquity. It is gratuitous to record his failure, and the professor learned to read Homer by quantity, not from his fathers, but at a German university. Homer I can read by *accent*, but he never can be read both by accent and quantity; I mean simultaneously. He who can achieve that, can smooth the Alps, can harmonise discord.

After the racy wines and exuberant dessert of his Highness's table, I went to hear Assopios lecture on the Latin. He is an able and intelligent man. The subject was, the signification, classification and use of the prepositions. The lecture was, as usual, in Greek. Some excellent opportunities occurred for interesting remarks, on the connection between Latin and Greek prepositions; but perhaps Assopios did not wish to moot that subject. I had also the great pleasure of hearing one of the professors lecture on Thucydides. His plan was simple but satisfactory. First he read a paragraph in ancient Greek; then translated it into simpler Greek, the idiom of his age; and closed with a brief comment on the incidents and sentiments of the ancient historian.

I had an impression, that the stipends of the several professors of the Guildford university, were too small to elicit any rich display of genius; but I should be sorry were this remark to leave on the mind the impression of professional inferiority on the part of those learned gentlemen; and, at all events, the stipends of the Ionian πανεπιστήμιον, were as respectable as those of the Malta università; but both leave room for improvement.

The next time I had the honour of dining with his Highness, I met at his table Mr. Cartwright a government official, the chaplain to the forces, and the celebrated Psalithas late of Yoannina. In conversing with the latter gentleman, author of "True Happiness," he delivered himself as follows:—"Major Leake knew the Greek tongue better than any of the English tourists I ever saw, when I was at the court of his Highness Ali Pasha of Yoannina—Dr. Holland was a fine man, but he almost cost me my head, by publishing the remarks I made to him on the Pasha's government, while that tyrant was yet alive.—I still feel hurt at Major Leake, for his having got from Ali Pasha two idols which belonged to me.—I am preparing for the press a Life of my late Master Ali.—Valerias is dead some months since, but has left some valuable M. S. poems, which I hope to publish."

I remarked to Psalithas, that his work on True Happiness was written in a very ancient style, far beyond that of the mass in the present day, and asked him if he would adopt the same elevated style were he publishing it now. "No, sir;" was his candid reply; "I was very young when I wrote that work." In fact Psalithas afterwards became quite a radical in the modern Greek, as I found at a subsequent interview with him in his own apartments.

He on that occasion showed me the M.S. poems of Velerias, and as he approved the innovations upon the sweet language of modern Greece proposed and adopted by his friend, I was sorry to tell Psalithas I could not, by any means, agree with them.

Psalithas amused us very much, by citing the Frogs of Aristophanes, " *βρὲκ κὲκ κὲκ κὲκ, κοὰξ κοὰξ*," which the reader must pronounce, to come up to our " barbarous pronunciation," vrek kek kek kek, quoàx quoàx. Thus Aristophanes imitates the croaking of frogs; and when Psalithas had finished, I cited the same ancient poet's imitation of the bleating of a sheep; " *βῆ, βῆ*; vee, vee." Our conversation then turned upon Ali Pasha. I told Psalithas I would rather never see the light, than die to render to God the account, that his late master had recently gone to give in. He assented, and it seemed to me very feelingly. Ali was the ruler of Albania. Ali Pasha of Yoannina was a monster. I have heard much of him in my wanderings in the classic land, and near Argos and Palamidas I have frequently heard a drunken Greek or Greeks sing kleftic songs, or brigand madrigals, in which the name, the dreaded name of Ali, often rang upon my ear.

Ali Pasha began life as a kleft or brigand. Long unsuccessful, he was one day ruminating on his forlorn condition, and as he mused, striking the ground with some implement he held in his hand, something sounded hard. He struck again. It sounded like metal. He stooped, and found an immense concealed treasure. This was just what he wanted, for his brigands had left him, and he had not the means of engaging fresh adventurers. This, I think, was somewhere about Suli. Byron's lines here come to my mind:

> "Oh! who is so brave as the dark Suliot,
> With his snowy camise and his shaggy capote?
> To the wolf or the bear he resigns his wild flock,
> And descends to the plain like a stream from the rock."

Ali headed a fresh band of mountain robbers, and succeeded in almost all his future enterprises. Would those enterprises had borne a less resemblance to those of his counterpart Ali Pasha of Egypt! For about forty or fifty years, his fortunes gradually raised Ali of Yoannina higher and higher, till at length he entered the lists against the sultan himself; sought to add Greece to his other possessions, but fell at last by an act of treachery. A pasha was sent from Constantinople, bearing a secret commission of Turkish justice, treacherous and summary. Ali shut himself in his fortress on the beautiful lake of Yoannina, his wives, his uncounted treasures with him, and a mine of powder below the dwelling, to blow all into the air in case of extremity. The messenger from the Porte was admitted to an amicable interview. It closed. The visitor bowed low ere retiring. Poor Ali was returning the salute, by an inclination of the person equally low, when the Turk drew out a dagger, and stabbed him dead upon the spot! Not many days after this appalling tragedy, the head and hands of the wretched man were stuck on the gates of the sultan's palace at Constantinople! For a time these scourges of humanity flourish; but a retributive Providence sometimes fearfully exacts the long arrears of blood.

Psalithas at table spoke much in praise of that wayward genius, Athanasios Christopoulos, author of several works. "Good!" said Psalithas; when I replied, "I like the poetry of your friend, but not his morals." "Poetry," remarked the learned man, "was at first consecrated to the Gods."

To afford the classic reader an idea of the sweeping reforms, patronised by this learned man and his friend Valerias; I add a stanza from an elegant little poem by the latter. No accents, no iota, no omega, —all cast off as superfluous.

"Βραδιαζ ἡ 'μερα,
Σκοταδη περη,
Κε δηχος τερη,
Που να ϛαϑο;
Που να φολιασο,
Σε ξενο δασο,
Να μη χαϑο;"

CHAPTER XXX.

RESULT OF MISSIONARY LABOUR. — NOTICE OF THESSALONICA. — SHOCKING PROCEEDINGS.—ST. SPIRIDION. — PROCESSIONS. — FESTIVALS. — THEIR ANTIQUITY.—DOMESTIC SCENES. — THE GREEK CRANIOLOGIST.—ANECDOTE.—GREEK LECTURES.

"I AM a debtor to the Greeks" for holy purposes, was a sentiment most justly present to my mind during all this tour; and I trust that I "did not spend my strength for nought." In my conversations with the islanders, the circulation of useful books and the collecting of available information, it is hoped my efforts were amply indemnified, notwithstanding some painful verification of Dr. Watts' lament;—

"Christ and his cross is all our theme;
The mysteries that we speak,
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
And folly to the Greek."

I have often wished that some missionary would personally visit *Salonica*. This is the ancient Thessalonica of the New Testament. From Gregorios, late archbishop of Negropont, who has been at Salonica, I received the following information. This town contains about 20,000 families. Of these, 10,000 are Turks, fanatical as elsewhere; 5,000 Greeks, and the rest Jews. The languages spoken in Salonica are Turkish, Greek and Bulgarian. I believe that in the last no work from the missionary presses has yet appeared.

It has been noticed in a previous chapter, that in one object of this tour, the establishment of a mission press at Malta, my visit to Corfu was entirely successful, as brother Lowndes fully coincided with me, that the press is in Greece a most efficient engine of usefulness.

In one day during this visit to Corfu, I sold thirty Spelling-books and 200 smaller works, for eleven and a half Spanish dollars; and I now found that I had met such success, as to have only seventeen Spelling-books left. I therefore wrote to Malta, requesting I might find a fresh supply on reaching the island of Cefalonia, which object was fully realized.

The reader has already perceived, that to Spiridion, the patron saint of Corfu, or, to speak in the language of somewhat more genuine paganism, the *tutelar deity* of that island, the natives cherish an appalling excess of veneration and religious trust. Before me lies a printed document, put forth in the Levant, to attract devotion and rich oblations. The paper contains a poetic detail of miracles ascribed to this saint, and these unprincipled puffs are circulated by the lay propriaters of the old man's bones, together with the Carmelite monks and seculars. When we recollect that such stuff, in the Levant, forms three-fourths of the creed of the masses, how very obvious it becomes, that British christians lie under a loud call to come over to their aid, to rescue these islanders from this *ignis fatuus* of erring monastics. It is to the *appeal* that the reader's notice is especially requested; but since he may wish to know how far fiction can go, how far, to advance self interest, the prophetic voice of the Holy Spirit *can* be verified;* let the "lying wonders" at least be named, to open the eyes of Protestants.

"Faithful christian souls! if you desire the gifts of heaven, hasten as suppliants to Great Spiridion.—Following in the footsteps of Elijah and Elishah, Spiridion bears sway over fire, air, earth and water. He cures the head-ache, destroys idols, softens the callosity of the heart, converts souls to Christ. Pest and malady flee at his presence; rains fall from the clouds; rivers stand still as he passes, and heretics are abashed. While he prays, he hears angels sing; he fills the lamp with miraculous oil; melts the chains of robbers. To this divine man, furious demons and foes to our faith, death, calamity, and all diseases are obedient." Enough; there is much more, but the heart fairly sickens. Then follows the appeal, made by these "blind guides" to ingenuous human nature, uninformed and unsuspecting. I only add, that year after year the Lord High Commissioner of Her Britannic Majesty in Corfu, a professed protestant, walked in public profession by the bones of this saint, and *compelled* his staff-officers to do the same!—*I have seen it.* Is this to continue?

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* "That wicked one shall be revealed;—with *lying wonders*," or *false miracles*. 2 Thess. ii. 3—12; a frightful prediction!

I had, while in Corfu, some occasions of witnessing the public festivities of the interesting natives. The present chapter shall present a record of a few modern customs, embracing also an occasional notice of their classic antiquity.

The ancient Greeks were uniformly fond of pageants, and the actual festivals of the Greek church chiefly embody, under a new form, those of their mythological ancestors. The Greeks celebrate these festive rites with much parade of gauds and gaudy decorations; but chiefly delight in such festivals, as lead them out into the rural districts.

The celebrated saint, to whom were made the prayers and vows of our terrified mate, during the storm already described, figures conspicuously on some of these festive occasions. His bones are the joint property of three or four Corfu families, to whom in part belong the offerings made at his shrine. Whence the bones came, is a question for monks, not men. I paid a visit to the shrine of St. Spiridion, and saw the coffin and the body. I think the former is of solid gold, and was enclosed in a glass case. While there, I observed many devotees enter, and kiss such parts of the shrine as the lips could reach.

In honour of this saint are two annual, and most splendid processions; and without witnessing these pageants, it is not easy to give the reader any adequate idea of the crowds who assemble. The oblations laid on his shrine are numerous, and sometimes costly. In fact, vast sums are collected for him and for the virgin, styled by the Greeks "the all-holy;" and "the mother of God!"

What scenes, what a variety of male and female costume have I seen in such pageants! An Englishman, on first beholding a plain or a hill side, crowded by persons of all ages and of both sexes, many of them from the villages adjacent, and all intent on presenting some prayer, some votive oblation, and equally intent, perhaps, on showing off their holiday finery, might really imagine himself transported to gone-by ages,—might suppose himself at the joyous Dionysia, on the very site of the festival of Bacchus, at Nemea, or the other Olympic games. You cast your eyes around the vast, smiling, garrulous assembly: *here* sit cross-legged on the green sward a group of noisy beings, at a sort of maroon or picnic; *there*, another at some game: *yonder* is a party giddy with the merry dance; and *farther on* are seen half a dozen joining in some national glee, or chanting some saintly legend, with as much merriment as if it were a Bacchanalian song, and as much faith as though it were true as the compass. Passing on to some shady nook, we shall discover a company of youths and maidens, who have just slipped for a moment from the apron string of their mothers or paramanas, listening to the lute or guitar, and thus seeking relief, after weeks of confinement in the dull uniformity of the gynæceum at home.

These fêtes champètres, or picnics of the Greeks, show that they have not forgot the culinary laws written by Philoxenes, in the classic age.[*] We do not miss the floral garlands which so often expressed the too giddy joys of the ancient votaries of Bacchus. On the contrary, a sort of christian bacchanal, crowned with a wreath of real flowers, often takes a prominent part on these festive occasions.

It appears[†] that formerly fond lovers crowned with flowers the doors of their favourite fair ones, in the same style or manner as the door of a temple. Thence, it seems, originates the modern usage of adorning, on May-day of each year, both their own doors and those of persons dear to them. May-day is one of the principal festivals of Greece, and is celebrated with considerable pomp and parade. Two hours before sunrise, men and women resort to the gardens outside the towns, to get what is styled ὁ μάϊος, that May, or May-flowers, which were early worn in honour of May-day, and of the coming spring, as in the *ludi florales* of Rome. From daylight to full day, parties of children, garlanded with flowers, parade the streets; and after singing some madrigal on the coming vernal season, wish the inmates a happy May-day, and so depart. Nor do these youthful promenaders fail to salute each passenger with the friendly wish, "A good May-day to thee."

To a like pagan origin must, I suppose, be traced our own joyous May-day, our houses in flowers, our sweeps in—or rather out of—their element, and our morris-dancers. In fact, there are many usages in Europe having one origin, though at present somewhat different in different nations of the great European family. The Romans had amusements of a kindred aspect, styled, "*ludi* florales," or floral games, instituted in honour of *Flora*, in the year of Rome 513. These floral games were at first celebrated in April, but subsequently they commenced on the first of May.

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[*] Athen. lib. i. c. 5.

[†] Ibid. lib. xv.

I was, at the time of my visit to Psalithas, proposing to quit the sweet island of Corfu, and to proceed to that of Cefalonia. I again dined, twice indeed, with my most hospitable friend, his Highness Baron Theotokys, and met, besides other distinguished guests, Count Blank, husband to the baron's sister.

The last time I dined in this circle I met a very intelligent Greek, who startled me not a little by the following unreserved statement: "I studied," said he, "in Germany. I became enamoured with the craniological theory of Gall and Spurzheim. On my return to the Ionian isles, my father and uncle were dead, I felt an unconquerable wish to test the craniological system. The dispositions of my father and uncle I well knew. Oh, had I but their heads! Well, sir, I actually disinterred both; and have their craniums by me at this day!" He added that the result of his investigation was an increased confidence in the German theory. German theories are not *all* to be trusted.

A Neapolitan gentleman, whom I knew many years abroad, one day told me this anecdote:—"In Athens," said he, " there was once a sort of phrenologist, or rather, physiognomist. Some young fellows of respectability resolved to expose his quackery. They invited him to supper, and the great Socrates was to be of the party, but in disguise; for the object was to get the physiognomist to examine the moralist without knowing his patient. Socrates was examined as a poor old fellow picked out of the street. 'You old villain!' exclaimed the supposed empiric, 'why you'll cut a man's throat for two-pence.' The young fellows tittered. 'Ah! you animal,' added the physiognomist, 'no man's honour is safe where you can get into the gynæcium!' This was too much. The young gentlemen burst into a horse-laugh. 'A pretty fellow *you* are!' they cried. 'Why, sir, this murderer, this animal, is the great moralist of the age,—the celebrated Socrates!' The man stared.—'Stop, stop!' exclaimed the sage, 'the man is right, after all: the faults he lays to my charge are the very sins against which I am daily compelled to strive and to watch.'" But this man studied the face, not the *cranium.*

During my stay in the island of Corfu, I still frequently attended the various lectures at the university, all delivered in the modern Greek, which added vastly to their interesting attractions.

One day I heard Philetas lecture on an ancient historian, and Crandianos on mathematics. Two of the young students next arose to work problems. Poor fellows, they hobbled most painfully in reading and describing diagrams. Oh, had Archimedes been there! After this, Crandianos gave us a clever display of mathematical ability. The professor lamented to me afterwards, the influence of the Venetian regime on the youth of Corfu. Crandianos speaks ably in Greek; I mean, he has made himself *au fait* at a good style of his native language; and yet I observed he fell occasionally into some of those little oversights which too naturally occur from the vulgar encroachments on classic declension and conjugation. Could I listen to these descendants of Philip, of Alexander, of Alcibiades, of Miltiades, and other warriors, illustrious by courtesy, and not say to myself, "How much more honourably and usefully are Philetas and Crandianos employed, than some of those styled conquerors,—than the Tamerlanes, the Charleses of Sweden, the Napoleons, so splendid in acts of mighty mischief!" On a subsequent day I heard a lecture on Homer by Yoannithes: he recited by quantity.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LEAVE CORFU FOR CEFALONIA. — MAKE A TOUR OF THE ISLAND. — MRS. KENNEDY'S NOTES. — STATE OF EDUCATION AND LITERATURE.—ATTACHMENT TO ESTABLISHED USUAGES.— PRODUCTIONS AND EXPORTS.—THE MOLE.—THE SHOPS. — EMPLOYMENTS.—FIGURATIVE STYLE OF SPEECH.—HORROR OF DEATH.—DIFFICULTY OF OBTAINING A CAPITAL CONVICTION.—QUARANTINE LAWS.—AFFECTING INSTANCE OF THEIR VIOLATION.—STATE OF THE OFFENDER.—HIS RESCUE.—FLIGHT AND DEATH.—GENERAL. NAPIER'S PRAISEWORTHY CONDUCT.—DEGRADATION OF FEMALES.—INDIFFERENCES TO FEMALE CHILDREN.—VISITS TO THE LYING-IN CHAMBER. — CONTRAST BETWEEN ANCIENT AND MODERN GREECE.—LIXURI. — ST. EUPHEMIA. — FORT ST. GEORGE. — RUINS OF CRANII AND PALAIO-CHORO.—MIASMATIC THEORIES:—THE PONPTINE MARSHES.

AFTER heartfelt thanks to my missionary colleague, the Rev. I. Lowndes, for his very kind and brotherly attentions during my sojourn in Corfu, I took leave of various friends and left in a felucca for Cefalonia. My proceedings in that fine island will best appear from letters I addressed to the secretary of the London Missionary Society, and to a much respected friend in Malta. In this island I spent a month, having remained a like period in Corfu. Here I made a tour in company of my excellent friends, Dr. K. of the medical staff, and his very estimable lady. Dr. K. is author of "Conversations with Lord Byron." He and Mrs. K. had been members of my English congregation at Malta. As Mrs. K.

is a lady of highly-cultivated taste and of literary attainments, she was in the habit of taking full notes of her residence and philanthropic efforts in the Ionian isles. Of all her notes on Cefalonia she most liberally put me in full possession.

Before I record my own missionary proceedings in Cefalonia, I shall present a survey of this very magnificent island, from the papers of my friend.

There are in Cefalonia some gentlemen who have received a liberal education; though this privilege has been confined to a favoured few. There is a government Lancastrian school for boys—that for girls is but of late institution, and is supported by voluntary subscription. Bamba keeps a classical school—and there is an academy at Fort St. George, conducted by an English clergyman. All these afford facilities of which the Greeks gladly and gratefully avail themselves, and it is to be hoped they will no more have to complain that their teachers and instructors have been removed; but, hearing the soft voice of caution, "this is the way, walk in it," the succeeding generations will rise in the scale of morality and honour. The literature of France and Italy is generally admired: few English works have hitherto gained admission; but by a wise and politic arrangement of the Lord High Commissioner, the English language is now cultivated to a great extent, and in a short time the knowledge which this will impart, must produce a beneficial effect on the tone of feeling and modes of thinking.

The Cefaloniotes of the lower class are very jealous of innovations, and they receive with great veneration the systems and customs of their fathers. Count V—. who had visited England, on his return wished to introduce some of the improvements he had witnessed in that country, but he told us that these poor people would not attend, nor listen to him when he proposed that they should use a yoke, at the extremity of which the pails might be suspended. "Their mothers," they said—"had gone to the fountains for water, and had carried it in barrels or pitchers, on their heads; and in this manner would they continue to bring water from the fountains themselves." In vain the Count assured them they would bring a double or treble quantum, and with less fatigue. One woman was induced to try it: she confessed its utility, but shortly returned the hated implement, because it exposed her to the derision of her companions. This gentleman had a museum, in which were fossil remains, &c. &c. He professed to be exceedingly anxious for the diffusion of knowledge among his countrymen.

There is no establishment that may be dignified with the name of a manufactory. The poor people grow flax and prepare it themselves, and from it weave a coarse sort of linen, which answers their purposes. The only exports are, I believe, wine, currants, and olive oil. The Resident, who is indefatigable in his endeavours to ameliorate the country and the state of trade, has patronised the vineyards of Samos, and from the grapes growing there a very superior wine is made. The plains belonging to St. Gerasimo he has endeavoured to cultivate as richly as possible. And what will more than any thing else facilitate commerce, and civilization, are the roads which have been made, and which are still making. One, ascending the height of Enos, connects St. Euphemia and the opposite plain of Samos with Argostoli, in an easy ride of a few hours. The Cefaloniotes must be ungrateful indeed, if they do not feel and appreciate the active and benevolent designs of the government.

A mole or marina is made to extend on the whole side of the town near the water, and reaches from one extremity of the Lazaretto, passing the parade-ground barracks, and terminates at the bridge of Trapano, built by Colonel De Bossuet. Thus the Marina affords a pleasant and healthy promenade, where the sea breeze may be inhaled without fear of the malaria.

The shops do not appear so gay and imposing as those in England: the heat and the sun prevent display. The Spanish and the Maltese shops are on a par with them—the officials are as idle as the Italians. I have frequently entered a shop, and requested a certain article: the man, without removing his chibouk, or cigar, has said " I have none," while I have perceived it immediately before me. Without ceremony I have gone behind the counter to get it, and the man has quietly permitted me to help myself. But this occurs only among the very old shop-keepers, for a new race has started up, and they exhibit all the restless activity which is peculiarly characteristic of a Greek. The employments of the Greeks are not varied. Some enter the ships—others are engaged in the vineyards, and these latter,—that is the cultivators of the soil—have to give their quota of labour in forwarding the improvements of government, in lieu of the tax that is levied on the richer part of the community. There is no fair and wide field for those of a better class; consequently their interests are continually clashing.

I have never been in a Greek hall of justice; therefore I can give no information of their modes of procedure; but I should suppose, if pleadings be permitted, that the Greeks are fond of a declamatory style. The barristers have hitherto taken their diplomas from the colleges of Italy. Even the lower class of Greeks are figurative and rhetorical in their modes of expression—the women are particularly so.* The compounds, and the formation of their words may be one cause, in addition to their naturally poetic imagination of this love of metaphor.

The Greeks have a great horror of death, as I have shewn in the remarks on Spetsia. A gentleman of great authority assured me that the judge and the adverse party even—(unless in a case of revenge) would rather aid the escape of the "panel," than convict him. The prevarication and dissimulation which they adopt are such, that the English Resident—if the case is important enough to demand one—is compelled himself to investigate the subject, the witnesses, and the jury most scrutinizingly. The enforcement of the quarantine laws have given rise to the most frequent exhibitions of the terror of death. A circumstance of a painful nature occurred while Mrs. K. was in Cefalonia. A man who lived in a village above Sant Euphemia, had been in the habit (previously to the institution of the quarantine laws) of going over to the continent, and of returning again to his house unquestioned. He, as well as the rest of the natives, knew the penalty attached to the non-observance of this law, yet he reverenced not the authorities,—he went as before, and returned; was informed against, and thrown into prison. My friend thus writes:—

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* I had been travelling with a Greek attendant, who, when we arrived at our resting place, fixed herself at the window, and gazed on the scene. She was required to go to dinner—"Oh!" she replied, "I do not wish for any dinner; my soul is refreshed, and my eyes would drink in this beautiful field, and the graceful animals grazing around."

"I knew nothing of any of these circumstances at the time. One lovely moon-light night I started in alarm from an unquiet sleep. I thought I had heard the notes of mourning, lamentation and woe, and I was not sorry to forget a dreadful dream, in gazing on the soft light, which entered through the window, and balcony door—which for the sake of air I had left open. All seemed quiet in the piazza below—not a breeze was stirring—suddenly, the same moans and prayers, that I thought I had heard in my dream, burst upon my ears. A thrilling terror seized me—but I had the courage to step into the balcony. The moon shone brightly—and I thought mockingly—on me and on the piazza, but everything else was involved in obscurity. The clanking of chains, and a bustling noise, arrested my attention, and again the deepest—the most heart-rending tones of sorrow, invoking mercy and pity, in the melancholy strains of despair were uttered. I became quite sick. I thought the soul from very anguish must have fled the body—but still I could see nothing. At length I heard a man with a deep voice, half sternly, half reproachingly, exhort the agonized creature to die with self-possession, and like a christian. He obeyed, he said no more,—but profound, heart-felt sighs,—or rather groans,—escaped him, and it seemed as though his heart would burst were he to repress them.—'*truly the bitterness of death is great.*' The procession moved from the main guard, and went on the opposite side of the piazza, beneath the gloom of the overshadowing houses—thus I could see the group but indistinctly. Even from that distance, and from the Marina, the man's sighs broke on my ear. If ever the tortures of despair—if ever the utter hopelessness of despondency possessed a man, this poor creature was certainly their victim. I leaned my head down on the balcony, unhappy, very unhappy, and Dr. K. could hardly soothe me.

"The next morning we were informed that his relations, the inhabitants of his village, had rescued him.—I had really prayed for his escape, and was delighted. The women had pelted the constables with stones, and some others had seized the police officer. They requested him to throw away his pistols, assuring him that they did not intend to injure a hair of his head,—but they had no notion of permitting a poor fellow to be hanged, merely because he had gone to the continent, where he had gone, and returned, a hundred times before,—and then it was not against law,—and why should it be against law now?

"Their detestation of the conviction of their neighbour was increased, because the informer was exadolphos, or first cousin—a very near relationship—only a degree removed from a brother among the Greeks—to the culprit, and this wretched traitor would benefit as well by the condemnation as the death of his relation. As soon as the news reached Argostoli, a party of soldiers was despatched to secure the fugitive, and though the man might have escaped, from several of the creeks near, before the party could arrive, alarm and fear had fascinated him; he was hunted from hill to hill, and was found at last on the projecting top of an eminence, where none could reach him. Captain R. who headed the detachment, saw him, and gave orders to some soldiers to advance and fire,—and, though a stone thrown down would have crushed his pursuers, the poor wretch stood tremblingly awaiting his fate. The scene closed. The body of the delinquent was afterwards hung in chains at the port of St. Euphemia—a warning to future offenders.

"The Greeks as they related the story, shrugged their shoulders, and observed a silence: then, as though they would soothe the painful feeling, that had been excited by its narration, would add—'it is evident he was FATED to be hung, or he never would have remained in Cefalonia.' This was the only execution—excepting that of some priests during the riots—that had taken place for many years.

"In the care which General Napier the Resident manifested for the welfare of those whom he governed, the prisons were not forgotten. How they are conducted I do not know, as I had no means of accurately ascertaining the system. Some are employed with hand-mills, and grind wheat—others have other kinds of work, and, for a time, Dr. K. visited them. Tracts and Testaments were dispersed, order and discipline introduced, and during the allotted hours of relaxation, one of the class would read to a group collected around him: thus it is to be hoped that they would re-enter society bettered and reformed by the punishment they had undergone, and by the opportunities and incitements to reflection. I do not know whether this plan be now followed—I saw it adopted when I was in Cefalonia."

In all that was dependant on his influence, this gentleman was actively benevolent. And, though last, not least, must be mentioned the cordial and warm support he gave to the institution of the girl's school—the first of the kind—in Cefalonia. Hitherto the females of Greece had been much and mournfully neglected. The consequence of this want of information is a degradation in moral estimation, which it is painful to contemplate:—the younger, and well-educated men regret this exceedingly. "Some ladies," writes my friend, "paid me a morning visit, and were still with me when a mutual acquaintance entered. One of the party congratulated him on the birth of a child: he turned to me and said—though smiling—in a half-sad manner—'I think I shall name it Iphigenia.' 'Why,'—I enquired—'why choose such a name? your other sweet little girl is Antigone. I trust their destiny will be happier than that of their prototypes.' 'Was it not sublime?' he asked—'though tragic.' One of the ladies—when he was gone, said —'I am really sorry for him—he is a fine fellow—only twenty-three and two *girls!!*' When Angelica, the mother, was told the child was a daughter she burst into tears, nor would she kiss it till he came in, and took up the poor little thing, and embraced it, and gave it to his wife: but even yet, she had not conquered her disappointment.—These ladies had been enlightened by having visited various places, and had resided for some time in Odessa, where they mixed with French and Russian society. I afterwards visited Kyria Angelica, and I tried to make her in love with the babe. Though I am always afraid of touching a young infant, I took this. It is a singular, and a disagreeable custom (but I always conform) that you can never pay your visit of gratulation too early. I was much amused once—I had to pay one of these visits—and the lady, having timely notice of my approach, was arrayed in a *crimson* turban, and a cashmere shawl, and looked as beautiful, and as dashing, as ever I had seen her during her most brilliant evenings. But methought a neat cap would have made her more interesting, and would have been more convenient; for, had the turban been mine, I should have feared that the elegant folds would have been discomposed by the pillow. By her side lay the young infant, and I was glad it was asleep. Deep lace—like Valencienne, was sewn on a cambric wrapper which was thrown around the child."

A gentleman connected with the first-mentioned party, in commenting on Angelica's feeling said; "this is a melancholy state of things, but can you wonder at it? Our daughters are married, not for their natural or acquired accomplishments, for all are on a par—but for their dower. The men are in some measure to be excused in seeking for the most richly endowed women. Yet they are not really benefited by the money; for, if my wife has daughters, her money must be equally divided among them: thus I become a debtor to my children. If induced, by some favourable circumstances, to speculate with the money, I must refund it. Let our daughters be educated. Let mental be added to their natural graces, and there is not a man among us, but will bless the means which have abolished so degrading a system,—degrading to the men as well as to the women."

I hardly ever gazed at the magnificent mountains of Greece, but my thoughts were led back to those times when Greece claimed as her peculiar right all that was elegant in the arts, or profund and valued in literature. Such contemplations can hardly fail of suggesting a mournful contrast, as the mind ranges over the vicissitudes which have taken place, till it rests with painful emotion on her present state. But to those who feel how infinitely more important is the mental degradation that she suffers, these feelings will prove too intense for indulgence. The same vivacity, the same inventiveness, which characterized the heathen ancestors of this people, may yet be observed in them; but the same irreligion is also theirs. Nor is it to be wondered at, that debased by a mean superstition, and an ignorant clergy, the better informed become deists or atheists, while the ignorant poor perform the rites of a religion, which has no salutary influence on their conduct, nor can enlighten the understanding. Greece requires the gospel. Oh! when shall the state of poor, degraded Greece awaken the sympathy of my own more happy country! When will the pious and benevolent unite their efforts, to impart to her a portion of that light they so abundantly enjoy?

Cefalonia is divided into districts, but I cannot enumerate them, as I have lost the map I made of the island. Lixuri, the town next in importance to Argostoli, is west of this town, on the opposite side of the harbour, three miles distant, and contains six thousand inhabitants, who are actively engaged in the duties of commerce, agriculture, and shipping. This town is much nearer the mouth of the harbour than Argostoli, and is rising daily into higher importance. The inhabitants of each feel a jealousy of the other, and on every occasion attempt to outvie whatever has been effected by the opposite party.

The port of St. Euphemia is much easier of access than either Argostoli or Lixuri, coming from Corfu; it is eighteen miles distant to the north-east. Samos lies on the opposite side of the bay, which takes its name from the plain, and is called the bay of Samos: it is spacious. The exports are currants, wine, muscatel raisins, maraschino, rosolio, rakee, (a kind of white brandy—shocking stuff,) oil, common blue nankeen, honey, linseed and fruits.

Fort St. George is five miles east from Argostoli, and is situated on the brow of a steep mountain; which is parallel with the Black Mountain, or Mount Enos, from which it is separated by a narrow, barren, shallow valley. The ramparts of the castle command a fine view of the district of Lavatò. It was in this district that Lord Byron resided, during his visit to Cefalonia, in the village of Metaxata; and though the district is pretty in itself, it received an additional—or rather a melancholy interest from the associations excited by such a resident. Below the castle are catacombs of considerable extent; but I did not visit them. Without the walls of the fort, and protected by it, is a large town; but the whole mount, fortress, and town, are called the Kastro or castle.

Between Argostoli and the Kastro, are the ruins of Cranii, an ancient city. We traced the line of the walls, and even imagined we had discovered remains or traces of the watch-towers. Vast heaps of stone, and large blocks of limestone, lay scattered confusedly over the plain, which lies on an eminence on which the city once stood. In the marshy plains below this eminence, are the ruins of another ancient city, Palaio-choro. They extend to the water's verge. Vineyards and a few olive and fig-trees now flourish on the soil; but still, amidst the vines, the ruins are distinctly enough perceived.

A bridge has been erected across the harbour, a few hundred yards below this plain, and connects the opposite side of the island (Trepano) with Argostoli; but it lies so low—for it is more like a pontoon than a bridge—that it prevents the free egress of the sea: thus the miasma is considerably increased, and the exhalations that take place, have a peculiarly deleterious effect on those inhabiting the upper or eastern part of the town of Argostoli. Though Dr. K.'s house was at some distance west of the marsh, he often in the summer, during an east wind, felt—that is, smelled—the malaria, which arises thence, and has been compelled to shut both the balcony-doors and the windows. The Resident, who is very enterprising, wished to drain this unhealthy spot; but as much labour and expense were required, it would necessarily be some time ere his plans could be effected.

In the Edinburgh Review, it has been stated, "that wherever marshes are situated near a large city, the intervention of woods must necessarily form a screen, to impede the wafting of the miasmata by the winds. Perhaps (it adds) this might have been the reason why the ancients consecrated the woods in the vicinity of Rome to Neptune, in order to secure them from the axe." . . . . M. Rigaud de L'Isle, in a Mémoire on the physical properties of malaria, observes: "Near St. Stephen's, on Mount Argentel, a convent is situated, which was formed for the salubrity of its air; but since the forests which surrounded it have been cleared, it has become unhealthy. At Velletri, near the Pontine marshes, the cutting of an intermediate wood occasioned immediately, and for three successive years, fevers and other diseases, which occasioned great ravages." These are strong facts in corroboration of the theory, nor am I inclined to dispute it; yet in all the Ionian islands, the prevalence of intermittent fever is attributed to the number and the extent of the olive groves in the vicinity of the towns.

On the south side of Argostoli, a hill of limestone rises, sloping down gradually and beautifully to the sea, of which it commands an extensive prospect. A few vineyards are to be seen, but the greater proportion of land, is covered by groves of olive-trees. A small cottage was embosomed in a grove, and formed a picturesque object in the view; the rippling of the sea was distinctly heard, and occasional glimpses through the separated branches might be caught of the wide rolling waters. When a Greek physician heard Mrs. K. express a desire to inhabit it during the summer months, he exerted all his eloquence to dissuade her from such a design, assuring her that these groves were the fertile sources of miasmata, and that their vicinity was peculiary dangerous, even to the inhabitants of Argostoli, though they were on the other side of the hill.

An ingenious person may harmonize these two theories. I can only solve the difficulty by supposing, that as there was no marsh beyond the groves, the land on which they stood served the purpose of a marsh, being perhaps—at least it was so in winter

—damp and dark. In the other case, above the bridge, there was a positive marsh; nor was there any screen to confine the vapours to its own peculiar limits. This solution does not, however, satisfy me, as I could raise half a dozen objections to it.

It was natural, as I listened to the loud, raucous, and almost ceaseless croaking of the frogs, in the marshes of the Ionian isles, to recall the imitations of Aristophanes already cited; and one is reminded of the Roman poet's ireful philippic against the numerous frogs of the Pontine marshes:—

> "*Mali culices, ranæque palustres:*"
>
> *Hor.* lib. i. sat. 5.
>
> I do detest these hateful bogs,
> The swarming gnats and fenny frogs.

CHAPTER XXXII.

OBTAIN A FRESH SUPPLY OF BOOKS.—DECLARATION OF THE PATRIARCH.—LETTER TO THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—LETTER TO A FRIEND AT MALTA.—RESULTS OF THIS TOUR.—ACTUAL STATE OF THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

As I designed to make a vigorous effort at book-circulation in Cefalonia, I added to the stock brought from Malta, 250 Greek Testaments from the Bible Society of Corfu. Such had been my success there, that I was compelled to refuse further sales; or it is probable one hundred additional Spelling-books would soon have been caught up, besides copies of the Psalms and other publications, including Bogue's Essay on the New Testament, and Watts' Catechisms. I also engaged two shopkeepers to sell books for our society.

The circulation of the Scriptures is, in all countries of the Levant, a matter of prime importance. When, in 1814, the Rev. H. Lindsay, late chaplain to the British embassy at Constantinople, began to make enquiries relative to the distribution of the modern Greek New Testament, then first printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, he was given to understand that the Greek church would make every effort to frustrate his benevolent purposes. Mr.

L. therefore determined to go at once to the patriarch, with whom he left a copy of the holy book. When he next saw the patriarch, the latter ingenuously declared his ardent approbation of the objects of the Bible Society, and placed in Mr. L's. hand a noble declaration to that effect in Greek, bearing his own signature. As this document furnishes our missionaries with a very high authority, that of an episcopal see which for ages contended with Rome for the universal supremacy, I feel it will be serving the cause to transfer it to these pages, as I have some reason to fear that my own copy may be the only one preserved. Be it at the same time remembered, that permission to use the Bible antedates all merely human authority, having the high sanction of heaven itself.

CYRIL, ARCHBISHOP OF CONSTANTINOPLE, NEW ROME, AND UNIVERSAL PATRIARCH.

"OUR Lowliness notifies by this present Patriarchal Declaration, that, having examined accurately, and with the necessary attention, the edition of the New Testament in two languages, Hellenic and Romaic, published in England by the Society there established, of British Typography, by John Tilling, at Chelsea, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ten of the incarnation of Christ our Saviour; we have found in it nothing false, or erroneous: wherefore we have judged right, to give permission for it to be used, and read by all pious, united, and orthodox Christians; to be sold in the Booksellers' shops, and to be bought freely by all who wish it, without any one making the least hesitation: for the manifestation of which, this our present Patriarchal Declaration has been issued,

In the thirteenth day of the Month of December, 1814."

Instead of narrating from memory, or transcribing from my journal, I will here insert an extract from a communication which I made from Cefalonia to the Secretary of the London Missionary Society.

"Dear Sir,

"Through the tender mercy of God, I am here in health and good spirits, on my way to Greece. It is more than probable that on the day you open this, Mr. Hankey will receive my Journal from Corfu. The latter place I quitted on the 12th inst. After another merciful preservation, in time of danger, I safely reached this island in about thirty hours' sail. In the night we had a good wind, though strong; but in the morning we fell on the rocks, near the small island of Monasteri, about an hour from our port. By lightening the ship, and by much effort, we got her off the rocks in three hours, and in five we were fairly away from the shoal. Had the vessel upset, or broken, I could easily have swam to land; and not having my wife or dear babes, I felt little apprehension.

"To be warmly welcomed to the house of my much esteemed friends, Dr. and Mrs. Kennedy, now stationed here, I rank among the comforts of my earthly pilgrimage. Their name is dear to me, nor less familiar to you, as intelligent and zealous friends to the cause of our common christianity. To them I owe many obligations, and He who notices 'a cup of cold water given to a disciple, in the name of a disciple,' will not permit them to lose their 'reward.'

"At Cefalonia I had the great satisfaction of finding two good things—letters from Colonel Stanhope, and a box of books from Mrs. Wilson.

"I had few opportunities of circulating the scriptures and tracts on board, as but one boy and a fellow passenger could read. A Greek New Testament I gave to the boy, another to his brother, a village schoolmaster, and one I left for the use of the ship. It was truly delightful to see all on board sit for hours, hearing the New Testament read in two different parts of the ship, and listening eagerly to the remarks of a missionary from a distant part of the world. The Greek gentleman I have mentioned, and whom I shall soon introduce to you more particularly, read aloud upwards of twenty chapters, while the crew and captain sat listening with marked attention. The boy promised to learn Watts' Catechism, and certainly he was very fond of reading. My fellow passenger was one of the most inquisitive Greeks I ever met with. The Athenians in the days of Paul might have owned him as a legitimate child. I subjoin a few fragments of our conversations.

G.—Pray sir, who are you?

M.—An ecclesiastic.

G.—Of what rank?

M.—A kind of protopapas. I have always found some perplexity in meeting this question. The fact is, I am a New Testament bishop.

G.—Whence come you,—and where are you going?

M.—From Malta to Greece.

G.—What for?

M.—To circulate the Holy Bible, to spread the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and to do good in any way to the souls and bodies of the Greeks.—But, who are *you?*

G.—A land-owner in Cefalonia, and behold here my steward. Are you sent by government?

M.—No; by a benevolent committee, who pity the sinful state of man, who wish all to possess the holy scriptures, and come to a saving knowledge of the gospel.

G.—Are you English priests paid by your government?

M.—I am paid by our committee.

G.—Is your salary generous?

M.—As much as I wish, though not very much.

G.—Can you marry if you like?

M.—Yes—the word of God allows it. 1 Tim. iii. 1—5.

G.—So can our priests, but only once. Can you marry often?

M.—As often as we please.

G.—Can you marry a Turk or a Jew?

M.—The law does not restrain us, but it would be extremely scandalous, and a prudent man will not do it.

G.—Can you have many wives at once?

M.—No; God says a bishop must be the husband of *one* wife.

G.—Do you believe in the virgin and the apostles ?

M.—Yes; we believe all the holy scriptures say of them; but we never, *never* believe, any thing not found in God's word —The virgin is every thing to a papist, and much to a Greek. I feel confident this adoration of a female owes much to the monstrous tendencies of celibacy; and when I once told a Maltese priest my suspicions, he confessed he thought so too!! The virgin was a good woman, was highly favoured, a vessel of honour, and blessed among women;—more than this I cannot say. Nor do the whole of the epistles say a word about *her*, of whom the Roman catholics are obstinately resolved to say so *much*. This fact, and the ominous silence of Paul about Peter, when writing to Rome,—which, by the way, he had no business to do if Peter had been bishop of Rome,—should check the idolatry of that once apostolic church. It is lamentably true, that the worship of the Greek church is, if possible, yet more foolish than the papal. Yet I love the Greek church; for it contains, like a phœnix, the principles of its own resurrection. The Greeks purchase and *love*, the Romanists *burn*, the blessed word of God. The liberal portions of sacred writ, daily read in the Greek worship, will superinduce the same good *in religion*, that the writings of their old sages do in science—a moral renovation. Oh! when will the day come, that we shall take the Roman catholic by the hand, as a brother in christianity, as a pupil of the wisdom that cometh from above?

G.—Do you pray to the virgin ?

M.—We pray to God alone, through Jesus Christ as mediator.

G.—I think you do right, in believing only what the sacred scripture says of the virgin and the apostles; but you should pray to her, because we cannot approach God without a medium of introduction.

M.—True, and Jesus Christ is that medium, the only mediator;—as the scriptures say—"There is *One God*, and *one mediator*." *

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* The Greek sermons generally conclude with this blasphemy—"Oh mother of God, our only mediator!" And the word used by Paul, in reference to Jesus as *mediator*, μεσίτης, is applied by the modern Greeks to designate *broker*. Language is a capricious thing, certainly; yet a term so sacred ought to have been exclusively of theological use.

G.—But the virgin has very great power as mediator.

M.—She was a holy woman, but is neither to be adored, nor trusted in, nor prayed to. Jesus is our blessed mediator. We are sinners. He died for us, rose for us, and now intercedes for us at the right hand of the father; and we must pray to the father through the Son alone, according to what was read in the New Testament this morning. We need no other saviour, for blessed be his name! his precious blood cleanseth us from *all* sin, if we sincerely believe in Him.

Some of the bystanders answered, "*ἀλήϑεια*,—truth;" none objected;—the captain and the gentleman said—"he is certainly a good man!"

M.—God, who knows the heart, knows that I am wicked enough; but the blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth from all sin, provided we repent and forsake our iniquities.

G.—How do you make the sign of the cross?

M.—We love the cross, but never sign ourselves.—The muscles of his face seemed to say, 'That's very strange!'

G.—Have you the holy scriptures with you? If you have, will you do me the favour to sell me a copy?

M.—Certainly, with much satisfaction.

G.—I shall be very happy to read it.—He read in the copy I handed him five or six hours successively; till, coming to the treachery of Judas, he said;—

G.—Who was this Iscariot?

M.—Not the Judas or Jude who wrote an epistle; yet we do not certainly understand of what country.

G.—Some of our writers say Judas Iscariot was a native of the island of Corfu, which we have just left.

M.—It is not certain, nor is it of any importance. Judas was an unhappy wretch, and betrayed our Lord.

G.—Is this *all* the New Testament? it is not so large as one in our churches.

M.—The book in your churches consists partly of the New Testament, and in a great measure of prayers.

G.—I fear this is not *all.*

M.—Be assured it contains every syllable of it—all, I mean, that was ever written by the apostles and evangelists.

"Rough weather coming on, our intercourse was cut short. I could have wished to bring him to a more spiritual vein of conversation, but what was said was in some measure preaching Christ and him crucified. The spirit with which this conversation was carried on, and the attention manifested by those who heard us, promise a good result. Should any one of them call to mind, in a dying hour, that 'the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin,' what a compensation for the dangers I have fallen into, since I quitted the bosom of my family! I will only remark further, that this may serve as a specimen of the means a christian traveller has in his power, when among this ignorant indeed, yet inquisitive and spirited race. May we be willing and able defenders of the faith once delivered to their forefathers, and recommend the truth as it is in Jesus. The love of learning in Greece is a pleasing omen: science and religion will go hand in hand. An enemy alike to false philosophy and ignorant piety, I can freely say with an old writer; Dear is Plato, and dear is Aristotle; but dearest of all is truth.

I am ever, dear sir,
Yours in Christ,
S. Sheridan Wilson.

"P. S.—The island of Cefalonia is a mountainous country, containing about 70,000 souls, of the Greek faith. There are in the island about two hundred villages, three hundred and fifty churches, four or five hundred clergy, regular and secular, a considerable number of monasteries and nunneries, thirty children's schools, one English public grammar school;—and in all the churches there is preaching *about four times in the year*. This calculation is in round numbers. The island has many barren patches, yet, were it cultivated up to its capabilities, it would be very productive. It seems from Homer, that some natives of this island were led by Ulysses to the Trojan war."

Among my English auditors in Malta, at this time, were the late G. Damerum, Esq. and his lady. To them I addressed the following letter:—

To the Commissary General and his Lady, at Malta.

"My Dear Friends, *Cefalonia.*

"Feeling as I do, that you interest yourselves in whatever concerns the glory of God, and the cause of our common christianity; I fancy you will accept a line from your absent friend. Many pleasant, I hope useful evenings, I have passed under your roof, the remembrance of which endears Malta to my affections. Soon, I hear, you quit the island. May a watchful Providence ever guard you, and preserve you until your life's end! May the knowledge of Christ, our adorable Lord, be precious, increasingly precious, to you, and the peace of God for ever keep you happy and useful in your day!

"This morning at nine o'clock, I reached Argostoli again, after an interesting journey of five days, in many parts of this island, accompanied by my friends, Dr. and Mrs. K. and Mr. K. of the Engineers. I have formed the design of giving you a short account of our tour. Little things, many little things, I believe I shall be obliged to tell you, if I am to say any thing; yet,—

> 'These little things are great to little man.'

"The first unusual sight was twenty Greek females standing in the sea, washing the clothes of their husbands and children, and singing as they laboured. 'Alas!' thought I, 'can these be the daughters of those ancient heroes, who went from this island to the Trojan war, under the command of Ulysses?'

"Our road lay for some time along the high hills that overhang Argostoli, but was cheered occasionally by the interesting salutations of the Greek peasantry, who gave us as we passed, the soft 'good day;' or the more respectful 'good bye;' or the yet more charming 'welcome!' The scenery, to be complete, wants only one addition—that of lakes. But for this the ocean, which is seldom shut out of the landscape, furnishes an ample compensation. The bold and broken rocks, often but half revealed through the luxuriant vegetation of that rich clime,—the mountains of various form and elevation, often mantled in trees of great variety and richness, cannot fail to delight the mind, and awaken the enthusiasm of the dullest spectator; while the effect is greatly enhanced by the deep, silent and cultivated valleys, which frequently burst upon the traveller; beautifully contrasting with the lofty mountains near them, and with the bright broad sea in the distance. After winding through one of the finest dells I ever saw, through which we rather *made* our way than *found* it, we opened all at once on the beautiful vale of *Samos.*—Samos, you recollect, was one of the four famous cities of this island, and formed part of the kingdom of Ulysses. To tread this vale, to stand on the tombs of ancient Greeks, who have slept here for so many ages, inspired me with a singular train of reflection. This vernal vale is filled with a thousand balmy plants and trees; and as I listened to the melody of the birds, 'these,' said I to myself, 'are the descendants of those very birds, whose notes so often delighted the ears of the Greeks, who now sleep beneath my feet!' The living and the dead seemed one.

'Green waves the bay, when song and bard are fled,
And all that blooms around, is blooming o'er the dead.'

"The first night we put up at the monastery of Aghioi Fanendes, where the monks provided us with almonds, wine and milk. This monastery is perched on the very summit of one of the hills of old Samos, the acclivity of which is shaded by an exuberance of elegant trees and spice-breathing plants; and we ascended it by a zigzag path of great difficulty. Below the hills lie the tombs of the old Samians, and on a neighbouring elevation stand the remains of a castle of huge cyclopean architecture. In visiting this antiquity, I was almost lost for the night among the thick underwood. In the vale of Samos are other tombs, one of which I found, by the inscription, had once been the bed of a young female, perhaps a Roman, as her name was *Julia.* The inscription ran thus—' ΙΟΥΛΙΑ ΚΥΛΙ ΧΑΙΡΕ—Julia Cyle, farewell.'

'Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering in the ground:
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise.
So generations in their course decay,
So flourish these, when those are past away.'

"After running, stopping, running again, and again stopping, scrambling down the rocks, and forcing myself through the brushwood; I at last got sight of our monastery again, just before night, and reached it in a state of fever. On retiring to rest, I found I had two skulls of the old Samians near my bed-side as companions, probably two thousand years old, for Strabo mentions Samos as in ruins even in his time.

" Next morning we proceeded to inspect the visible ruins of this wonderful vale. Descending the hill of the monastery, we passed through the bones of the ancient dead, and came to a sort of arbour, in which there was a table made of an old gravestone, which in summer the friars use as a refectory. Down in the valley we passed some old women, spinning with the distaff and spindle, just as in the classic ages. I gave one of the poor dames half a dollar for her distaff. Some Greeks who were digging in a vineyard, were heartily amused, when Dr. K. took their instruments, and began to turn up the clods of the valley. These poor creatures sometimes find the old coins of Samos, and, alas! they little reflect, that the dust they disturb is the ashes of their progenitors.

'The mole that scoops with curious toil,
Her subterranean bed,
Thinks not she ploughs a human soil,
And mines among the dead.'

" I commended an old woman on the sea-coast, at the end of the vale, for her knowledge of ancient Greek; 'yes,' replied she ironically, 'I speak fine Greek, certainly!' Barbarously enough indeed she spoke, yet she really used one classical word, which is only to be found in the mouth of the illiterate—*προσκυνάω*, an uncontracted verb, which the polite Greeks of this day would denounce as quaint and obsolete. I hope you will kindly bear with my admiration of classic sounds, falling from the lips of a poor Samian female; yet there is a more interesting language in the works of our Heavenly Father, truly delightful to the christian philosopher. As I sat this morning at the window of a house close by the sea, I looked around—the yellow lemons, the fine Grecian roses, the flocks, the husbandmen turning over the rich soil of the vale, and calling to their oxen, the variagated hills and lofty mountains on one side; and on the other the realms of Ulysses, the famous Mount Enos, whence Jupiter has one of his titles; a cup of coffee before me, and the long pipe in my hand; I almost fancied myself a Samian; and to view all these beautiful works of God, were a blessing to any but an uncultivated or irreligious mind. As I ranged the green fields, where once stood the busy streets of this ancient city, which Fabius and his Romans assisted in demolishing; could the mind cease to perceive, and the heart to sicken at, the instability of human grandeur?

> '*Et seges est, ubi Troja fuit.*'
>
> Where Troy once stood, and heroes once were born,
> The site is waving with the sun-lit corn.

"In the several monasteries which I visited, both here and in other parts of the mountains, I left copies of the word of God, and small supplies of religious tracts. It is astonishing and delightful to hear the pressing entreaties of these poor monks, for copies of the word of life, and religious books. The second monastery I visited had some of my tracts already, for the friar had actually come for them to my quarters at Argostoli. I promised to send him two copies of the New Testament; but the poor man refused to wait till I sent from the first convent. He actually came on foot, through the hot sun over the mountain, and prayed the saint of the monastery to bless and protect me. He also brought me a number of coins, which husbandmen had found in digging the ground of ancient Samos. But one poor monk, to whom I promised a copy of the holy scriptures, came to town, many miles over the mountain ridges, and brought me a present of butter, in hopes of getting it without money. He is the only one of fifteen monks in the convent of Peghee, that knows how to read. The other monasteries of these islands are in the same deplorable state of ignorance. In all the convents, I encouraged the monks, by every argument I could think of, to teach the poor children in the neighbouring villages. There were two boys in one monastery, learning to read, who gave me no rest until they had obtained a Testament. I gave them one, but I missed another, of which some one in the establishment had got possession clandestinely. It is astonishing how many New Testsments I sold to the priests and monks. Ah!

how different these from the papal priesthood! I was really obliged to send priests and people away, though they came to purchase the Testaments. In one day, I sold altogether about 140 copies, at half-price or a little under.

"The monastery of Agrellia, so called because it stands in the midst of wild olives, has a beautiful church; yet its beauty is spoiled by a profusion of gorgeous decoration, and wants, I fear, the true ornament, the divine presence. I pressed on one of the monks the importance of *preaching* to the peasantry, who come hither from the different hamlets around. 'But,' said he, 'we cannot; the monks here cannot even read.' 'Jesus Christ,' I replied, 'sent out his apostles to preach the gospel.' 'True,' said the monk, 'but here there is none to preach it.' 'Surely,' I rejoined, 'a man who feels the power of the gospel in his own breast, can speak of that feeling to others:—*that* is preaching.'

"The Greek mariners on this coast are often in danger; but to propitiate the saints, they bring a great variety of offerings to this mountain. Hence the church was hung round with small ships, necklaces, pictures, lockets, bracelets, and parts of the human body, in wax and metals;—a custom purely pagan. 'These things, fathers,' said I, 'may do very well, but we ought not to give to creatures that honour, which belongs to God alone. He is more pleased with a holy life and conversation, than with all the trinkets that can be laid on the shrine of a saint.'—'Truth,' was their reply; yet still they leaned to their favourite saint and his worship, for by this craft they lived. After our conversation, they pressed me warmly to take some coffee and other refreshments. I left tracts with them for their use, and that of the surrounding villages. May the seed be productive! Dr. K. presented another to the gentleman who kindly guided us over the mountain to the monastery. This person owned some land on the plain of Samos. When the war broke out, he was in Constantinople; but being taken by the Turks, he purchased his life and liberty at the price of his fortune, and was living when I saw him, on a small paternal estate.

"During our journey to the convent of Agrellia, our whole party were not a little amused at the awkward attempts of one of the friars, who accompanied us, to speak ancient Greek. I often exclaimed, in allusion to the surrounding beauties of nature, 'eumorfos!'— This word the generality of modern Greeks pronounce omorfos. The friar, however, in order to show off, or accustom himself to a correct pronunciation, continued to exclaim at every turn of the winding path, 'evmorfos!' In compliment to his proficiency, I said to him; 'why, really! you are becoming quite a Greek now.' 'Yes,' replied the gentleman above-mentioned, 'to day he is a Greek, and to morrow he will be an ass.' The poor monk seemed to enjoy the remark, as much as any of the party; and all were highly amused with a couplet I cited from a modern Greek poet;—

'O Athens, once so famed, I vow,
What asses dost thou nourish now!'

"This is literally true of that once renowned city, for in no part of Greece is the language more corrupted with foreign admixtures. But can we wonder at this, when we recollect that the poor Greeks have, for the last four centuries, been as much the slaves of the *Turks*, as they once were the slaves of their ears? Under a barbaric yoke, it was easy and natural for the virtues of Aristides, and the eloqueuce of Demosthenes, to degenerate into the vices of oppression, and to be succeeded by national degradation. But the graces and virtues will again visit Greece, refined and improved by a liberal measure of christian principle. Christianity and literature shall go hand in hand, to humanize Greece, '*and liberate the captives.*' Science and art, which have in vain sought a residence in Turkey, shall again find a refuge in the bosom of Athens. It is true Basil is gone, and the Greeks weep for him; but I believe a greater than Basil favours the cause of Greece.—I am now near Messalonghi, where poor Lord Byron died. You will be glad to learn, that Byron studied the Bible in his latter days; and I thank God he died in serving the Greeks, rather than in writing another *Cain*.

"The night before we left the monastery of Aghioi Fanendes, the friars shewed us some of the most splendid relics I ever saw. One box was probably worth 400l. It contained, *they said*, the identical bones of different saints. They seemed disappointed at the philosophic nonchalance with which I turned them over, while all the monks crossed themselves most devoutly, and seemed breathless with superstitious veneration. After this they had prayers, at least what they dignify with that sacred term; and we were present. As soon as *their* vespers were over, Dr. and Mrs. K. and myself had our evening service, at which the monks were present. I first gave out a hymn, which we sung. Then I read in Greek a chapter in Timothy, of instructions to ministers of the gospel, and commented on it for the edification of the monks, speaking particularly on the importance of doing all the good we can to the souls of men. I then prayed in Greek, and concluded. I heard the gentleman say to the friar, after our service was over—'he is a fine man—our country has great need of such.' Rarely is an Englishman permitted to expound the word of God to the inmates of a Greek monastery.

After breakfast next morning, the friar crossed the guides as a benediction, gave us the blessing of the saint, and parted from us almost with tears. It was a beautiful May-day morning. One of the women of the convent was cutting wood in the copse. The sweet birds were warbling on the trees. The sky was a sheet of blue and gold. The sun shone delightfully across the vale of Samos, on the verge of which we were travelling. I thought of England—of a May-day in England. I thought, too, of Greece, poor Greece;—her slavery, her moral degradation, her oppression, her noble struggle for liberty.

Under the shade of a tree, two women and as many girls were washing at a fountain on the hill side. The poor girls were obviously terrified at the sight of strangers, and refused at first a few pieces of money offered to them by Mrs. K. 'Fear not,' said one of the women, 'she is a female as well as you, and wont hurt you.' In the village of Delagato we stopped at a priest's house, when I gave him a New Testament and some tracts. I urged him to commence a school, and provided him books for the purpose; but he seemed too fond of cultivating his lands. He gave us bread and wine. A young woman ran out of the house in a fit almost of ecstacy, exclaiming, 'that lady (Mrs. K.) speaks Greek,—she speaks Greek!' Children and women got round us, and to one or two that could read I gave tracts. The priest begged hard for a New Testament, before I consented to give it;

for I had not many left. In this village, on a prominent point of the mountain, a poor Greek was hanging in chains—he had been a murderer.

"At the foot of Mount Enos, and in the beautiful and fertile vale of Racli—the ancient Heraclea,—we received a hearty welcome from a rich Greek farmer, named Campechy. The sublimity of the view was only surpassed by one yet to be noticed, from the mountain ridge of the celebrated Enos. On our way we passed a solitary grave—it was that of a poor Turk, whom our host had humanely entertained in this isolated spot. He was wounded in a battle, which Campechy witnessed under the mountain, and died of five wounds. The Greeks took the Turkish ship, and this poor creature was washed ashore. Some cruel Greeks, in order to say they had burnt a Turk, made a fire on the turf where he lies, the embers of which still appeared. 'Alas!' I said, 'no man is more a friend to the Greeks than myself; yet I hate a vindictive spirit. If there *must* be fighting, I wish the Greeks to conquer; but I am sorry when you fight without necessity. The Turks are barbarians; you are christians; imitate not their cruel deeds.' How often have I preached this to the Greeks! Yet, let no man account them more wantonly cruel than the Turks. But before the Greeks arrive at that measure of intelligent piety, which forms the firm basis of humanity, they must have better priests, more devout, and more enlightened. This very day I heard a sermon, at the close of which there was enough to pain the heart of any man, who duly appreciates the blood of atonement; for Saint George was put in the place of Jesus, and heaven was offered for an act of charity and a few moralities.

"While on my way to the vale of Racli, a boy about sixteen walked before us as our guide. 'My lad,' said I, 'do you see all these beautiful things around you?'—'Yes.'—'Who made them?' —'I don't know.'—'Don't know! why God:' 'who made *you*?' 'God.'—'Who redeemed you?'—'My father and mother.' After leaving a Testament with our kind host, some tracts for the children in the villages, and a small sum for the poor Greek refugees; we bent our steps for the summit of Mount Enos. Just at noontide, we reached the monastery of Peghee, so called from the fountain close by, where we took coffee and eggs, left tracts and good advice, and afresh set out for the ridge of the mountain, where we expected to find the remains of an altar, and relics of animals anciently offered to Jupiter; but after the strictest scrutiny, we could discover no remains whatever.

"After clambering over rocks of tremenduous form and magnitude, and winding in all directions, to escape the beds of snow that lay on the mountain; we reached the highest ridge in five hours. It is about three hundred feet higher than Mount Athos, and the loftiest point of land in all the Ionian islands. I question whether any part of the whole Mediterranean furnishes a view of equal extent and sublimity. The oblations made to Jupiter on this spot would be visible in all the Ionian isles, and on the Peloponnesus. On the west lay the Mediterranean; north and south, the black ridges of the Enos chain appeared in terrific undulations; while in the east we beheld, in almost one and the same glance of the eye, the Morea, her western islands, the Gulph of Corinth, Patrass, Messalongi, the famous river Acheloüs, and the high lands of Acarnania. There, thought I, is the seat of war and blood. Fair land of Phidias and of Alcibiades! how long art thou to groan?—how long to contend? when will peace spread her olive over the nations, so that they may learn war no more?

'When sounds of battle-drums assault my ears,
I think of crowded deaths, and countless tears;
I think of captives chained,
I think of coffers drained,
Of spirits fled all raving and all stained.'

"Towards the close of the day, we reached the monastery of Yerasimo, where we passed the night. In this monastery, besides the monks, were fifteen nuns and fourteen female attendants; and yet—I was going to say *strange*, but nothing is strange here—not one of all knew a single letter! The prior reads of course. To him I gave the remainder of my books, begging him to remember the poor children of the village, and to give them some of the tracts. Before quitting this place next morning, I went into the church. Two maniacs, a man and woman, both in chains, stood near the officiating priest. They were placed here to have the devils cast out by excorcism, a practice very common in Greece; and woe to the faculty, were it as successful as it is common!

"The poor maniacs took no part in the service, except that the woman sometimes crossed herself almost mechanically. Vamvas told me he checked one of the priests, who was attempting to cast out a devil from another, some few days previously. If the poor creatures rage a little, 'it is the demon.' The priest comes, and in a threatening tone exclaims, 'get out! get out!' Happy for Greece if the priests used as many exertions to cast the devil out of the hearts of *ungodly* men, as to frighten him out of the heads of maniacs!

"But I will conclude. I fear I have trespassed too long on your patience. Supplicate for me the divine benediction on the seed of the gospel, scattered in my way, that it may bear a rich and holy harvest to the glory of our common Redeemer. Oh! if it shall appear in the great day of account, that my feeble attempts to promote the salvation of immortal souls, have been blessed *in one single instance*, it will be an ample indemnification for the little trials I may yet meet with, either in Greece or in her interesting islands. I am, dear friends,

ever truly yours,
S. Sheridan Wilson."

As an appropriate close to this tour, I add from the wreck of my journals the following extract.—"I have thus had many conversations with the ecclesiastics and laity of the Greek church. I have expounded and prayed with the monks of Samos, where the old suitors of Penelope resided, during the absence of Ulysses. I have traversed some of the most romantic localities, conversing with the Greek peasantry on the blood of sprinkling, and I have sold scriptures and other books, to the amount of £35; of which the following is a list:—

Bibles,	26,	Small books,	814,
Testaments,	282,	Spelling-books,	359,
Psalters,	18,	Tracts, given	4,000.

Never did I before witness such eagerness to purchase or to beg our books; and what is yet more delightful, the priests were as urgent as the rest. Oh, that God may cause these volumes to prove as fructifying as the rain on the parched land I have visited.—Amen!"

The preceding details may depict the state of the Ionian islands noticed in this tour, at the period of my visit; and should the reader wish to glance at their *actual* condition and prospects, a short letter from my colleague, the Rev. I. Lowndes, of the 11th of October 1838, will afford a tolerable insight. It is addressed to the Rev. W. Ellis, Foreign Secretary to the Society. Among the sources of cheering influence, by which our brother is sustained, in the fulfilment of his arduous duties, is the continued countenance and co-operation which he enjoys from the senate, and the Lord High Commissioner, Sir Howard Douglas, to whose generous solicitude for the welfare of the community, the efficiency of the excellent system of education now in progress is chiefly to be ascribed. The interests of female education are also vigorously sustained throughout the islands, and the schools for instruction on the Sabbath are in a prosperous state. In addition to the other means employed to promote the well-being of the Greek population, a college or seminary, which will be of eminent service as preparatory to the higher studies pursued in the University, was about to be established in Corfu, where Mr. Lowndes resides. The circulation of the sacred scriptures, and of Mr. Lowndes's

Modern Greek and English Lexicon, with other important works, was actively continued."

"Since I last wrote to you, viz., in May, I have visited all the Ionian islands, with the exception of Cerigo, for the purpose of inspecting the schools; and, taking into consideration the state of affairs in Smyrna, and the sympathy felt in all parts where the eastern church predominates, I have found the schools in a much better state than I could have expected. The government of these islands has ordered books to be printed, for a regular course of reading in the Lancasterian schools. These are now almost ready, and on the whole are very good. This method was adopted by the governor, in consequence of the existing agitation, and probably has had much influence in preventing its further extension. Formerly the New Testament was almost the only book read in the schools, no other being used except a short catechism; but the books that are now prepared will, in future, form a prominent part of the instruction in the reading classes.

"The higher schools in the different islands continue in a very favourable state, and the University in Corfu is advancing. On the whole, public instruction was never so widely extended in the Ionian islands, as it is at present. In all my visits to the islands and schools, I have met with the kindest reception and cooperation."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MARRIAGE RITES OF GREECE.—THEIR CLASSIC ANTIQUITY.—DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS.—MODE OF SITTING.—CHAMBER LAMPS.—TUTELAR SAINTS.—FATAL EVENT.—THE OLYMPIAN LADY.—THE LANGUAGE.—A HINT ON UNKNOWN TONGUES.—CUSTOMS IN SICKNESS.—AT FUNERALS.—JUST VIEW OF DEATH.

Both in the Greek church, and in the domestic arrangements of that land, one observes many usages highly interesting, yet prejudicial;—interesting to the general reader, because so truly classical; but prejudicial to morals and the church, because, in some cases at least, antagonist to the high interests of scriptural truth. To place before the reader a few of these usages, is the object of the present chapter; in the belief that neither to the classic nor to the devout mind can such a theme prove very uninviting.

Some brief annals of a wedding in Zeà, at which I was a guest, may open this chapter, for in my notices of that island, they were omitted.

Zeà, be it remembered, is a large island, about midway between Syra and the Athenian promontory, the birthland of the celebrated painter Apelles, who was so highly honoured when Venus sat to him for her likeness! Does the reader question this fact?

Let him cease to doubt, since the truth-loving monks assure us, that the virgin Mary sat for *her* picture to a favourite saint; and one is just as probable as the other.

The next night after my arrival at Zeà, I took up my residence at a house about three miles in the interior of the island, and it was while staying here with my friendly host, that I received an invitation to a nuptial repast. This presented a most singular scene, and memory saw much more than the eye, for it glanced vividly back to the past times of Greece.

The dinner party, including the happy couple, consisted of about twenty of both sexes. I think it was while yet on our way to the house, that I first fell in with the bride. She was rather short in stature, and too *en bon point;* but yet pleasing and fair, with soft voice and manners. Her face was quite Grecian. Her dress was very becoming. I hope my excellent countrywomen will forgive my preference for the Greek costume. In their undress, I allow, the Greek ladies, like the Italian, are genuine slatterns; for they wear no stays. But when in full dress, their ease and elegance surpass any thing I have witnessed in England.

The dinner consisted of small pieces of meat, spitted like so many larks, bread, wine, pastry and fruits. After the repast, two tall, handsome young ladies sang with high pathos and sweet voices, what was called the celebrated hymn to Phœbus. In Blackwood's Magazine for 1837 or 1838, the reader may find this ancient ode translated into English, and I heartily wish that, while perusing the lines, he may be able to fancy himself sitting as I was with the daughters of Greece, and that at a marriage in the island which gave birth to Apelles.

After dinner, we must of course drink the health of the happy couple. I know not what I said, but what I wished them then, and still, if alive, I well know:—happiness, great, true, lasting, holy, and eternal; for I am a friend to honourable marriage, and a foe to carnal monks.

The interchange of the ring on the *right* hand, at the altar, I regard in the light of a purely classic usage. Is not this what is meant in the Iphigenia of Euripides, when Clytemnestra thus apostrophises Achilles?—

> "Join *your* right hand to mine,
> And as these hands entwine,
> Hail, hail incipient rites
> Of union's future shrine."*

True the ring is not here named, nor am I prepared to say any thing on the pagan antiquity of this mystic and endearing little trinket. Surely English dissenters will not give up the ring,—it is a talisman that entwines about the heart.

The classic antiquity of the nuptial garland, however, is unproblematical: so is that of those floral wreaths, or more gaudy but not more welcome crowns of silver or gold, with which the priest and the groomsman now adorn the temples of the votaries of hymen, placing the garland of the bridegroom on those of the fair nymph, and her's upon his,—at least as ancient as the times of Claudian.

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* Iphygen. act iv.

> "Now for a crown the unsuspicious maid,
> Ranges the trees, and forms a flowery braid.
> Ah! fatal omen of the victim's fate!
> But blest precursor to the bridal state.*"

The crown or garland was, in fact, anciently the emblem of marriage; and it is as a precious remnant of this pagan usage—precious, for it is harmless—that the classic land still retains the crown, and, as already remarked, styles the marriage ceremony the "*coronation*." But this nuptial crown is older than the age of Claudian; it was a usage in the time of Solomon: "Go forth, ye daughters of Zion! and behold king Solomon with the crown wherewith his *mother* crowned him, on the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart."*

I believe it is historically correct to say, that in ancient times the *paranymphus* and the *pronube*, corresponding with the *combaros* and the *combare*, or groomsman and bridemaid of the modern Greeks, provided the crown and other ornaments deemed proper for the nuptial rites. In Greece, at this day, these things, as Admiral Miaoules once informed me when in Hydra, are provided by the groomsman *exclusively*. The outlay depends on the rank and circumstances of the parties. Some of the crowns are very splendid; others very plain. They are not *full* crowns, nor even coronets, but a sort of wreath or garland, encircling the temples, like those awarded at the Olympic games. Anciently they were formed exclusively of leaves and flowers, but at the present day, those flowers are gracefully intermixed with pink ribbon, or with galloons of gold and silver, while some are made entirely of the latter articles.

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* Rape of Proserpine, lib. ii.

† Cant. iii. 11.

These nuptial garlands were anciently accounted *sacred.* Among the *bassi relievi* ornamenting the sepulchres of married persons or families, which survive the lapse of ages, these festoons are still seen;* and, moreover, are still sacred—about as much so as an English lady's wedding-ring. It has already been stated, that they are long and superstitiously preserved by the wedded pair. The lady especially would as unwillingly destroy her nuptial crown, as a wife in Britain would cast away her ring, or burn her certificate of marriage. I have seen these garlands suspended close by the shrine, that holds some picture or relic deemed marvellously holy; but, at times, they are hung about the nuptial couch, where I have *not* seen them, and there they often remain till death.

In describing the wedding I attended at Hydra, I omitted two usages. I had in my house for several years a few *nuptial candles.* These are about eighteen inches in length, of proportionable thickness, and prettily painted blue and red, intermixed with gold or silver leaf, tastefully applied. The other usage was, that of occasionally scattering confects and small coin in the procession. Who does not recollect the "*spargere nuces*" of classic marriages? It sometimes becomes an object to seek a decent riddance of the numerous children, whose presence on nuptial occasions, though admitted, is at times an inconvenience. To put them out, the bridegroom scatters in the street a few handfulls of confects or small coin, or both. That is enough. The urchins rush out and scramble for the spoil:—

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* Recueil d'Antiquitès Grecques, par M. le Compte de Caylus; Plan. 74.

> "*Sparge, marite! muces.*"
> Husband! scatter some nuts.*

I have fully described the marches we made in Hydra,—the music, the dances, the general joy. Was this anciently practised? Is it classical? I may reply with Christopoulos, in his grammar of the modern Greek language: "Do we barbarize? No!" I might show that such a sentiment is not very incorrect, even in reference to the actual *tongue* of modern Greece; but our present business is with an affair much more generally interesting; and it remains that the reader just glance, for a moment, at the nuptial pictures, so ancient, so charming, as pourtrayed by the venerable father of poets, in the shield of Achilles.†—A word on modes of sitting.

In the outer apartments of ancient Greek houses, use was made of a sort of seat, whose form is, at the present day, very common among even the western nations; and for the *inner* apartments, or chambers, the ancient inhabitants of this classic land, made use of small beds laid upon the ground. It seems probable that these served all the purposes of our English sofas, and of the Ottoman divans. What Plutarch says, in his life of Dion, seems to confirm this theory; for of what but such sofas can we explain his allusion to certain floor matresses, upon which Dion was seated at the time of his assassination.*

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* Virgil, Ecl. ii.

† Iliad, b. xviii.

This custom is still preserved in Greece. It is seldom one is admitted into the ladies' apartment, though I have often sat with the fair daughters of Greece; but in all inner rooms small beds are found at this day. In Greece we always sit upon them à la tailor, except in sleep, and then we recline as in England.

I have often been struck with the somewhat singular manner of approaching these seats; and the same holds good as to the divans or continuous sofas, which are somewhat elevated, like our English ottomans or settees. I may illustrate this by what I saw at Spetsia, while with Santos, by whom I was so hospitably entertained for ten days, without any other return than my blessing, and a Testament to Lascara, his daughter, as a marriage present; for, at the next Theophania, she was destined to begin the joys and sorrows of wedded life.

The actual usage of placing in their rooms *ἀκοίμητοι λαμπᾶδες*, sleepless lamps, — lamps that blaze night and day—before some trifle deemed sacred, and so for religious purposes, is perfectly mythological, and therefore of very ancient date. Indeed, the present religion of Greece is, in a great measure, like that of the Latin pale, christianity paganized, or paganism baptized with the christian name. Day and night, do these lamps flicker in the inner apartments of the modern Greeks, casting a sort of dingy halo around the head of some deeply venerated picture of the deipara, or "mother of God." Idols the modern Greeks do not use, except those of them who are attached to the western pale. "We may," the orient Greeks say, "we may light these sleepless lamps in honour of *pictures*, but not in honour of *idols;* for all images having a relief or prominent shape, that is, projecting from a plain ground, are really *idols;* but pictures are impalpable, intangible, have neither *alto* nor *basso relievo*, and therefore are only '*likenesses*,' not idols." If the Greeks would only peruse Exod. xx., they would find that these "likenesses" are as expressly forbidden, as the images of their Latin foes.

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* Yoyage Lit. de M. Guys, edit. Paris, 1783; Plut. in Dion.

Every classic mind will recognize in these sleepless lamps, the ever-burning lights of their pagan progenitors, placed before the "*dii penates*," or tutelary household deities. Pausanias stands connected with a most tragical event, that anciently occurred from this usage. This talented leader of the Lacedemonians was once commanding the combined fleet at the battle of Platea, and being in the Hellespont, became acquainted with a young girl of Byzantium, named Cleonice. This girl, on entering the apartment of Pausanias in the evening, approached the couch where the general was reposing, and, in a playful humour, upset the burning lamp. Aroused by the noise, Pausanias sprang from his couch, and fearing some act of treason to his country or to himself, seized his sword, and laid the damsel dead at his feet.*

War has ever been but an appalling scourge, and from this the Greeks of the present day have suffered grievously, like their ancestors. The females and children have been special victims. On reaching the district of Olympia, on my way to Pyrgos and Katacolo, with design thence to embark for Zante; I saw a lady standing by her estates, and saluted her. We soon entered freely into conversation, and some of her remarks, I most distinctly remember, after many years; for there was in her voice a melting plaintiveness, that does not hastily fade from memory's ample page.

"Good day!" I said.

"Good day to thee!" was her reply.

"Your country has bright days dawning."

"Bright, sir! look at my estates,—all trodden down. The palicaris"—that is soldiers,—"the palicaris enter my house whenever it pleases them, do what they like, and remain as long as they like. Alas! sir, this is a dark day for Greece."

"But a brighter day is dawning, madam;—these evils are temporary, to be followed by a state of order and of freedom. Recollect, dear madam, education is now spreading through all the land, even though yet in arms against Turkish oppression; and liberty, sweet liberty, and the gospel are coming to the land."

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* Pausan. vol. i.

"Alas, sir!" she said with a moving intonation, for it was the language of her heart; "alas, sir! shocking liberty this, shocking liberty indeed, to be thus despoiled of one's estate!" The word I have rendered *shocking*, was literally black, and is made use of in modern Greece, in the sense I have given to it; but in Turkey black is a term of dignity.

That the Greeks should have preserved their sweet language, through so long and so changeful a series of eventful ages, is highly honourable to their patriotism. With no nation am I at all acquainted, that has passed through equal vicissitudes, and yet has preserved in equal purity the tongue of its fathers. Though for ten centuries Greece was the plaything of tyrants, and seemed blotted from the map of Europe; yet when we visit her magic coast, we still find, on every lip, the divine language of Plato; changed indeed, but wonderfully similar.

And what do the present Greeks think or intend? —will they return entirely to ancient Greek? No. Some few have written altogether in that tongue, but were laughed at for their pedantry. In fact, the actual reformers range on two opposite sides of the house, with a *juste milieu* between. I have seen some productions of my friend, the celebrated Psaleethas of Yoannina, and of the worthy son of Baron Theotokys, altogether Hellenic. On the other hand, Athanasios Christopulos and those of this school, maintain that the language as spoken by the vulgar is perfectly beautiful, nay, perfectly *ancient*, and loudly deprecate all attempts at atticising. But Koraës, Vamvas and all the editors of Greek newspapers, observe a medium, and produce a language, in my humble judgment, more elegant, more melifluous, more simple, than that of the father of poets or the prince of historians.—Homer and Herodotus are more venerable, but not more chaste; more terse, but not more sonorous; more copious, but not more expressive, than the adventurous authors of the age of Otho the first.

And I must for ever regret, that the pride of false learning, and a wicked distrust of the majesty of revealed truth, not tricked out in the meretricious garb of dazzling obscurity, still lead the Greek priests to use in their church-books in the language of a gone-by age. When will men admit the unquestionable sentiment of Chateaubriand? "*Ce qui est beau, simple, e naturel, l'est dans toutes les langues*;"—whatever is beautiful, simple and natural, is in all languages the same.

The last sad obsequies paid to the dead are equally redolent of ancient usages. And since none of the mischief that sacerdotal error entails can affect them, one does not feel much regret, to find classic usages still clinging to the couch and grave of the dead. To paganize christianity is frightful: to plant a scion of antiquity by the tomb, cannot injure the departed, whose lot is already fixed and immutable for ever.

The religion of modern Greece prescribes, that in case of sickness, a priest be called, especially at the last, who recites certain prayers for the departing spirit. The ancient Greeks had the same, with this difference;—prayers are now made to God and the Panagia, whereas they were formerly made to Mercury, considered as the conductor of departed spirits. While what is styled the liturgia, or mass, is transpiring at the dying person's couch, relatives and others stand silent around, to catch the last word, which is held in a measure of sacred importance. This anxiety is not to hear some whisper of dying confidence in the Saviour, or hope in the approaching joys of heaven; for, while in the papal pale the cruel nostrum of purgatory stifles all ebullitions of joyful anticipation, in Greece the officious triflings of the διαβατήριον or *viaticum*, produce the same effect. "I desire to be with Christ," is not the language of one about to plunge into a purgatory. What the survivors wish to hear from their dying friend, is some word of counsel, but it matters little what. So Andromache, weeping the death of Hector, laments that she had not heard from the hero's lips any discreet counsel.

"Why held he not to me his dying hand?
And why received I not his last command?" *

The first rite after death is to close the mouth and eyes. Thus the shade of Agamemnon laments to Clytemnestra, that she had not taken the trouble to perform this obsequy for his remains. So at least says a modern Greek I am citing, who gives as his authority the eleventh book of the Odyssey, but I have in vain sought for the passage.* When the mouth and eyes are closed, the corpse is washed and dressed in the best habits of the deceased. I have seen a Greek thus arrayed, and such is the custom of the country in general. In like manner was Patroclus treated by his friend Achilles, as is seen by a reference to the eighteenth book of the Iliad.

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* Iliad, b. xxiv.—line 743.

If the deceased is espoused but not yet wedded, or if a very young bride or bridegroom; the Greeks, at least in the Ionian isles, place on the head of the departed the nuptial crown,—the crown used at the wedding: but if the departed be an infant, a youth or young damsel, the head is decorated only with a wreath of flowers. In the life of Pericles, we find such to have been the usage of the classic ages. "This famous man," says Plutarch, "witnessed the death by plague of the greater portion of his family. He was not seen to weep, or follow the funeral procession; but when he proceeded to place the *crown* of *flowers* on the last of his children, he was no longer master of his grief,—he broke out in convulsive sighs, and shed a torrent of tears."

On bringing the corpse out of the house, to convey it to its last resting place, the Greeks are careful that when it is placed upon the bier, the feet shall be turned towards the door, by which it is to pass into the street. The relatives and friends then surround the bier and mourn. Thus we find Achilles using this language, in reference to his friend Patroclus, fallen in the war:—

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* Memoria di alcuni Costumii etc. by Anthreas Papathopulos: p. 41.

> Transfixed by chilly steel, behold him lie,
> Pale in his tent,—alas! the bravest die;—
> Feet to the door, he slumbers on the ground,
> And weeping heroes circle him around.—*Iliad;* b. xix.

In modern Greece is still prevalent the custom of hiring women to lament the dead, to sing a dirge to his memory, and to recount his virtues. These are often generously paid for their mercenary tears. Their laments are styled *τὰ μοιρολόγια*, or songs of destiny, and themselves *mirologists.* Among these females, some obtain such celebrity, as to be much in request at funerals. Their cadence, or close of each panegyric, is sometimes *οὒ*, *οὒ*, *οὒ !* and at others, ὢχ, ὢχ, ὤχ*!* At their head stands the chief mourner, when a simultaneous wailing and sobbing, often repeated, finishes with the triple interjection just given. That this was one of the classic usages, is unproblematical; but from the scholiast in Aristophanes it appears, that the cadence of the ancient Greeks was, ἒ, ἒ, ἒ, which is not perhaps so touching and expressive as the *οὒ* or ὢχ of the present day. There appears in Homer's living pictures of gone-by ages, in the 24th book of the Iliad, a pathetic scene, exemplifying the modern practice. It is on the death of Hector, and Andromache figures as chief mourner:—

> The body stretched along a princely bier,
> Now flowed around the mercenary tear:
> The dirge repeaters 'gan the mournful song,
> While women wail, the requiem to prolong.

Like the ancient Greeks, those of the present day prefer hasty interments. In Malta, the grave closes on the day following that of the death. So Achilles appears in haste to bury Patroclus.* It is now deemed, by all Greeks, a repulsive thing to inter in the night, as such sepulture is superstitiously accounted ominous of ill. In the writings of Euripides one most clearly discerns a kindred feeling; as when Cassandra pronounces an imprecation on Thalibius.† The hasty interments of Palestine, too, are strikingly exemplified in the case of Lazarus; for at verse 39 of John xi., it is stated, that this "friend of Jesus" had been *dead* four days; while, from verse 17, it appears he had lain four days in the grave. It is hence inferable, that Lazarus was interred on the day of his death. The body of Jesus was interred the evening he expired. In all hot climates, not in Greece or Malta alone, the death-day and that of sepulture are never far apart.

Tourists in Greece, had they time or opportunity, would be much struck with the funeral ceremony called the final salute. This takes place at church, after the funeral prayers; for now the priests, the relatives, and the friends apply their warmer lips to the cold face of the deceased, while some very touching language drops from those of the minister. This rite, prescribed by the Greek ritual, was prevalent in the classic ages; with this difference, that the ceremony was not performed at church, but at home, the moment before the corpse left for the tomb; and this indeed is even now the practice of Greek females, who are not in the habit, at the present day, of following the mournful procession to the last home.* Long ago, however, prior to the classic age, we find this custom in the east; for "Joseph fell upon the neck of his dying father Jacob, and kissed him." Yet in this case the salute is *before* death; in Greece it is *after*.

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* Compare Iliad; b. xix.

† In Trojans, v. 446.

Since the Greek church has wisely turned her back on all attempts made by the Latin pale, to induce her to adopt the very antiscriptural dogma called purgatory,—a dogma, which, were it christian and not pagan, would amply justify prayers for the dead; why, it has often been enquired—why do the Greeks pray for the dead? Believing with Paul, that, "to be absent from the body, is to be present with the Lord;" that, "such as die in the Lord are blessed, and rest from their labours;" to pray *for* such seems as gratuitous as to pray *to* them. The reply of the Greeks does not justify the usage:—"Our prayers for the dead," say they, "are only an affectionate way of signifying our love, and giving a ready utterance to the fulness of the heart."

On returning from the grave, the Greeks have a feast at the house of the deceased. So, according to Homer, who describes the funeral honours rendered to Hector, the party assembled; and,

> "In Priam's royal halls anon they spread
> A festive board, in honour of the dead."—*Iliad*, b. xxiv.

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* Compare Euripides in Alceste, v. 611.

I observed that the Greeks of this day put on black, in testimony of respect for the dead. I once asked a young Greek of the Aegean, how they obtained the black; who replied, that he had himself dyed his ordinary raiment. On these occasions also, for some decorous space of time, they lead a very retired life, and receive the visits of condoling friends, for the most part resting their head on the hand, with the elbow reposing on some object near. So prevalent is this precise position of mourning, among all Greeks, that on observing a friend assume it, it is not unusual to cry, "What! have you lost a friend?" That the ancient Greeks wore black on the death of friends, is equally clear. "After I am gone," says poor Iphigenia to her mother, "do not cut off your hair, or put on black raiment; and let my sisters observe the same rule."* A mother or a wife hesitates to appear in public, or leave home, for the space of an entire year. "That miserable wretch," exclaims Aeschines against Demosthenes, "only seven days after his daughter was dead—ere he had paid a tribute of tears to her memory, or satisfied the behests of nature and of custom, appeared in public, crowned with flowers, and dressed in white, as though it were a day of festivity".†

By the inspired penmen, death is represented as a sleep; "Those who sleep in Jesus:"—"our friend Lazarus sleepeth." Sometimes by a departure;—"I desire to depart, and to be with Christ." In like manner the ancients. Clio says to Plato; "I shall depart from men."* So Tibullus as cited by Potter:

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* Euripides' Iphigen. in Aulis.

† Harangue of Aeschines against Demosthenes.

> "In a blest series may your lives glide on,
> If while I live, or when I'm dead and gone,
> One transient glance you'll on my memory cast,
> And in soft accents say, he's gone at last."

But the modern Greeks, as already remarked of young Santos at Spetsia, use the expression, "he is forgiven," as equivalent to "he is dead." Ill boding terms are by most nations avoided; but how much more grateful is the temporary repose of the gospel, than the eternal sleep of the ancient Greeks! "Awake ye dead." "The dead shall arise." Not such the hope of Pagans:—

> "Saon the Acanthian, son of Dicon, lies,
> In sleep eternal, never more to rise."†

The commission of enquiry into the very momentous question,—whether plague is contagious or infectious, so urgently recommended by Dr. Bowring, is, I perceive, at this moment again pressed upon public attention, in a pamphlet, "On the Quarantine Laws," by A. T. Holroyd, Esq. Mr. H. is rather a violent non-contagionist, and strongly deprecates the sanitary precautions of Malta, and indeed of lazarettos in general.

That there should exist a diversity of opinion on a problem, vitally affecting the interests of the entire human family, is a subject of most natural regret. In my details of the last plague at Malta, it was humbly suggested, that to harmonize the antagonist theorists, is not at all impossible. As our government, in its considerate regard to the safety of the empire, will perhaps appoint the commission of enquiry, so urgently pressed; it may not be improper to recall attention to a few *facts*, demonstrating, I conceive, the theory of the contagionists. Before citing them, the reader may peruse an extract from the recent pamphlet of Mr. Holroyd, which requires only one remark by way of preface,—that Mr. Bonavia, Captain Carlton, and Signor Garcin are chief officers in the quarantine establishment of Malta.

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* Epist. ad. Plat.

† Consult Potter's Antiquities of Greece, vol. 2, book iv.

"Captain Bonavia states, that 'persons employed in fumigating the letters from infected places, have never been attacked with the plague;' but he also mentions, that 'when the plague is raging at any place, the persons employed in the smoking office, as a precaution, give a general fumigation to the letters received, before putting themselves in contact with them.' And this is corroborated by Signor Garcin, who says; 'this is done only with letters, which arrive from places where plague actually exists.' But passengers who enter the lazaret at Malta, are always asked if they have any letters about them, and if they have, are obliged to give them to their guardian, who receives and handles them, and subsequently deposits them in a box, in which they are carried to be fumigated. Precautions are only taken with letters brought from places where the plague is actually raging. Captain Carlton tells us, that vessels occasionally arrive at Malta from Alexandria and Smyrna, with clean bills of health, and that letters brought by such vessels are handled by the guardians, previous to undergoing the process of fumigation. But Captain Carlton did not appear to have been aware of the fact, 'that Egypt is never entirely free from plague;' an opinion confirmed by the experience of Dr.

Gregson, Mr. Abbot, and Dr. Pruner. And if it be true, that plague always exists in Egypt, clean bills ought not to be received as such at Malta, and the same precautions ought to be adopted in the fumigating department, as are enforced when vessels arrive with foul bills of health.

" Supposing that we waive the question of the fumigation of letters ; what do we observe afterwards ? Captain Bonavia, who has been seven years attached to the lazaret, and Signor Garcin, who has been nine and twenty, both of them tell us, that 'they have never known a guardian employed in handling the baggage of passengers or merchandise in the lazaret, to be attacked by plague' It is the duty of a guardian, to pass his hands daily over all the wearing apparel of persons performing quarantine ; and by referring to the 'Regulations for the performance of Quarantine at Malta,' I find that 'apparel of all kinds, books, brushes of all sorts, cordage (not tarred), all articles wholly made of or mixed with cotton, silk, wool, thread or yarn, paper, maps, quills, sponges, &c., are placed in class the first, articles which are considered as most liable to infection.' It not unfrequently happens that passengers arrive at Malta with a great deal of soiled linen, and permission is given to such to have a laundress from La Valetta, who remains in quarantine until her employers obtain pratique. Now, if one thing ought to be considered more susceptible than another, dirty linen brought from an infected port is peculiarly in that condition. And yet we find, that for twenty-nine years 'laundresses have been engaged in washing the linen of persons in quarantine, without a single case of plague occurring amongst them, although they handle the dirty linen without any precaution previously to its immersion in water.'

" Lastly, we collect from Signor Garcin, that from the commencement of his engagement at the lazaret in 1810, to the year 1832, 'the average number of persons performing quarantine annually at Malta, was from eight hundred to one thousand ;' and Captain Bonavia shows, by his returns, that since 1832 there has been a very considerable increase. Let us take therefore the mean of Signor Garcin's estimate at nine hundred, and this multiplied by twenty-three (the number of years from 1810 to 1832), and we have 20,700 persons ; whilst Captain Bonavia's returns for six years, from 1832 to 1837 inclusive, give an amount of 13,537, which, added to 20,700, makes in all 34,237 persons, who have performed quarantine during a period of twenty-nine years. It would surely be reasonable to suppose, that out of so great a number, some one at least had been attacked with plague whilst performing quarantine; yet we learn from both Captain Bonavia and Signor Garcin, that not one single instance of plague has occurred in the lazaret, if we except the cases of individuals who were removed from vessels where the plague was actually raging at the time. Is not this sufficient to arouse the indignation of any one, who may be compelled to undergo an incarceration for the alleged purpose of purification? The documents of the lazaret show, that it would be an exception to the universal rule, if any one were attacked with plague during quarantine; and that this exception has actually, during twenty-nine years, never occurred. Surely something should be done to remedy so flagrant an evil as the quarantine laws; and if it be at present too premature to ask for their total abolition, let me at least entreat you to think seriously of attempting a modification of them."

That these laws are capable of modification,—that such a measure might place lazarettos on a more philosophical basis,—that science and experience give their voice in favour of some small relaxation of quarantine rigour,—that the comfort of travellers, the convenience of seafaring people, and of others, might be materially augmented,—and that, if it were possible to annihilate the entire system, such a measure would prove to commerce a boon beyond all price,—are almost so many axioms. But, let the government of Malta and of the Ionian isles,—let the imperial Parliament at home, step with cautious foot on ground so full of malaria. Let this affair be viewed dispassionately, and not under the fervid impulse of adolescence.

The abolition of quarantine laws at Malta, would unquestionably *cripple* commerce; inasmuch as all vessels from that island, now admitted to free pratique, or subject only to a short quarantine, at Marseilles, Leghorn, Genoa, Trieste, Sicily, and other ports, would thus fall under the ban of the Mediterranean powers and become subject to a period of quarantine *ad libitum.* I believe it may truly be added, there is not, at this moment, a single merchant in Malta, that would handle a ball of cotton from Egypt with a foul bill, till after purification, however the gentlemen may lament the sanitary laws. That they are an evil, is unproblematical; but the question is, are they a necessary evil, or a nuisance? Mr. Holroyd calls on his reader to be lost in wonder, because my friend Signor Garcin states, that "they have never known a guardian employed in handling the baggage of passengers or merchandize in the lazaretto, to be attacked by plague." Does not Mr. H. know, that persons are *not* placed in the lazaretto as *having* the plague, but only because from a plague country? Of these *suspected* persons, the guardians do indeed handle the effects; but *never*, I believe, those of individuals known to be infected. To this distinction the utmost importance attaches, as a fact most materially affecting the question at issue.

It only remains that a few facts be cited, in proof that plague is caught by *contact*, and that, therefore, the contagionist theory is perfectly correct. I have, indeed, already stated my belief, that both theories are philosophical, except in the fact of denying to each other any claim to confidence. Mount Ossa may stand, though Athos be not overthrown. On the correctness of the contagionist theory are based all the laws of the Mediterranean lazarettos, and since the safety of the human family is fearfully involved in the question, the imperial parliament, it is conceived, would act treason to man, by any precipitate measures. To a commission of enquiry, as recommended by Dr. Bowring and Mr. Holroyd, there can be no objection. Meantime, let us look at past events.

1. The first fact to be here noticed, is the *modus operandi* of the last plague at Malta. If the plague infection is not by contact, on what principle can it be explained, that the earliest victims were the relatives of the Maltese shoemaker?* If only in the air, why so systematically pass the adjacent houses, and proceed to other streets in search of Borge's connections? On the principle of contagion, all this is natural and intelligible.

2. In the year 1720, the plague visited Marseilles in the south of France. Unhappily the Paris faculty, under the notion that the plague is infectious, *not* contagious, instructed the practitioners of Marseilles to treat the malady accordingly. What was the result? or, to propound a fairer question, what number of victims fell beneath its ravages? In the brief period of only seven months, its victims were 60,000.

3. In 1743, Messina in Sicily was visited by this

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* See the Fourth Chapter of this volume.

direful pestilence. The Sicilian physicians were non-contagionists, and, in accordance with this theory, that of Mr. Holroyd, no sanitary cordon was established,—no segregation of the infected from the rest. In three months, not a less number than 43,000 deaths, marked the track of the appalling pest.

4. Though England has frequently groaned beneath the ravages of plague, yet it is, I believe, a fact, that since the establishment of quarantine regulations, this angel of death has been entirely kept out of our island.* In 1593, the infection was imported to London from Alkmaar, when upwards of 11,000 persons became its victims. In 1603, it again visited our metropolis from Ostend, and carried off 36,269. In 1625, this insidious malady again afflicted the British capital; and this time its victims numbered nearly 36,000. On this occasion it was traced to Denmark. Not less than twice after this, the plague infested London; destroying in 1636, no fewer than 13,480 citizens, and in 1665, the period of the great London fire, 68,596. Since the latter period, England has sedulously applied her quarantine regulations, and it remains that our adventurous theorists of the non-contagion school solve, as best they may, the perplexing problem. With such facts before us, the expression of a hope, that our considerate government will not be in haste to risk the safety, either of the kingdom itself, or any of its

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* If Dr. Bowring or Mr. Holroyd has not Dr. Tully's History of the Plague, I would respectfully recommend it.

dependencies in the Mediterranean, is but too natural.

Finally. It is, I believe, a fact, that no person was ever known to fall a victim to plague, while avoiding all contact with persons and things infected. Almost annually is this fearful scourge a visitant at Constantinople, and carries off numerous victims; but Lord Ponsonby, and all the respectable attachès, shut themselves up, and sedulously observe the strictest system of segregation. What is the result? Precisely such as just now stated. But if the atmosphere were the exclusive chariot of this destroying angel, one might at least expect an occasional case, even in the palace of the British embassy. The same may be said of the consulates in Egypt.

In the statement of Mr. Holroyd, that the guardians of the Malta lazaretto "*handle*" letters from plague countries, there seems a trifling error. I have, indeed, seen them take letters with *tongs*, but never with the hand, till after the process of fumigation with straw and sulphur.—On the whole, if my opinion were of any importance, I should unhesitatingly offer it in support of the theory, on which are based the actual usages of quarantine establishments.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ALBANIA.—ITS INTERESTING CHARACTER.—DERIVATION OF THE NAME. —BOUNDARIES.—ITS CHRISTIAN CHURCH.—OPEN TO MISSIONARIES. ORIGIN OF ITS INHABITANTS.—LANGUAGE.—RELIGIOUS STATE.—ALBANIAN TESTAMENT.—PROPOSAL FOR A MISSIONARY COLONY AT EUBŒA.—ITS SITUATION.—ANCIENT IMPORTANCE.—PRESENT RESOURCES.—CAPACITY OF POPULATION.—DIFFICULTIES.—PLAN.—THE GREEK CHURCH LESS HOSTILE THAN THE PAPAL. —CORROBORATION OF THE PLAN.—CONCLUSION.

In the months that elapsed during my stay among the Ionian isles, my eye and mind often turned to the bluff mountains of *Albania*. Among that singulary wild and erratic people, inhabiting this portion of northern Greece, it is not known to me that any missionary has yet laboured, or that, since the visit of St. Paul, " the truth as it is in Jesus," has been proclaimed.

By its customs, its manners, its religion and its language, Albania forcibly fixes the attention of an inquisitive traveller. It is the land of romance; it is the asylum of freedom; it is the Caledonia of Greece; it is the plaything—or once was—of the notorious Ali Pasha of Yoannina. Its dingy outline I have often surveyed with deepest interest, while the important question has been present to my mind—"What can be done for poor Albania?" To this topic I solicit a moment's attention.

That portion of Greece now styled Albania, lies partly opposite the Ionian isles, but stretches north as far as the 41st degree of latitude. As free Greece extends but to the 39th,—viz., to the gulf of Arta, anciently of Ambracia, it hence comprises no inconsiderable portion of Albania itself. This country the Greeks often style *Epirus;* but as that term simply signifies a continent, I suppose it to have originated with the natives of the Ionian isles adjacent, just as an Englishman speaks of "a trip to the continent" on visiting France or Italy.

The actual natives of Albania do not style themselves Albanians, but Shkepitars; to express which term, my colleague was compelled, in printing the New Testament with Greek characters, to coin a symbol for the sound of sh. By the Turks, this semibarbarous race are styled Arnaouts. It was, perhaps, the Byzantine historians of the middle ages who first named their country Albania. By them, at all events, it is so styled.

Albania is, in fact, that part of ancient Greece, which extends from Illyricum on the north, to Achaia on the south; and from the Adriatic on the west to Macedonia on the east. This entire territory is often comprehended under the term Rumelia; and hence I have repeatedly heard the natives called Rumeliots. In this region, therefore, that zealous and true-souled missionary, the great "apostle of the gentiles," anciently travelled, and "fully preached the gospel of Christ."*

By the blessing of God on the labours of Paul, a christian church was planted in this interesting region, which exists to this day; but is so corrupted by Mohammedan and trashy notions, as almost to have forfeited the name. The Centuriators of Magdeburgh profess to trace the Albanian bishops or pastors through eight centuries; but in the numerous vicissitudes of Albania, its portion of the visible pale of the universal church, has almost glided from the historic page.

Albania has passed successively beneath the sceptre of Cadmus of Greece, Philip of Macedon, the Romans, the Goths and the Turks. At the present day, so much of it as is comprised between the 37th and 39th degrees of latitude, forms part of the dominions of the king of Greece: the rest still writhes in the grasp of the Moslems. Yet, whether it pertains to Greece or to Turkey, is, so far as missionary objects are the question, a very minor consideration; for, with the professedly *Christian* subjects of the sultan, a missionary may employ any discreet efforts, without exciting much interference from the Turks. It is, indeed, far otherwise as respects the *Moslem* subjects of the Porte; since this singular government has yet to learn the sacred rights of conscience, and the *proper* business of earthly rulers—the *civil* concerns of man.

On the origin of the Albanians, but little will here be subjoined to what is already stated in the notes on Spetsia and Hydra, where they are supposed to have migrated in the middle ages from Illyria. If length of visage, projecting cheek-bones, arched eyebrows, firm and independent gait, high and narrow forehead, an aquiline nose, an eagle eye, a small mouth, and rather long chin,—if these bespeak a Scythian ancestry, perhaps the hypothesis is to be finally established by some missionary, on his attaining a competent insight into the language and traditions of Albania. In respect to either of these, scanty indeed is the amount of information hitherto amassed. By Dr. Holland's Travels, Colonel Leake's, and those of the Rev. Mr Hughes, with M. Vaudencourt's Memoirs of the Ionian Islands, the reader will be instructed; but on the language, customs, and traditions of Albania, he will wish for fuller information.

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* Romans xv. 18—21.—A study for any missionary.

On the *language* of Albania, it is not in my power to furnish much intelligence. Though our Greek spelling-book has been partly translated into this tongue, and Mr. Lowndes carried through the press an edition of the New Testament, as far as the Acts; yet these are but slender documents; and in the native idiom, the Albanians have neither books nor records; nor has the language been reduced to a grammatical standard.

Not aware that much data for judging of this tongue are yet before the public, I subjoin a few specimens of this remnant of Illyria; and shall use the Roman character. They may, scanty though they are, feebly aid the incipient efforts of the traveller or the missionary, and add an interesting trifle to the stores of the linguist.

ALBANIAN OR ILLYRIAN VOCABULARY.

ALB.	ENG.	ALB.	ENG.
Pérnti,	God	Déti,	sea
Crishti,	Christ	Na,	behold
Dita*	days	Velári,	brother
Breti,	king	Pafezémi,	baptism
Iln,	star	Diéli,	sun
E,	and	Réne,	root
De,	in	Cóke,	grain
Si,	when	Eméni,	name
Te,	of	Shpirt,	spirit
Ku ?	where	Vrapt,	cliff
Ga,	from	Dérrah,	hog
Eresire,	darkness	Niére,†	man
Laóĭ,	people	Frúa,	woman
Zot,	lord	Oúghe,	water

The language of Albania, like most unpolished and primitive tongues, does not appear to abound in *cases*. Prepositions supply their place. Yet it presents various terminal changes: as Tsifutè Jews; breti i Tsifutet, king of the Jews. Masculine nouns form their plural in *ezit;* as nieri, man; nierezit, men; but nouns feminine pluralize in e: as dita, day; dite, days. Yet frua, woman, makes fra, women. The genitive is formed by adding t: as kourmi, body; drit' e kourmit, light of the body. Masculines plural in igte, form the feminine in lete; as copigte, menservants, copilete, maidservants. I only add, that the accusative is formed by the change of i to ne; as nom. breti, king, ac. bretne. But that our limits forbid, I should have attempted an epitome of the grammar.

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* The i and e as in Italian, in all this vocabulary; the u as u or eu in French.

† Initial n is often sounded as gn in Italian.

The *religion* of Albania is of a threefold character. A considerable portion of the natives are Mohammedans; but I believe the great majority professes the faith of the Greek church. Yet, the two creeds sit so loosely on a third division, that these easily incline to either, and, like Independents and Methodists, occasionally quit each other's communions. All this is natural,—the gospel antidote is not at hand. The only portion of scripture in the language of Albania, is that printed at Corfu, for the British and Foreign Bible Society, and even this requires the usual revision of a first effort. The fact that the *apostolos*, or extracts from the Acts and Epistles, are daily read in the assemblies in ancient Greek, affords slender ground for hope to repose on; for "the trumpet gives an uncertain sound," as Paul remarks when reproving the early folly of using a strange tongue in the service of God. Nor this alone: Albania requires a converted ministry, the establishment of christian schools, and a rich provision of elementary books, formed on gospel principles, while as yet even the early labour of translation is scarcely commenced.

But this topic must end. If the preceding notices of the language,—the probable language of old Illyria—are extremely limited; they will yet answer some small purpose, should they induce the traveller to wish and search for more. I feel the more anxious that some missionary of a fearless and enquiring spirit, or some agent of the Bible Society, should even spend some years in Albania; were it for no other object, than to secure a corrected copy of that portion of the Albanian Testament, already printed under the surveilence of my estimable colleague, to complete the entire version, and fully to place before the eye of the British churches,—*the woes and the wants of Albania.*

During my residence at Athens I made a few observations on the moral state of Greece, and the most feasible and efficient measures for pouring upon this interesting land the blessings of the Gospel; and the following suggestion may both attract the general philanthropist, and convey perhaps a useful hint to missionary brethren actually in the classic regions. The plan I would propose is that of locating a missionary colony, composed entirely of pious cultivators of the soil, with their families, together with a few artizans and their families, in a very important and very inviting portion of Greece. To this subject I directed my enquiries when in Malta, and received from Thomas M'Gill, Esq. consul to their Greek and Bavarian Majesties, some available information.

Eubœa, the locality I mean, is a splendid peninsula, stretching along the coast of Bœotia and

Attica. In round numbers, it is a hundred miles in length and forty in width; and as it lies in the thirty-ninth degree of north latitude, the climate is genial and the soil fertile. It is but thinly populated, and the fact that when I left Malta, the question of locating in that country a portion of the superfluous Maltese population, is an evidence both of the desirableness of the country, and the disposition of the Greek government to augment its population.

This extensive and fertile territory has resigned its ancient name of Eubœa, and taken up that of Negropont. Whence this change of name? As we enter Negropont from Attica, we pass the site of Egripos. I have before stated, that when we ask a Greek the name of a town, his reply is commonly prefaced with the proposition eis, to, governing the accusative case. Hence *ton Egripon*, and this was by the Venetians naturally changed into Negropont, or Black-bridge, as by a bridge we pass from Attica to Eubœa.

Negropont was in ancient times noted for its abundance of grain, wine, oil, and fruits.* It also supplied copper and iron, and its artists were so ingenious in the working of these metals, as to cherish the vanity of having been the first to discover their use.† In various parts of the country were hot mineral waters, available in certain cases of sickness. These advantages, however, had one natural drawback,—earthquakes are known to have swallowed up entire cities; so the author of Anarchisis says; but at the present day I am not aware that it suffers from such phenomena more than the rest of Greece. Its abundant harvests supplied the market of Athens. The ports of Negropont are excellently available for commercial purposes. Even as early as the time of Homer, this genial territory was renowned for its vines; and Eustatius avers that it abounded in excellent pasture and flocks of sheep.*

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* Herodot. lib. v. cap. 31.

† Strabo. lib. x. p. 143.

In the quarries of Mount Ocha was obtained a marble of variegated hues, of which were constructed columns held in high estimation.† Strabo even asserts, that there was here found in ancient times a species of stone capable of being spun and woven into cloth, which when exposed to the action of fire, in place of consuming, only became blanched and free from all spots.‡

Within an extent of fertile territory like that of Negropont, might dwell a population equal, perhaps, to that of all Greece; whereas of 1,500,000 or 2,000,000 of free Greeks, probably this splendid peninsula may not contain ten thousand; I mean at the present moment. Were a colony of decidedly pious Britons located here, they would, therefore, find ample resources in extent and fecundity of land. May not this idea be realised? What stands in the way? Let us see. 1. It may be difficult to single out a hundred pious heads of families disposed to emigrate. 2. The Greek government may not incline to favour the measure. 3. There may not be sufficient protection of civil and religious rights. But these are questions to be solved. Surely the missionary zeal of Britain and Ireland would soon set the first at rest; and as for the second and third, I would myself most readily proceed to Athens, and obtain from government direct specific information, together with official documents, to secure such immunities and privileges as the existing laws of Greece may not have defined. Or one might, as a preliminary step, institute immediate enquiries at the house of M. Tricupis, now ambassador of his Grecian majesty at the court of St. James. Meantime, let it be briefly stated here what is proposed.

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* Iliad, lib. ii. v. 573. † Strabo, lib. ix. x. ‡ Strabo, lib. x. p 436.

1. That it is most desirable to aid the march of intelligent, scriptural piety in Greece.

2. That the efforts of missionaries now in the country, might be efficiently strengthened, by the location of a colony of decidedly pious and evangelical families from England in Negropont, the ancient Eubœa.

3. That there should be, at least, a hundred families; and that these should have at command, at least the great majority of them, such an amount of capital, as to secure them from dependence in the earlier stages of this important enterprise.

4. That they be accompanied by a zealous, prudent, godly minister of Christ; an intelligent schoolmaster, well versed in the Greek language; and a few artizans.

5. That all the children be most carefully brought up in the knowledge, and fear, and love of God; be

clothed in the Greek costume, and taught the Greek language as their own, their vernacular tongue.

6. It might thus be hoped, devoutly depending on the blessing of God, that the third generation of these pious colonists would be Greeks in name, costume and language, yet Protestants in faith and morals. And to what extent their holy influence might be felt in the land of Basil and of Plato, is, to be sure, a question for the future, but a question to which the history of the spread of the gospel in other lands, supplies a prospective and almost terrible reply.

Our brethren in Greece, pledged to the sacred cause of missions, hold a position all its own, peculiar, unique. It has been most justly remarked, in a small and interesting work on Greece by a gentleman whom I had the pleasure of knowing in the Mediterranean, that a broad distinction should be made between the Papal and the Oriental churches by all our missionaries. The former has exalted the pope to be the infallible and universal head of the church, forbidden the scriptures to the great body of the people, taken away the right of private judgment on matters of everlasting importance to the soul, and aimed to pervert, and thus in effect to destroy, the power of conscience. It claims a divine right to impose its dogmas on the minds of all men, and to confiscate the goods, and destroy the lives, of all who refuse to acknowledge its authority. These assumed rights it has violently enforced, whenever it has had the power to enforce them, and it still asserts them with unyielding pertinacity. This is nothing short of treason against the King of Zion, and is, in respect to all his subjects on earth, a most tyrannical usurpation.

The state of the case is very different in relation to the proper oriental churches—the Greek, Armenian, Syrian, Coptic, and Abyssinian. In many points these churches have, indeed, departed far from the simplicity and purity of the gospel. They have yielded too much to traditions, and the fathers, and councils. But they have no pope, "exalting himself above all that is called God"—"sitting in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God." If they do not go the full length of admitting the protestant maxim, that "the scriptures are the sufficient and *only* rule of faith and practice; they yet acknowledge their authority, allowing the people to read them, and to exercise their own judgments with regard to their import. They assert no extravagant and oppressive claims upon other portions of Christ's visible kingdom. They do not profess to regard the members of other churches as of course heretics and outlaws, nor do they meet you on the threshold with the threat of excommunication and endless wrath, unless you subscribe, without enquiry or reservation, to whatever they may please to dictate.

We ought not, therefore, without reflection, to extend the unfavourable conclusions we have been compelled to draw concerning the papal church, to any of the oriental churches. The points of difference between the eastern and Latin churches are of greater consequence than their points of agreement. Comparing the relations in which these two nominal divisions of the visible church stand, to God and ourselves, we see a marked distinction. We see, too, that principles, and conclusions, and missionary rules of action, applicable to the Romish church, may not be so to the Greeks or Armenians. Indeed, taking into view the doctrinal admissions of the oriental churches, or at least of the Greeks, it seems to me, that, great as is the difference between their system of faith and that of protestant churches, the points of resemblance are yet of higher consequence.*

May the above suggestion awake to generous sympathy, and vigorous enterprise, the pious and talented friends of Greece, whose tent is for the present pitched in a land more favoured with gospel light and liberal science. Let them disdain to tremble at difficulties. Let them sing with Marsden, in a strain of faith and resignation to what may be the high behest of heaven;—

"I may, like BRAINERD, perish in my bloom,
A group of Indians weeping round my tomb;
I may, like MARTYN, lay my burning head,
In some lone Persian hut, or Turkish shed;
I may, like COKE, be buried in the wave;
I may, like HOWARD, find a Tartar grave,
Or perish, like a XAVIER, on the beach,
In some poor cottage out of friendship's reach:
I may—but never let my soul repine;
'Lo I am with you;'—Heaven is in that line:
Tropic or pole, or mild or burning zone,
Is but a step from my celestial throne."

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* Observations on Peloponnesus, by Rufus Anderson, p. 317.

Since writing the above, my attention has been most opportunely turned to two short original articles on emigration to Greece, which appeared in a small London Journal. It is a fact, that the writer singles out and recommends that very portion of Greece, to which the preceding suggestions refer. A document so important, and so suited to the object I have in view, ought not to be allowed to slumber in the oblivion of the past. The following is an extract: *

"One of the most favourite spots for a first experiment would, it is thought, be the island of Eubœa, particularly the northern division. This country, in an agricultural point of view, possesses in many respects a greater degree of similarity to England than most other parts of Greece. There is an extensive cultivation of corn and maize;—indeed Eubœa, as is well known, was in ancient times considered the granary of Attica, and it is not so deficient as many other parts in water, without which, during the warm summer of that climate, our farmer would find many of his improvements impracticable. Another chief reason of preference is, the more settled state of the island; order has never been so interrupted there, as in the Peloponnessus and other parts of the continent, where disputes, besides, are likely to be frequent, before the rightful owner of the land can establish his claim. Eubœa suffered but little from the actual presence of war, and from those commotions connected with the sudden change of masters; for after a short and ineffectual struggle to regain his liberty, the peasant returned to his home and former occupations, and resigned once more to the Turkish yoke. Thus the proprietors never having lost possession of their estates, the Greek or stranger, who by purchase has since become a holder of land, is not liable to have his right disputed, and is consequently more ready to receive the new settler, and afford him a secure asylum. This is an important consideration. At the same time, let it not be supposed that,

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* The Penny Mag. for June, 1833.

because there has latterly been less disturbance and change in this country, there is less opening for emigrants, or a less urgent call for good workmen. The appearance of the island is scarcely more cheering, than that of the other parts of the continent, which have been the seat of war.

The inhabitants have groaned under a long continued system of oppression, beneath the weight of which, their numbers have gradually diminished. The conduct of their Turkish masters was such, as to discourage every advance and improvement. An appearance of wealth and prosperity, was sure to draw down a proportionate direct or indirect increase of taxation. If, for instance, the peasant employed the profits of his labour, to erect a more commodious dwelling, or to purchase articles of comfort for himself or his family, the consequence was, that his master, on his next visit to the village with a numerous suite of attendants, or any Turk of rank travelling through the country, would single out this abode from the surrounding ones as his resting place. Here he would perhaps remain many days, or even weeks; and during this time it would be the duty of his humble vassal to furnish him, his attendants and horses, with every necessary of life, without receiving the least remuneration. The writer observed that the entrance to the little huts, in many villages, is built so exceedingly low, that light and a free circulation of air are in a great measure impeded by it. This he was assured by the people was purposely done, in order that the Turks, who might chance to stop in the village, might not be able to bring their horses into the cottages.

Their dread of these visits is still extreme. While travelling with a few friends through the country, the writer has often been amused at the panic occasioned in the village, by the approach of himself and party. Doors and windows were closed and barred, and on their entrance, they found the village apparently deserted. On one occasion, when the travellers directed their course to the house of the priest, the poor man being at some distance from his dwelling, and not having time to fortify himself, fairly took to his heels, and concealed himself in the woods.

According to the agreement concluded between the Porte and the three great powers, the Turks in Eubœa, and some parts of Attica, had sold or are still selling their estates. Thus many private individuals find themselves proprietors of extensive territories, of which, however, from the causes above mentioned, vast tracts lie waste; and they consequently derive little profits from lands, which, in this country, would be of immense value. They would receive those, who have some acquaintance with agriculture most thankfully, and would supply them with land at a moderate rate. This is not a mere supposition; the writer has been assured of it by many proprietors personally. Rent has been mentioned, although, to receive a fixed sum for the use of a certain portion of land, has not been customary. The common agreement is still the same, which has been alluded to as subsisting between the Turk and the peasant; but is open to so many objections, on account of the disadvantages both to landlord and tenant, that it will probably soon fall into disuse. The Turk provides each family on his estate with a cottage, a yoke of oxen, and sufficient seed for one zevgari, literally yoke, used to designate an extent of from fifty to sixty acres in Eubœa, of one hundred and upwards in Attica and other parts; and the tenant, after collecting the harvest, from which is first deducted the seed for the next year's sowing, divides the remainder into equal parts, one for himself and one for his landlord. If the tenant finds his own oxen and seed, he only gives one third of the produce to the landholder. The abuses to which this arrangement is subject, are too evident to require pointing out.

"The climate, in general, may be said to hold a middle station, between the burning heat of Egypt, and that of the temperate zone. The air is clear and wholesome, and the sea breezes, which penetrate the deep bays that characterize this land, tend greatly to banish that feeling of oppression, which usually accompanies heat, during the summer months, in southern climes. The winter is almost invariably mild, snow being seldom seen, except on the summit of the mountains. This season announces its approach during the month of November, by casual showers, which become more frequent as it advances. The only period during which any degree of cold is felt, is from the latter end of December to the middle of February. Towards the close of the latter month, the flowers of spring cover the mountain-side, among which the varied dye of the wild anemone is eminently distinguishable. The almond tree scatters its silver blossoms to the wind, which are speedily followed by those of the whole tribe of odour-breathing fruit-trees.

"Still now and then dark clouds roll down from the mountains, and, breaking with claps of thunder over the plain and valley, continue to supply the earth with moisture against the coming of summer. In March the peasant sows cotton, cuts his vines, and begins once more to use his plough. The storms occur more rarely, and a smiling, as yet not burning, sun, in a clear sky, calls forth a vegetation, which reaches its highest luxuriance and perfection as early as the month of April; the myrtle, the laurel, and the oleander, supplying the space of our northern bushes. Towards the end of Autumn, sown wheat and barley are in full blossom: from May to the close of October, the heavens present one bright expanse of cloudless blue; the heat is great; and after the harvest, nature seems to enjoy a perfect repose, the most delicious fruits serving to refresh the inhabitants during this period. In October is the vintage. The island of Eubœa, the writer has been told, is not quite so free from rain during the summer months, which must be a great relief. There are some spots injurious to health, where the air is unwholesome, and causes fevers; but this probably arises from the neglect of cultivation, and from the water having been allowed to form morasses. It is to be expected, therefore, that when the causes are removed the effect will cease; yet, of course, it were better that such spots as stand in bad repute, should be avoided by settlers. As far as the writer's experience, and the testimony of many who have spent several years in the country, can prove, the climate, on the whole, is certainly healthy. At the same time, as it is a great change to an emigrant coming from a northern country, certain precautions are very advisable. Moderation in food and drink, particularly in fruit, and care not to expose the body to cold by a change of temperature, are two rules of especial importance.

"The productions of this kingdom are very various. The cultivation of wheat and barley is general, and very successful. Oats are not so common, neither do they prosper so well; for which reason the horses are generally fed with barley. Maize is much valued, particularly as winter fodder for cattle: it grows to a great size, but requires a damp situation, or a spot which is capable of being irrigated. The cotton plant is another common production, which likewise requires much moisture. The chief riches of the country, however, consist in oil, wine, and silk. The fable of Minerva presenting the olive to the Greeks, is well known, and certainly it is a gift which cannot be too highly prized, yielding a rich and never-ceasing supply—for this tree, from the immense age it attains, is said never to perish,—and requiring but a very small share of labour. Honey is supplied in great abundance, and of the best quality. Rice is partially cultivated, but is inferior in quality to the Egyptian. Oranges and lemons in profusion, as well as fruits of almost every description, arrive at perfection in this genial climate. The potatoe is little known, but has been tried by a gentleman of the writer's acquaintance in Eubœa, who assured him it was very productive, indeed nearly every variety of vegetable flourishes, and is plentiful.

" Undoubtedly such a country as that, of which we have here given a faithful picture, offers advantages for emigration. Still it must not be supposed, that there is not here likewise much to struggle against; especially if the emigrant is entirely without means. In many respects Greece is yet a wild country, and much remains to be done. Roads there are few or none, and the dwellings that may at first be given or raised for new comers, will be found to present accommodations inferior perhaps to those even of the lowest class of cottages in England. The difference of language and religion is also, of course, to be considered as among the inconveniences, with which the emigrant must lay his account. As to the opening offered to mechanics, there is no doubt that with the advance of improvement in the country, many would find full employment, and be well paid; as the Greeks themselves are nearly ignorant of many branches of industry. There are but very few manufacturers of any description; therefore the emigrant would do well to take with him any articles of household use, such as cloth, linen, lamps, &c. &c.

" Milk is scarce—sheep's milk alone is used. Mutton, two-pence per lb.; bread, three-pence per loaf, weighing two and a quarter lbs.; wine, three-half-pence per bottle; eggs, two-pence or three-pence per dozen. Beef is scarce. Goat's flesh is cheaper, and commonly used by the people. Fruit is exceedingly cheap—grapes less than three-half-pence per lb. The price of provisions is perhaps about two-thirds cheaper, on an average, than in England."

In such a locality, who would not wish to see a christian colony; and, with the blessing of the God of missions, who could doubt its success? Soon may this, or some more efficient means of evangelizing lovely but neglected Greece, be employed by the compassionate and enterprising churches of the British isles! "How long, O Lord?"

THE END.

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